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THE END OF CRIME AS WE KNOW IT

How Giuliani and Bratton cut the murder rate 37% and overturned 30 years of thinking about law and order

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BY CRAIG HOROWITZ

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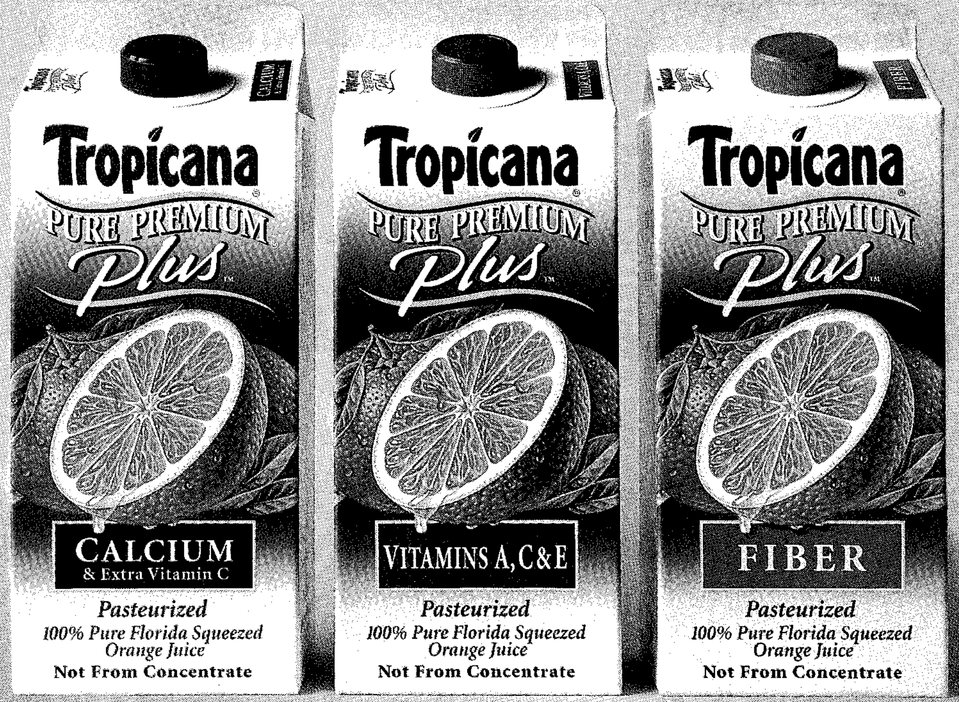
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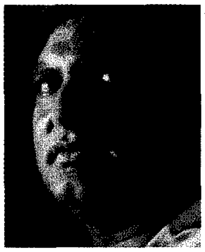

As front man for a trademarked blend of Western medicine and Indian mind-body spirituality, Dr. Deepak Chopra brought inner peace to the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's followers and big bucks to his bank account. Then he left to start his own operation, which is harder than it looks. The hidden world of a yuppie guru.

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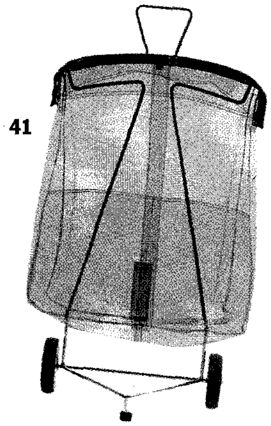

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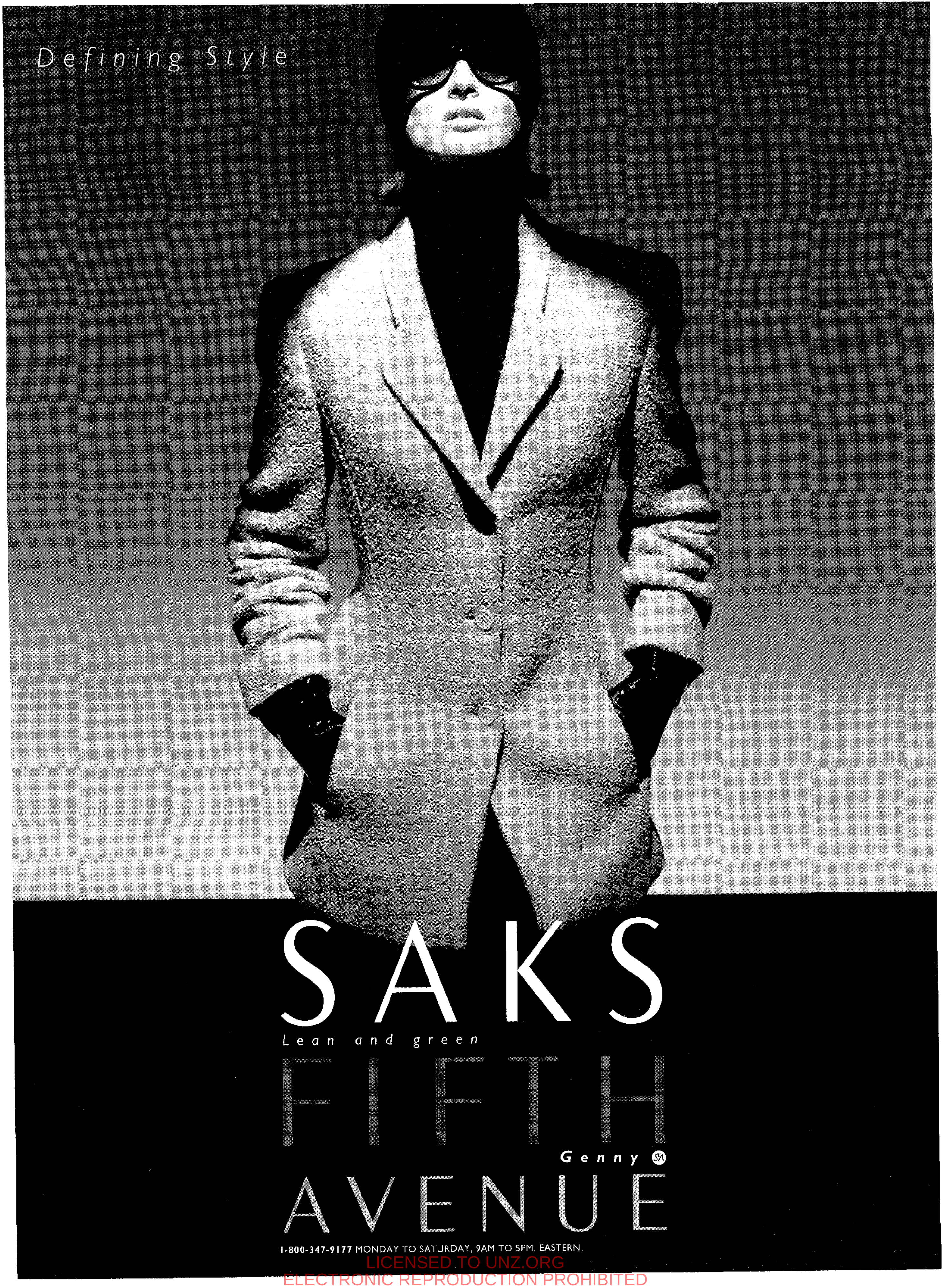
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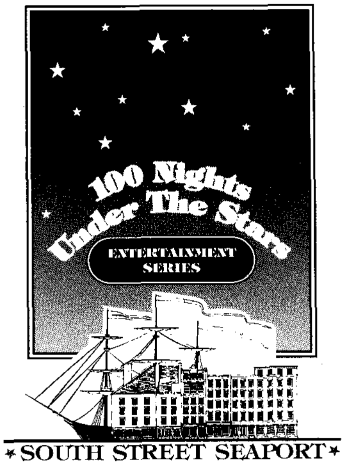

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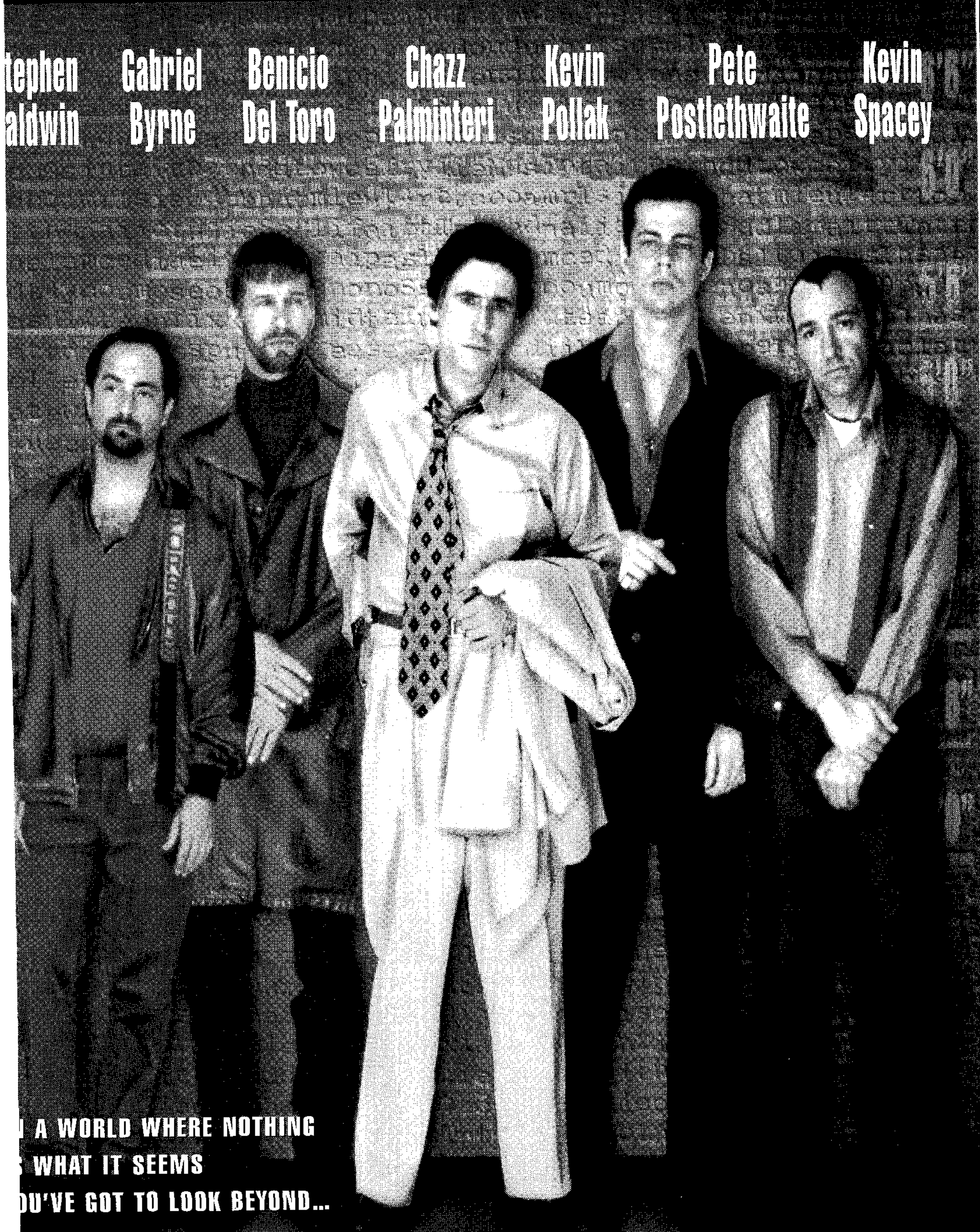
- Kenneth Turan, LOS ANGELES TIMES



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A WORLD WHERE NOTHING
WHAT IT SEEMS
U'VE GOT TO LOOK BEYOND...

THE USUAL SUSPECTS

A BRYAN SINGER FILM

POLYGRAM FILMED ENTERTAINMENT AND SPELLING FILMS INTERNATIONAL PRESENT A BLUE PARROT/BAD HAT HARRY PRODUCTION BRYAN SINGER'S FILM "THE USUAL SUSPECTS" STEPHEN BALDWIN GABRIEL BYRNE CHAZZ PALMINTERI KEVIN POLLAK PETE POSTLETHWAITE KEVIN SPACEY ALSO STARRING SUZY AMIS BENICIO DEL TORO GIANCARLO ESPOSITO MUSIC BY JOHN OTTMAN DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY NEWTON THOMAS SIGEL EDITED BY JOHN OTTMAN CO-PRODUCER KENNETH KOKIN EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS ROBERT JONES HANS BROCKMANN FRANCOIS DUPLAT ART HORAN WRITTEN BY CHRISTOPHER McQUARRIE PRODUCED BY BRYAN SINGER MICHAEL McDONNELL DIRECTED BY BRYAN SINGER

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If this condition is a source of embarrassment for you, surgical correction is usually the treatment. Whether you have an accumulation of fatty tissue only, or if it's combined with glandular tissue, cosmetic surgery can give you excellent results. Many times restoring your confidence to participate in summer sports and activities.

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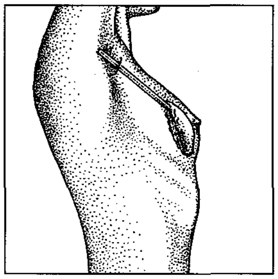
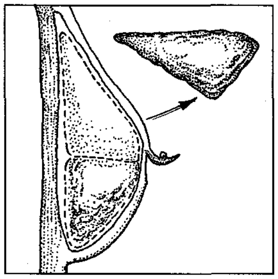
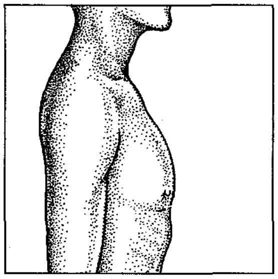


For a man with an excess accumulation of fatty tissue in the breast area, only liposuction is needed. A special instrument is inserted through a small incision into the fat layer, suction is applied and the fat is removed.



A different procedure is used when glandular tissue causes the overdeveloped contour. The unnecessary tissue is removed in sections through a small one-inch incision around the nipple-areolar complex.



The results are excellent. The undesirable contour is removed, restoring the normal male breast shape.

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Simple Chic?

Technophiles write in on computers (state-of-the-art), to welcome the future; technophobes, on typewriters (vintage), to embrace the past.

BOTH MY WIFE AND I WORK WITH computers, faxes, laser printers, and other modern telecommunications equipment all day. When we get home, we want an antidote to all that. After reading "Die, Computer, Die!" [by Bob Ickes, July 24] and its sidebar, "Antidotes to Civilization" [by Rene Chun], I find myself just a trifle bemused; with the exception of the traditional coaster-brake bicycle, my wife and I own all of the items shown.

My wife prefers wind-ups to quartz watches. All of the telephones in our home are rotary-dial. We do envelopes on a World War I–vintage Remington portable typewriter, and when we get home after 8 P.M., I can mow the lawn with our turn-of-the-century reel-type push mower without disturbing the neighbors. It's funny; all this time, I thought we were just people with different tastes from the rest of the crowd. Now I discover that we're simply ahead of the curve.

R. A. Jaruk
STAMFORD, CONN.

AS I WRITE THIS LETTER ON MY STATE-OF-the-art-computer, while my microwave prepares dinner and my VCR records a movie for this evening's entertainment, I chuckle at the hypocrisy of Kirkpatrick Sale. He luxuriates in air-conditioned comfort while exhorting his neo-Luddite followers to renounce the basic trappings of modern technology. Sale's computer-bashing may earn him a tidy sum on the lecture circuit, but I'm sure he reads by electric light, preserves his food through modern refrigeration, and even uses that "needless technology" the Brooklyn Bridge when there's money to be made in that borough.

Progress in modern technology may prove to have been the strongest democratizing force of this century. Appliances, which act as mechanical servants, and spectacular transportation advances have given the average person a lifestyle that only the very wealthiest could enjoy a century ago. Giant steps in communication have fostered a spread of knowledge and information that was formerly accessible only to the privileged. As technology expands the world of each individual, true equality follows close behind. I remain proudly online and will continue to learn and grow while Mr. Sale and his neo-Luddites languish in the arid desert of ignorance.

Barbara Shafferman
WANTAGH, N.Y.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

I'M AFRAID THAT MOST OF THE NEO-LUDdites failed to learn anything from earlier Luddites. The original Luddites were fearful, selfish, whiny losers. True Luddites cannot adapt and therefore are always doomed to extinction. A viable reductionist philosophy must not reject technology arbitrarily, but should reject arbitrary technology.

I've noticed a reductionist tendency in my own life, not against useful technology but against mindless consumerism, bland uniformity, and just plain tackiness. I own a reel mower, and I would never buy a car with electric windows, but I use far more technology than most people. I deeply appreciate how technology contributes to my standard of living, but I carefully limit intrusions.

Matt DuPree
DENVER, COL.

THE ORIGINAL LUDDITES WERE OUT TO save their jobs, and they thought smashing the new technology was a necessary solution. Today, this country is faced with an even greater loss of jobs to even more labor-saving machines, and barring an economic miracle, no sign of a new post-post-industrial economy to create new employment is in sight. As I suggest in my forthcoming book *The War Against the Poor,* at some point in the next century, the country may have to decide which labor-saving technology must be sacrificed, whatever the cost in progress, so that people can still go to work and earn a decent living. Or the government will have to take over ownership of that technology, using the profits to support its unemployed victims. Even the corporations that now still find it economically rational to shift to new technology may come around, since they need people with money to buy their products, and labor-saving machines make lousy customers.

Herbert J. Gans
MANHATTAN

WHAT EXQUISITE IRONY (AND SCHOLARship) in your recent cover headline: FIRST, WE KILL ALL THE COMPUTERS. Not many people know that the Shakespearean line about killing all the lawyers is spoken by one of the "bad" guys who want to destroy the lawyers so there will be no laws to protect anyone. The neo-Luddites *are* bad: an aristocracy seeking to protect their privileged selves, the information haves. (Who can afford the printed word now that mainstream books cost $25 and specialist texts $50 to $60? Certainly not our huddled masses.) Computers and the Internet threaten the privileged who currently hold power by virtue of their access to knowledge, economically denied to others. Irony upon irony—a revolt by aristocrats. Well, it's liberation time, boys. Economics is no longer a censor.

Paul F. Peacock
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Learning the Hard Way

THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY COURSES LISTED by Larissa MacFarquhar in "Your Epistemological Slip Is Showing" [August 7] are not among the offerings of the School of Continuing Education (SCE); in fact, the courses listed are, except in very special circumstances, only for students accepted by and matriculated in the university. But SCE does offer 2,000 courses this fall, and they are readily available to anyone who's interested. To take advantage of SCE's outstanding educational opportunities, your readers need only call (212) 998-7080 for a free fall bulletin or individual-course information.

Sara Dulaney
New York University
MANHATTAN

Corrections The credit for the August 7 cover page was incorrect. It should read: Rose Hartman/LGI. The wrong title appeared on the August 7 "Cue" crossword puzzle. As the clues indicate, the title should be "Bronx-Born."

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INTELLIGENCER

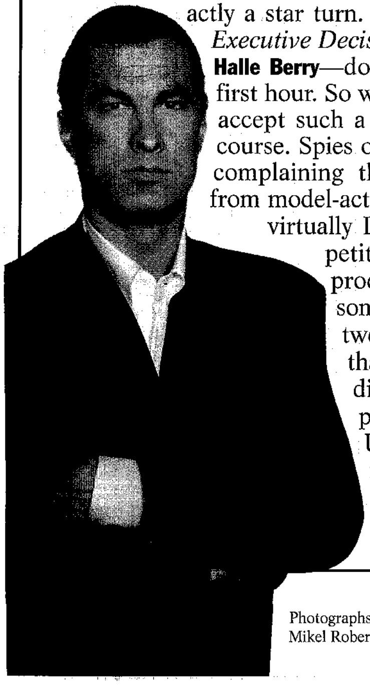
THE NASTY WORLD OF *INSIDE EDITION*

Is **Deborah Norville** in trouble at *Inside Edition*? Dumped from the *Today* show in 1991, the frosty blonde anchor crash-landed at the King World–owned tabloid show last March. But when the show's ratings began to dip recently, tempers and petty jealousies on the show exploded behind the scenes. Insiders are now sniping that Norville has alienated most of the show's staff with her imperious manner. And some sources are even alleging that Norville's publicists have resorted to writing phony fan letters in an attempt to shore up the anchor's sagging image. Recently, while snooping through the show's computer files, a King World colleague happened upon two mysterious letters, each addressed to *TV Guide*. The letters—signed Al Hollus and A. Daddi—were both gushy valentines to the embattled anchor. "I've been a longtime fan/admirer," begins the Hollus letter. The second, signed Daddi, focuses mostly on Norville's "great figure." "After everything that's happened to her in the past on the *Today* show, I was glad to see her on the tube again," it reads. "[Deborah's] certainly an inspiration to young people. What's her advice to keeping positive when life deals you a bad hand?" One tip might be to hire a resourceful publicist like **Grazia Manziano** (who's married to an Anthony Daddi) or her assistant **Al Hollus**—who not only works for Norville on *Inside Edition* but seems to head up her fan club as well. Both Manziano and Hollus angrily deny writing the letters and claim they were set up by colleagues. "These letters are a work of fiction and are obviously the fantasy of an irate competitor bent on sabotaging the new fall P.R. campaign for Deborah Norville," a spokeswoman for *Inside Edition* says.

SHE'S YOUNG, SHE'S DEAD, SHE'S NET

Krissy Taylor died tragically last month, but her scantily clad image still lives on the Internet, where her mother, **Barbara Taylor,** is using photos of her dead daughter to generate some cold, hard cash. Two months before Krissy's death, the elder Taylor put together a Web site called "The Supermodel Home Page," which charges advertisers up to $30,000 a month (apparently no takers yet). Taylor is promising the arrival of "at least six more significant supermodels" to the site, but for now, Krissy remains the only featured mannequin. "Ironically, she was the first model we selected," Barbara Taylor's partner **Patxi Pastor** says seriously. But while the home page now includes a somber Krissy "memorial," the real attraction for the Internet's largely young, male Web surfers is the sexy pinup-style bikini shots of the late 17-year-old. Pastor claims the site draws more than a million visitors a week. And despite some criticism, Pastor says she and Taylor won't tone the shots down. "In this business, pictures like that are pieces of art. They are sensually, not sexually, explicit. This is similar to people looking at shots of Marilyn Monroe."

A FLICK OF SEAGAL'S



It's payback time for **Steven Seagal.** The ponytailed action hero is hard at work on a new movie, but unlike his previous roles—in *Under Siege* and *Under Siege 2*—this one's not exactly a star turn. In fact, Seagal's character in *Executive Decision*—starring **Kurt Russell** and **Halle Berry**—doesn't even survive the film's first hour. So why would such a, uh, big star accept such a bit part? For the money, of course. Spies on the set claim that Seagal is complaining that his contentious divorce from model-actress **Kelly LeBrock** has left him virtually LeBroke; so much so that he petitioned *Executive Decision*'s producer, **Joel Silver,** to give him some work to tide him over between movies. But insiders claim that neither Silver nor first-time director **Stuart Baird** wanted any part of the snippish Seagal. Unfortunately for them, Warner Bros.—where the actor has a multipicture deal—insisted that he be hired.

Deborah Norville: Her own biggest fan?

Krissy Taylor: Dead but not forgotten

HOLLYWOOD GOES TO TRASH

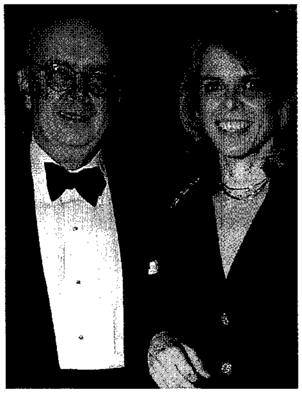
Ever-intrepid film producer **Arnold Kopelson** wasn't on the list when it came time to distribute the red-hot new script by twentysomething New Zealander **Andrew Niccol. Michael Ovitz**'s CAA—Niccol's new agency—preferred to keep it inside the CAA "family." In desperation, Kopelson apparently took matters into his own hands—literally. The producer has reportedly been bragging all over Hollywood that he snagged a copy

Photographs: top right, Steve Allen/Gamma-Liaison; center right, Mikel Roberts/Sygma; bottom, Greg Gorman/Gamma-Liaison.

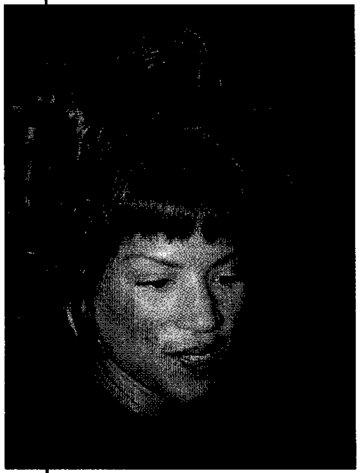
THE PRINCE IN HIS DOMAIN

Hal Prince is rewriting history—again. The legendary director of *Evita* and *Show Boat* is teaming up with **Alfred Uhry**—who wrote *Driving Miss Daisy*—to dramatize the true story of **Leo Frank,** a Jewish factory manager in the pre–World War I South who was wrongfully convicted of murdering a 13-year-old girl and lynched by vigilantes. The musical—still in its formative stage—is to be titled *I Love a Parade.* And while Prince and Uhry are both theater veterans, they are turning to a relative novice—25-year-old composer and lyricist **Jason Robert Brown**—to do the music. "My daughter introduced Jason to me," says Prince. Despite its serious motif, says the 67-year-old director, the show is basically a love story between Frank and his southern wife, but, "with raging newspaper wars over the trial's coverage and encroaching industrialism, it has very heavy political overtones." In fact, the trial of the Atlanta Jew fueled the revival of the Ku Klux Klan. Prince expects to do a reading by the end of the year and begin casting next spring. He hopes to hit the stage by the 1996 fall season.

Hal Prince: Back on B'way



Ross and McCaughey: Separate but equal



Veronica Webb: Yesterday's *Paper*

anyway—by searching an agency Dumpster. Insiders, however, insist Kopelson's story is, well, garbage. Rather than getting his hands dirty, sources say, Kopelson simply went to agent **Lynn Pleshette**—who represented Niccol until his defection to CAA early this summer. None too happy about losing her star screenwriter, sources speculate, Pleshette eagerly passed Kopelson her own copy of the sought-after script. (The agent, on vacation, couldn't be reached for comment.) Trash or no trash, Kopelson lost the bidding war. Jersey Films's **Danny DeVito** and his partners, **Michael Shamberg** and **Stacey Sher,** paid Niccol a reported $2 million to snag the thriller about genetic engineering for Columbia Pictures. Meanwhile, Niccol's first script, *The Truman Show,* is currently in development. **Scott Rudin** paid nearly $1 million for the script to the quirky thriller. It will probably star **Jim Carrey.**

DINNER FOR ONE; WEBBED FEAT

SEPARATE TABLES: Although Lieutenant Governor **Betsy McCaughey** and investment banker **Wilbur Ross** have gone their separate ways, they still want to attend the same parties. The problem: Is it politically correct to invite both of them? When banker **Joel Silverman** tossed an intimate birthday party for his wife, Linda, this week in Southampton, he asked the couple for advice. Their agreement: Betsy would come for cocktails and beat a hasty exit when Wilbur arrived for dinner.

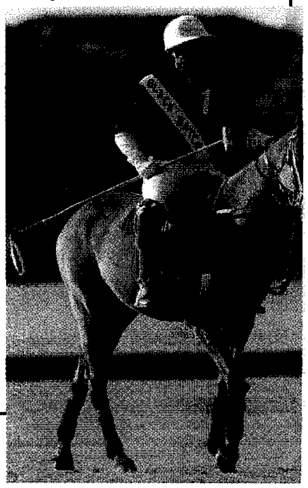
WEBBLESS: After five years on the job, **Veronica Webb** has given up her column at *Paper* magazine, though publisher **David Hershkovits** says Webb will stay on as a contributor. Friends, however, say that Webb has bigger plans—a job on the Clinton re-election campaign. Replacing the hyper-ambitious model will be hip social commentator and provocateur **bell hooks** whose column will be called "small talk."

ANOTHER GOVERNOR: Now that Governors Island is being deserted by the military, it is being eyed for its real-estate possibilities. Broadway producer and real-estate developer **Stewart F. Lane** says he is investigating the possibility of turning Governors Island into an arts colony. "Essentially we're talking about taking the houses that were used by military personnel and offering them to performing artists," Lane says. "It would be a great way to attract more artists to New York and keep them there." Sources say Lane is also developing in another artsy community; he plans to build condos near the Tribeca Film Center.

BY *GEORGE:* An eager young reporter from the soon-to-premiere political magazine *George* recently phoned the Houston *Chronicle* to research a story. "She haughtily introduced herself," says the *Chronicle*'s associate editor **Frank Michel.** "She said, 'I'm calling from *George,* which *as you know* is the Kennedy publication.' She asked if our mayor was Houston's first black mayor. I was tempted to say no and leave it at that." Instead, Michel patiently explained that Houston's mayor is in fact *white.* We're sure the befuddled *George*tte eventually found her way to Dallas, where **Ron Kirk** recently became that city's first black mayor.

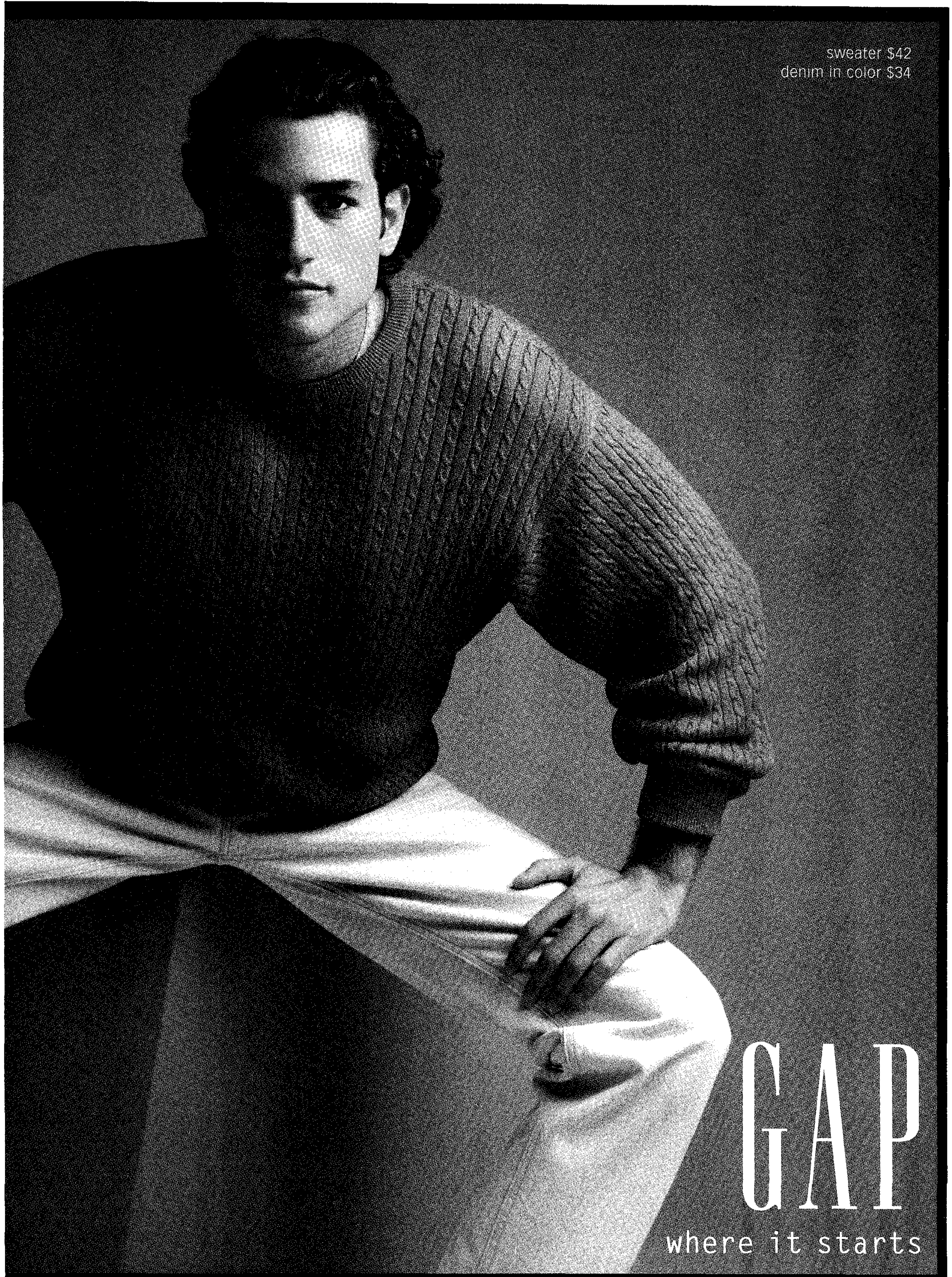
PUTTING THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE

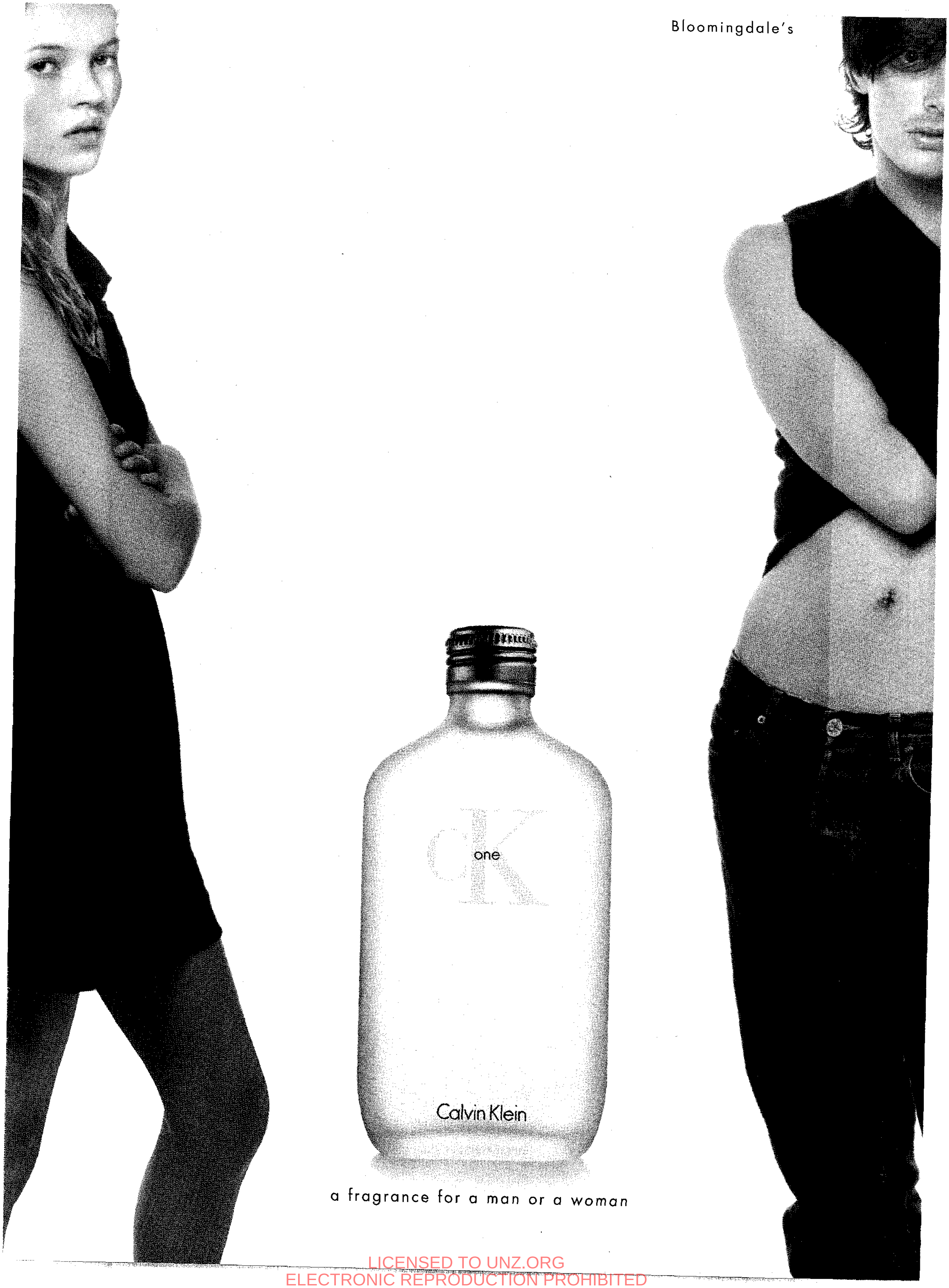
Polo mallets and golf clubs came close to clashing last weekend when sporting millionaires **Neil Hirsch** and **Peter Brant** launched their new Bridgehampton Polo Club. The problem? The site chosen for the tony club is perilously close to the sprawling Hamptons hideaway of New York real-estate mogul **Edward S. Gordon.** Gordon was particularly teed off because the club's new field flanks his private six-hole golf course. "Even though there was a fence, he was worried that someone would jump over it to get a look at his property," says Hirsch. What to do? "We're trying to keep him happy." To that end, Hirsch and Brant have agreed to build an additional fence and erect signs warding off such dedicated polo fans as **Calvin** and **Kelly Klein, Pat Kluge, Jay McInerney,** and Brant's new bride, **Stephanie Seymour,** from Gordon's greens.



Neil Hirsch: Horsing around

Photographs: top left, Mitchell Levy/Globe Photos; top right, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; center left, Henry McGee/Globe Photos.


sweater $42
denim in color $34
GAP
where it starts


Bloomingdale's
ck
one
Calvin Klein
a fragrance for a man or a woman

GOTHAM

Living in New York is like being at some terrible late-night party—*S. Hoggart*

THE FRONT PAGE

Love, Millionaire-Style

Oh, to be pre-elderly, rich, and in love at Lutèce—a divorce story.

In spring, a rich man's fancy turns to love with a woman not his wife, according to deeply entertaining documents filed last week in the messy messy messy divorce proceedings between Frank Richardson III, multimillionaire investment banker, and Nancy Richardson, socialite—or rather, between the "scoundrel," as she referred to him in court papers, and, as his friends characterized her, the "nut job."

This promises to be the best divorce spectacle yet. In only its first three days in the tabloids, the Richardson dissolution had already involved secret diaries; kicky, famous federal judge Kimba Wood; one local and one national columnist; an almost-forgotten Clinton-administration scandal; a $157 million fortune; and, of course, O. J. Simpson. For those of you who read only the *Times* and therefore have no idea what's really going on, it's been a lip-smacking, eye-scratching alleganza:

HE: She told people I was gay.

SHE: He expected "he should be serviced on demand regardless of [my] physical or emotional well-being."

HE: She had an affair with her psychiatrist.

SHE: He had a "treacherous and adulterous relationship with a public figure named Kimba Wood."

HE: She spends $8,000 a month on shoes.

SHE: He spends so much he's created "a universe of hedonistic and exhibitionistic excess."

HIS FRIENDS: "She's a nut job. She's seeing six different psychiatrists."

HER FRIENDS: "If you don't go to this party tonight," he told her last August, "I'll cut you off. I'll break your neck. I understand O. J. Simpson completely."

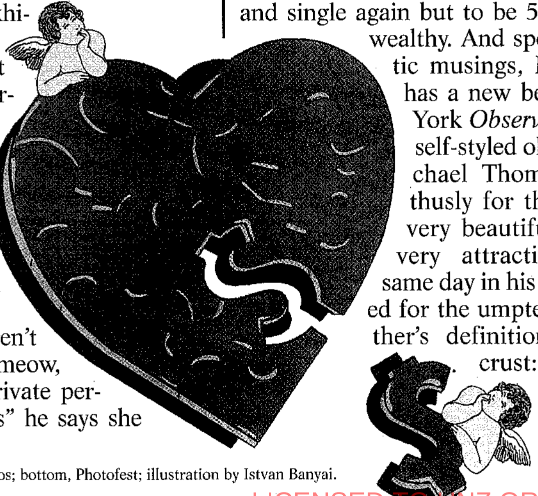
And then, if that weren't enough to make you meow, there's Exhibit A, the "private personal and business diaries" he says she stole from his locked briefcase, which was most certainly *not* locked, she says, and which contained not business diaries but his "puerile musings" about Manhattan federal-court judge Wood, estranged wife of *Time* magazine columnist Michael Kramer and a former attorney-general nominee Borked over a nanny infraction.

Or, as he calls her, *Kimba*.

His attorney contends the diary, which contains the phrases *intoxicated by her body* and *very passionate and very sexual woman,* has "nothing in there that suggests they had sex," which is exactly the sort of whopper attorneys for multimillionaires tell without even twitching. But reading an entire page of excerpts (thank you, *Daily News!*), one might almost believe that these really are, as his attorney claims, "the romantic musings of a bygone era."

April 3. She was so beautiful—more than I remembered. I spent Sunday just realizing how deep the madness of loving her went. . . . She said she was wild when I touched her hand at Lutece. She said . . . I LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU.

Why, it almost makes one long not to be 18 and single again but to be 55 and fabulously wealthy. And speaking of romantic musings, Mrs. Richardson has a new beau as well: New York *Observer* columnist and self-styled old-money guy Michael Thomas, who mused thusly for the *Post*, "She's a very beautiful woman. She's very attractive." That very same day in his column, he quoted for the umpteenth time his father's definition of the upper crust: "a lot of crumbs held together by dough."



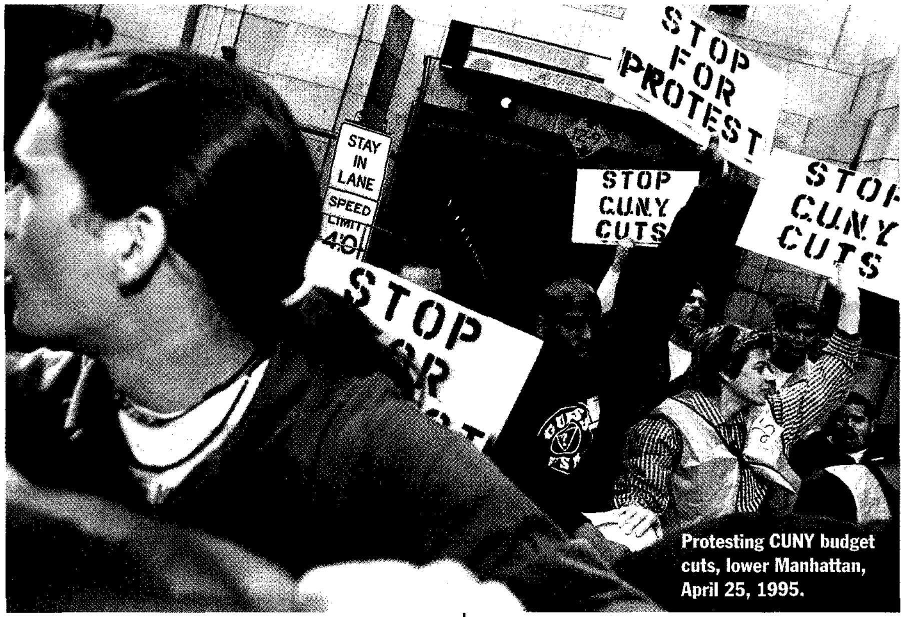
FANTASY CAMP "Hello, Dave? This is David Szen of the New York Yankees. I just wanted to make sure you got to the hotel okay. . . . Oh, by the way, I want to just let you know you're pitching tomorrow."—phone call received by David Cohen; the MSG network announcer was staying in the Yankees' hotel in Minneapolis the day the team traded for starting pitcher David Cone

EMERGING CAREERS IN GROOVINESS "You know, I work the dimmers, arrange the flowers, adjust the music to create a groovy atmosphere. I even dim the lights when I go to people's homes. I've been fine-tuning my ambience abilities for awhile. I've tried to teach other people ambiencing, but I think it's innate."—Suzy Drasnin, "ambience coordinator" for Boom Bistro in Bridgehampton

PLANET NUTTYWOOD Jerry Lewis memorabilia acquired for the Paris franchise of Planet Hollywood, which opens in September: a blazer from *It's Only Money;* a pin-striped suit and a spacesuit from *Way . . . Way Out;* a blue sailor's top from *You're Never Too Young.* Mickey Rourke items acquired: none.

AND BABY ON BOARD HAS COLIC NO RADIO, NOTHING OF VALUE, BATTERY IN APARTMENT—a hand-scrawled sign seen placed in the window of an eighties American sedan parked on West 4th Street recently

Photographs: top, AP/Wide World Photos; bottom, Photofest; illustration by Istvan Banyai.



Protesting CUNY budget cuts, lower Manhattan, April 25, 1995.

Education

THE CREEP AT CUNY

THE APRIL 13 MEMORANDUM FROM ONE City University of New York functionary to another reads like unremarkable administratese: *The appended list shows the student status of the individuals on your original list. We have added a column on the right margin with checkmarks. These checkmarks represent information we confirmed which is different from, or was not included on, your original list (i.e., social security number, spelling of name, affiliation).*

But the memo, written by university vice-chancellor for student affairs Elsa Nunez-Wormack to CUNY security chief Jose Elique, isn't strictly administrative, except in the Nixon-administration sense. It's CUNY's very own sixties-style Enemies List, compiling the names of suspected campus radicals, arranged alphabetically, with identifying racial characteristics and supplemented with personal academic information. What these students have done to cause CUNY to go to considerable expense to catalogue them is—situational irony—protest the university's budget cuts and planned tuition hikes.

Indeed, there seems to be a distinctly retro flavor to CUNY's efforts to quell student protests, detailed in several CUNY documents obtained by *New York*.

- Administrators tracking protesters by poring through newspaper stories connected to their activities ("The phone number in the *Village Voice* article, 212-780-3293, has a tape and identifies itself as the April 25 Hotline").
- Campus security guards following protesters to other locations ("Now moving off campus in ranks to City Hall").
- CUNY officials cajoling New York City police brass to release personal information about arrested protesters ("At the end of the day, our office was separately advised by Ms. Gerry Hirsch, a liaison to the Deputy Commissioner, that their department would not release this data as it is not considered public information").

All this noneducational activity by a cash-strapped educational institution seems a bit curious to some of the student protesters. "Why are the same resources that could be used to bolster education being used to impede students' education?" wonders Tyler Hemingway, a sociology graduate student who, along with 42 others, was arrested April 11 during a hunger strike at City College. In Manhattan Criminal Court last Wednesday, fourteen of the hunger strikers pleaded not guilty to criminal-trespassing charges. They had previously refused plea offers that would see the charges dropped after six months, preferring instead to go to trial. Each could face a possible three-month jail term if convicted.

Ronald McGuire, the hunger strikers' lawyer, says his clients have been emboldened by the material in CUNY's security files. McGuire—himself expelled from CUNY for taking part in the 1969 open-admissions protests—says the documents show administrators "rapidly turning CUNY into a penal institution with an obsession with security."

CUNY officials respond that they're not obsessed at all. In fact, Vice-Chancellor Nunez-Wormack explains that she's only compiling these lists for the students' own good.

"Not just for the students but for the relatives as well," she says. "I get a thousand calls after every demonstration from spouses, significant others, relatives, wondering whether their loved ones were involved. I need that information to answer those questions."

In an April 26 memo sent to CUNY's college presidents, however, Nunez-Wormack appeared to have distinctly different concerns: *We have learned that CUNY protest organizers are well organized and maintain tight control over information to planned protest activities. Individuals have been designated on each of the CUNY campuses to mobilize protesters for future rallies. This group is prepared to continue protests after classes are over, depending on the outcome of city and state budget cutbacks to CUNY.*

CUNY officials are also at ease explaining why, while slashing many educational programs, the university has seen fit to increase spending on its internal security forces next year, to nearly $22 million. "These are not mutually exclusive," explains Jay Hershenson, CUNY's vice-chancellor for university relations, "just as when you walk in that supermarket, you are looking for a balanced healthy diet."

ED SHANAHAN

City

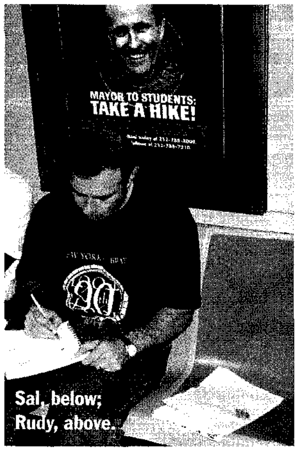
SIC TRANSIT POLITICO

ON SUNDAY, JULY 30, CITY COUNCILMAN Sal F. Albanese, Democrat from Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, rode the New York City transit system for more than 24 hours as a publicity stunt to protest the $500 million proposed cut in the Transit Authority's operational budget.

9:00 A.M. Trumpeteers Senior Center on Staten Island. Sal is dressed comfortably, in a blue T-shirt, blue jeans, and gray New Balance sneakers. Only fifteen people. "He ought to get a nice write-up for what he's doing," says a white-haired old lady, repeatedly.

9:50 On the S66 heading toward the ferry, the bus driver yells, "There's a horse loose! Watch the horse!" A riderless horse has turned left onto Victory Boulevard and is galloping north.

10:00 Sal and seven supporters arrive at the Staten Island Ferry and discover that a ferry has just left. "Who worked on the itinerary?" says Sal, a little pissed. "This is another example of


MAYOR TO STUDENTS: TAKE A HIKE!

Sal, below; Rudy, above.

Photographs: top, Andrew Goldberg; bottom, Norman Vanamee.

transit problems."

NOON. Grand Central; around 25 people, one TV crew, and a few photographers. "Sal, I'd come with you, but my brother-in-law had a stroke," says one supporter.

12:40 P.M. Waiting for the No. 4 train. AP reporter leaves.

1:04 "Why do they feel as though they need to cut back on the resources?" asks a guy on the R train with a tattoo of the devil on his arm. "Do they think that there are too many trains on the tracks now?"

1:20 Supporter apologizes for not being able to join Sal for the whole 24 hours: "My partner went on vacation."

1:50 Sal is sitting beneath a photograph of Mayor Giuliani. He keeps turning around and making faces.

2:35 Heading back on the A train. Sal says, "I don't like glad-handing people. I like to engage people."

2:40 Black girl with blonde hair and short shorts sticks out her pierced tongue.

3:00 At Franklin Avenue subway stop, meets Councilwoman Mary Pinkett. She denounces attempts to close Franklin Avenue shuttle, addressing me and photographer from *TWU Express.*

3:15 Pizza. The group of around seven people eats ravenously up on the shuttle platform. A skinny 15-year-old kid joins the line and gets a piece, too.

3:25 At Franklin Avenue and Eastern Parkway subway stop, transit officer reports there's been a shooting only moments before. Sal jogs to the crime scene.

3:55 Photographer from *TWU Express* leaves.

4:20 72nd Street and Broadway. An angry man says, "Raise the fare? You can't raise the fare; it's already shitty service."

4:30 Supporter apologizes for not being able to go along for the entire trip. "My ex-wife passed away this Saturday."

5:00 Sal keeps asking me if I'm okay.

7:00 Meet state assemblyman Keith Wright at Sylvia's in Harlem (two food breaks have been planned for the marathon). Sal has barbecued chicken, two orders of rice, and a Coors Light. Assemblyman Wright comments, "People voted for change, but they didn't want to be shortchanged."

7:20 It's Gospel Open Mike Night, and the emcee, wearing a thirties-style satin dress, asks our table, "Who's singing for us tonight?" Willie James, a transit-union officer, volunteers. "I'd like to dedicate this song to Sal Albanese, who is trying to do good," James says. Sal is visibly choked up.

10:00 Fred, a union guy who's been onboard for the duration, nods off for a

Wicket Men

On the lawn behind the Cooper-Hewitt Museum for the croquet party benefiting the Young Design League.

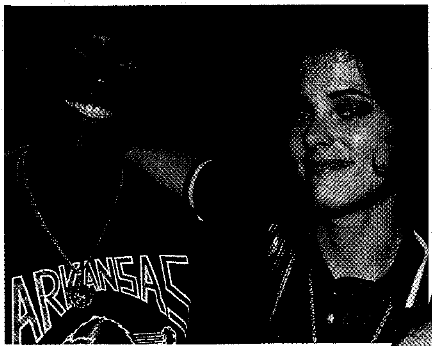
By Alex Williams
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

The young Americans are standing around Andrew Carnegie's backyard, looking as summery and British as a tableful of spilled Pimm's Cups. The lawn is cool and dotted with sunny-spirited designers attempting croquet and dressed up in self-consciously foppish straw boaters, crisp Etonian blazers, and linen trousers that wrinkle just so around the knees. It looks like a world in which the *Titanic* never sank. Paul Renwick, a fashion designer and actual Brit, takes exception. "English people do *not* play croquet." Shining in summer whites, Renwick is off in the corner with two other Brits (avoiding the *other* Brits). "If it were an *English* to-do, everyone would be *out of their minds* by now, falling into the pond," he says. He waxes nihilistic. "One of my best friends, for his twenty-first birthday, got this Patek Philippe gold watch. At this ball in Oxford, in this sort of *tribute to his birthday,* he tossed it into the air and it landed in the river. *He started laughing. . . .*"

A brief pause.

"*That's* an English to-do."

At the Cooper-Hewitt (top right), model Diane DeWitt swings away. Hip-hop impresario Sean "Puffy" Combs (above) with son Justin at the Tommy Hilfiger men's-wear show. At the Plaza for the Victoria's Secret fashion show, hair stylist Sam McKnight cavorts with Catherine McCord, Ingrid Seynhaeve, and Leilani Bishop.



At Chris Barish and Jamie Dingman's rooftop party, actress Emily Lloyd shimmies (top left). At Industria for *Interview's* Gianfranco Ferré bash, Parker (*Party Girl*) Posey with Mekhi (*Clockers*) Phifer.

moment, then snaps awake. Sal says, "Now you look like many of my colleagues on the City Council."

12:15 A.M. Two cops on Coney Island platform sprint past our subway car. Sal jogs after them. The police apprehend a man at the mouth of the station at Surf Avenue. A crowd of mostly teenagers has gathered on the street, as have a good number of police plus four or five squad cars with lights flashing. Down the block, somebody starts swinging roundhouse punches, and suddenly, a kid in a red tank top is running on top of some parked cars, through a pack of cops, and down an alley. "Oh shit, it's started, it's started, baby!" a guy yells. "That's wrong, that's wrong," somebody else yells. "Yo, he didn't do shit . . . you all pushed him." People are screaming. Police shove the kid in the red shirt in the back of a squad car, which speeds away.

12:50 It turns out Michael Collins, president of the Transit Supervisors Organization, who's been with us since noon, is also the president of the (Norman) Rockwell Society of America. "It's fun," he says, "and I make some extra money."

2:00 Riding the D train to 205th Street in the Bronx, Sal closes his eyes for the first time.

3:05 Strung-out homeless woman approaches and says, "Excuse me, I'm sorry to bother you, but do you have any food? Or can I have some money?" Somebody gives her change. We miss our stop.

4:00 Breakfast at a diner on 71st Street in Queens. Sal has a turkey burger, no fries; tells the owner he's riding the trains for 24 hours to protest the budget cuts. The owner says, "I see guys out there standing half an hour, sitting there getting paid $18 an hour; they're not doing anything, just giggling at one and each other." Sal glowers.

5:05 Neither the *Post* nor the *News* mentions his protest; Sal is disappointed.

6:15 Times Square. Camera vans from Channels 4 and 5 and New York 1 have set up on Broadway. Sal does one interview and then jogs to the next.

7:45 On the R train, almost in Bay Ridge, Sal is smiling. "I hope we don't run into some of my nastier Republican constituents."

8:00 We board express bus back to Manhattan.

9:30 Carnegie Hall. Sal and three others are standing on the corner trying to make conversation. "I can't wait . . . I mean, I enjoyed it, but I'd like to be at home in bed," Sal says.

10:20 City Hall. Five or six television crews; a few radio journalists. With great flourish, Sal jogs through a finish-line tape held by two men. His chest is thrust out; he looks like a boxer.

NORMAN VANAMEE

TIME AND PLACE

Union Square Park, Tuesday, 6:30 P.M.

Photograph by Jeff Mermelstein.

A DOZEN Rollerblading, hockey-stick-wielding teenagers swerve like sharks around two wire-mesh garbage cans. Twenty yards away, a half-dozen men squat, unpacking their armor. The 'bladers whack at an orange rubber puck, oblivious to anyone not directly in their paths this exact second, oblivious even to "those freaks" at the northeast corner of the lot, members of the Society for Creative Anachronism who gather here every Tuesday evening and bash one another with poles.

A thin, earnest woman pulls on a full-length hot-pink tunic.

The Middle Ages groupies attach heavy plates to themselves. It's hot. "You might want to stand downwind of Ajax until he's finished getting dressed," says Kazimir, a dresser. "No matter how much you clean this armor, it's hard to get the sweat smell out."

In groups of two, the men—and a couple of women—have at one another with rattan swords. A man wearing low-slung sweatpants points at the group with his can of iced tea. "It's fantastic. It's not every day you see people willfully beating each other up in the street."

A hockey puck wobbles over and stops at the foot of a man dressed in black shorts and shirt, who is waiting for it to get dark so he can participate in a vampire role-playing game. He scoops the puck up and tosses it back.

"Occasionally, we'll get the odd skater who comes through here," says a medievalist in a droopy mustache. "But I mean, c'mon. You see two 200-pound guys with sticks hitting each other over the head, and you skate right through the middle of it?"

KRISTEN LIPPERT-MARTIN

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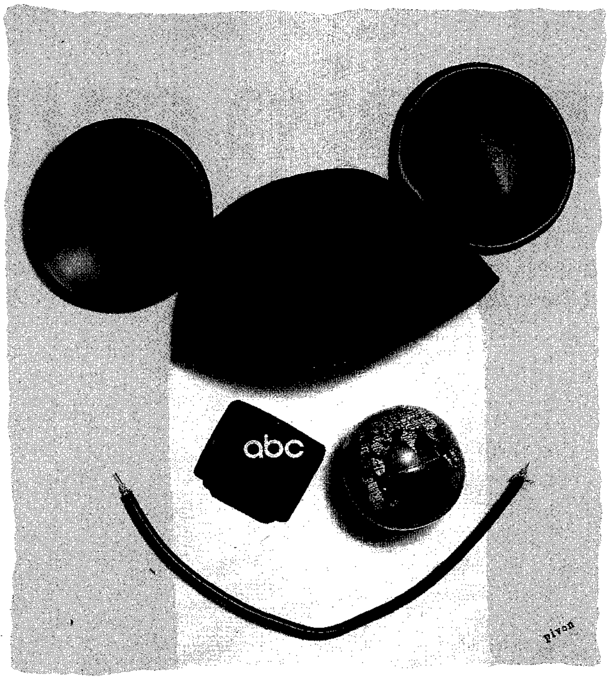
MEDIA **RICHARD TURNER**

Hi-Ya!

How the Mighty Morphin Power Rangers (and their ilk) scared Michael Eisner into spending $19 billion on Cap Cities/ABC.

THREE DAYS BEFORE THE STUNNING ANNOUNCEMENT THAT he was buying ABC, Disney chairman Michael Eisner wasn't huddled with troops of MBAs. He was sitting around with the company's feature animators, discussing the wisecracking gargoyles in the upcoming *The Hunchback of Notre Dame.* Nothing new here. He had obsessed over the hummingbird's face in *Pocahontas.* He'd ordered up a bigger role for the baboon Rafiki in *The Lion King.* He does this stuff all the time.

Now, apparently, he also buys $19 billion companies, after years of resisting even the tiniest acquisitions. "I'm a bottom fisherman," he'd say, demurring on buyout after buyout brought to him by his lieutenants. Less than two years ago, say people close to the company, Eisner came close to buying Capital Cities/ABC for $70 a share, or about $11 billion. But despite the urging of executives around him, Eisner balked at the price. Last week, of course, he agreed to pay around $123 a share, or $19 billion—hardly bottom fishing.



Back then, the reasoning went, ABC was already the best-run network of the three, and Disney couldn't add much value by bringing its own skills to bear. Far better to look at a lesser light at a cheaper price, then electrify it with Disney voltage. "You need [a network] that's in the crapper," one top Disney executive said at the time, making elegant reference to NBC and CBS. But the networks in said crapper seemed too high-priced.

What made Michael Eisner change his mind so dramatically? In a more than just a metaphorical sense, you could say it all began with the Mighty Morphin Power Rangers. In a way, anxiety about their startling success is as good an explanation you could come up with for why Eisner violated every conservative canon he'd ever preached and consummated the second-largest acquisition in U.S. history.

You have to understand Eisner's parochial worldview: There are certain things Disney is supposed to *own.* He steamed as the Warner Bros. Studio Stores, which had copied his formula for retailing characters, vaulted to glory almost overnight. Disney was also supposed to rule when it came to making cartoons and putting them on television. It was a serious indignity when Fox, which didn't even have an animation studio of its own, cobbled together a few trashy-looking TV shows like the *Power Rangers* and swiftly blew right by the respectable Disney Afternoon—a syndicated bloc of cartoons like *Aladdin* and *Goof Troop*—into the hearts and minds of America's kids.

Eisner couldn't understand it: Surely it had nothing to do with content. His own shows cost a fortune to produce. They were blue-chip family entertainment. And a Japanese chopsocky fest was raking in twice their ratings?

What's more, Fox had built a franchise out of its weekday afternoon programs, the Fox Children's Network. It did so with clever cross-promotion—telling viewers where to go, which is crucial in this channel-surfing era. Fox promoted its Saturday morning cartoons on weekday afternoons, and soon was No. 1 on Saturday mornings too, beating ABC and CBS (NBC gave up entirely on Saturday morning kids' programming) and turning shows like *X-Men* and *Animaniacs* into hits.

Fox did this because Fox owned a network. It could work kids into a frenzy with cross-promotion, and do it with discipline, because its owned and affiliated stations had a stake in the shows' success. Disney, by contrast, had merely licensed its shows to an ad hoc rabble of stations it didn't control. And even this hodgepodge was falling apart: As Warner Bros. and Paramount formed the TV networks WB and UPN, signing up what had heretofore been independent stations, the Disney Afternoon suddenly found that it would have nowhere to go. Disney's station lineup for the Disney Afternoon had included those owned by the Tribune Broadcasting Company. They're now aligned with the WB and will drop the Disney Afternoon in favor of WB's own cartoon bloc two seasons hence. Disney only owned one TV station—the lowest-ranked VHF in Los Angeles. "The Disney Afternoon was over," says an executive. "We were squeezed out," says another. Not exactly a noble fate for a company that builds Disney "galleries" to sell its animation drawings like so many Chagalls.

Disney shopped the shows to Fox and to Paramount, but they were disinclined to run cartoons unless they held the licensing and merchandising rights to them. Eisner said no—and no and no and no—to that. Disney made a pitch to produce ABC's entire Saturday morning line-up, and ABC president Bob Iger turned them down flat. (He won't be doing *that* again.) Then—further indignity—DreamWorks, the new studio started by Eisner archenemies Jeffrey Katzenberg and David Geffen (with Steven Spielberg), hired away his top two TV-animation executives and was about to make its own deal to take over ABC Saturday morning. At this rate, Disney was

Illustration by Hanoch Piven.

going to be reduced to launching cartoon blocs on the Disney Channel, which reaches roughly one-eighth the audience of Fox or ABC.

To be sure, the Power Rangers will soon go the way of Ninja Turtles, and the Disney Afternoon won't be showing up on ABC as long as its Oprah-loving affiliates have anything to say about it. But now Disney gets to program ABC's Saturday morning, and it has a mother ship from which to beam cartoon packages all over the world.

The Power Rangers nightmare was a dramatic example of the power of networks, and it gave the lie to a longtime Eisner mantra: that content dominates distribution. He'd argued that people would line up to buy Disney's shows, and pay top dollar for them. He bragged about not buying movie theaters—studios didn't need them. Besides, networks were dinosaurs, about to be pushed aside by cable and telephone and computers and satellites. Why take risks with distribution?

Well, never mind. He just bought the most powerful distribution system on earth. There was a certain disingenuousness in the air when Eisner and ABC's Thomas Murphy told the world that the network would choose which programs to air on an open-market basis, not favoring Disney. If that were true, what were they doing there? As deregulation allowed networks to produce and own their own programming, many in the TV business fully expected that before long, ABC, CBS, and NBC would be feeding more and more of their own programming through their own networks, so they could realize the ancillary values of the shows they own—merchandising, online, wherever. The new mega-distributors would want to own everything.

Disney itself demonstrated the supreme importance of vertical integration with *The Lion King*. They made the movie themselves and owned it all. They hyped it to death on TV and at Burger King outlets to ensure that every sentient being in creation knew it was there. It helped that it was a good movie. The big box-office take was nice. But the billion-dollar payoff came from flogging *Lion King*-iana through theme parks and home video and books and music and toys—most of which Disney owned.

The hardest and most expensive part of this was getting it noticed in the first place. Disney just bought the ultimate advertising vehicle, which is a pretty good start.

Many of the other reasons Eisner changed his thinking have been listed in the swarm coverage of the acquisition last week: further deregulation, easier credit, Disney stock finally swelling in value, Rupert-envy, Eisner's infatuation with sports, a desire to shake up Disney's corporate culture, and doubtless some matters of ego too dark to fully fathom, like thumbing his nose at Katzenberg. Indeed, because Eisner made the deal look so easy, in the absence of the drawn-out Sturm und Drang of other recent media mergers, commentators actually took some time out from breathless executive worship to analyze how the industry was changing and whether this was a good thing.

There will be a lot of talk about church and state, about a Chinese Wall separating Disney from ABC. But Disney won't be shy about nursing its network plaything, and culturally annoying moments will start to pop up. Look for golf tournaments from Orlando, *The Wonderful World of Disney* back on Sunday night, and Mickey Mouse, not L.A.'s Sam the Eagle or Atlanta's Izzy, bringing us the Olympics.

As the detritus of the merger is pumped through the culture, one wonders if there's another lesson to be learned from the Power Rangers. Now that Disney's distribution appears assured, the issue comes back to content. Sure, the fact that Fox had a network helped its shows. Eisner would dismiss them as "not our kind of programming." But there's another thing: Kids like them more than the Disney cartoons, just as they like Nickelodeon and the Warner Bros. Studio Stores. They like Disney's wonderful animated movies too, but Disney has gotten so self-important about providing a chirpy, round-edged environment (which mirrors its theme parks) that some kids find the whole shtick boring and patronizing. Bugs Bunny has a lot more attitude than Mickey Mouse, and Eisner chilled some bones when he talked about how Disney and ABC "stand for things that the country stands for."

Which country? One wonders whether Disney is being so aggressive overseas because it suspects its act sometimes plays better to millions of uninitiated Chinese, Indians, and Indonesians than to local kids who, for better or worse, like rap music and Jim Carrey.

If Fox and Nickelodeon and Warner are offering up edge—or even garbage—in their own bids to take over the world, it won't matter if Disney owns ABC, except to Cap Cities/ABC shareholders who have already reaped a huge profit. Nor will it matter if Disney arranges to distribute its product by satellite implants in childrens' brains. Kids will still find a way to watch the Power Rangers. ▬

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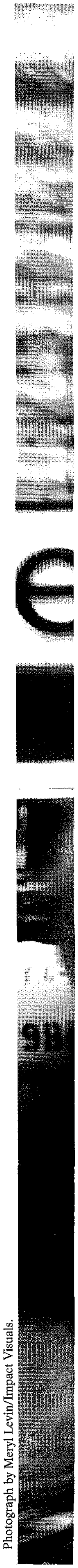
MURDER DOWN 37 PERCENT; ROBBERY OFF 31 PERCENT; TOTAL CRIME DOWN 27 PERCENT. GIULIANI AND BRATTON THINK THEY'VE FINALLY FOUND THE ROOT CAUSE OF CRIME: CRIMINALS.

BY CRAIG HOROWITZ

ON THE STREETS OF BEDFORD-STUYVESANT, HE IS KNOWN SIMPLY AS DREAD, NAMED FOR the long, black dreadlocks he wears pulled back into a ponytail that's as thick as a loaf of bread. "You want to know if I sell drugs? Is that what you're asking me?" he said with a slight edge in his voice. It was one of those steamy nights two weeks ago, and I had been asking questions about whether people in this impoverished Brooklyn neighborhood had noticed the drop in crime that was being trumpeted by City Hall. "Look," he said, "things ain't no different around here, know what I'm saying? It's always the same. Some people be buying, some people be selling. It don't really matter which end you on. Everybody's just trying to survive."

Dread survives by selling. He runs a small T-shirt shop not far off Nostrand Avenue where his inventory includes more than mere clothing. "Maybe we better go talk inside," he said, surveying the wretched-looking street with its abandoned lot and its sidewalk lined with scraps of garbage. Dread had been lounging in front of his shop in an old kitchen chair, and he was clearly unhappy about the hassle. It was unbearably hot, difficult even to breathe. Slowly Dread hoisted his six-foot-two-inch, 220-pound body out of the seat and lumbered into the store without lifting his unlaced Fila sneakers off the ground.

"Maybe I move a little merchandise. So what? I don't have no choice. You can't make a living with this shit," he said pointing to the racks of T-shirts,



Photograph by Meryl Levin/Impact Visuals.

arrest outside
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New York City Subway Map

Crime czar and all-around character Jack Maple: Espresso and cutting-edge management techniques.

most of which featured an African motif or a black celebrity. "The money simply don't make it. You still need something else, and drugs is the fastest hustle." His voice was surprisingly soft, and I could barely hear him over the loud, thumping rap of Wu-Tang's Method Man. I asked him to turn it down. "Ah, man, it's new shit," he said in mock protest, and his lips spread into a broad smile whose symmetry was broken by a large gold cap on one side.

But the eighteen-karat smile quickly disappeared when Dread turned his attention to the new exigencies of street-level dealing. He exhaled long and hard and then folded his huge bare arms across his chest, the skin pulled so tight over his biceps that stretch marks were visible—he wore a tank top—around his armpits. Hustling drugs has become much tougher, he said, in part because crack prices are way down. And there was another reason.

"I'm telling you, the police is out there now, know what I'm saying? And they're serious." He rolled his rheumy eyes and let out a little laugh of exasperation. "They don't slap you around anymore just to fuck with you. They want to make arrests." Dread might as well have been coached by Police Commissioner William J. Bratton, on whose watch serious crime in New York has fallen to its lowest levels in 25 years. Dread blamed aggressive, assertive policing for making his life, if not quite miserable, at least a lot less pleasant. Using a broad range of new tactics, the cops have forced many low-level dealers to alter their methods of doing business. Some dealers have been driven indoors, and obvious safety concerns have made it harder to attract already jittery customers. A few have begun doing business out of state, where, according to Dread, drugs can sell for as much as eight or ten times what they bring in the city.

"You know the easiest way to sell crack and the way to make the most money," Dread said, "is to sell it straight up off the street. You buy it from a supplier and then go right out and sell it. Used to be that you could stand on the corner with the stuff in your pockets or your mouth and make your sales. No other people involved, no wasted time, no problems. Not long ago, you could make $2,500 a day this way with very little risk. Well, you can still make some money, but the risk is big.

"You can't just stand on the corner no more with your pockets full of stuff," he said. "You got to stash the shit somewhere on the street. Then you got to have somebody watching it. Then you need another guy to get the money. All of this takes time, and it cuts down on the profits. Anybody who's smart is putting his money away, trying to get enough to go do something else." All Dread really wants, he claims, is to escape Bed-Stuy. He dreams of moving, maybe to South Carolina. "I know people who walked with $1.5 million after five years," he says.

But Dread, who is 28 and says he no longer uses crack himself, is a senior citizen compared with the reckless teens who have increasingly come into prominence in the business of selling drugs. "These young bucks, man. You know they be making it but they still trying to get fly, blowing it on jewelry, clothes, new sneakers every week, and partying. I'm telling you they be making beaucoup money . . . beaucoup money. I'm talking about 13-year-olds putting a grand a day right in their pockets. If they get busted, they out right away anyhow because of their age. But they're starting to see what's going on. They're still working it, but they beginning to understand something's happening. This Giuliani, man, he ain't fucking joking."

The next afternoon, sitting with Bratton in his office on the top floor of police headquarters, I told the commissioner what Dread had to say. He agreed that the police have successfully pushed a lot of the dealing inside. The result, Bratton said, lightly tapping his shiny Italian loafer on the NYPD-blue carpeting, has been good and bad. Good because this generally makes a neighborhood look better and feel safer; bad because it makes things much more difficult for the police. The street arrests are easy. Going indoors is complicated. "It's kind of like taking the beachhead," said Bratton, who has a fondness for World War II imagery. "We have pushed the enemy off the beaches and we're moving inland. To use the D-day analogy," he said leaning forward a little on the couch, "we're into hedgerow country now."

THOUGH THE CITY REMAINS FAR FROM BUCOLIC, AND crime, according to the polls, remains the major worry, the police have been on an unprecedented eighteen-month roll. During the first six months of this year, murder was down 31 percent from the same period last year; robbery was down 21.9 percent; felonious assault, 6 percent; car theft, 25.2 percent. If you compare the crime rates with those from 1993—the year before Giuliani took office—the declines are even more astonishing: murder down 37.3 percent; robbery down 31.3 percent; felonious assault, 10.6 percent; and, cumulatively, all serious reported crime down 27.1 percent.

If the overall numbers are a little difficult to relate to, consider the impact this way: The decline in the murder rate means that every month this year 44 fewer people were killed. A 30 percent decline in the number of shooting victims for the first six months means that four fewer people a day were shot. In the Bronx alone, 1,200 fewer people were victims of serious crime in an average month.

Despite the magnitude of the declines—total serious crime is down this year in every precinct in every borough—the response has been surprisingly muted. Giuliani and Bratton have hardly been hailed as crime-fighting superheroes. In fact, they haven't even gotten all that much credit as clever law-enforcement strategists. Though the tabloids and local-television news both feed on hyperactive, hypergruesome crime coverage, they have been comparatively quiet on news of a safer New York. "It should be something that gets more attention and is seen as a much bigger accomplishment than it has been in the city of New York," says Mayor Giuliani, who quite understandably hopes to score major political points with this. "Outside the city, it's getting tremendous attention." The mayor was sitting in a peach-colored vinyl booth in Huxley's coffee shop in Rockefeller Center. It was early evening, and Giuliani had just taped a segment for the Conan O'Brien show, in which he told a national

Photograph by Greg Miller.

television audience of potential tourists how much safer New York has become. Amid the clanging of dishes Giuliani said, "Inside the city, not just the press but all of the Establishment commentators and experts are so cynical. It's very, very hard to accept success."

One of the critical reasons it has been so hard to credit Giuliani and Bratton with taking back the streets—aside from the fact that the pair seem intent on making themselves as unlovable as humanly possible—is philosophical. Their victory appears to be a repudiation of three decades of received wisdom that crime is inextricably connected to economic deprivation and social injustice. Bratton and Giuliani are showing it is possible to keep a lid on crime solely through effective law enforcement: using maps, computers, and (this is a shocker in an age of anti-bureaucrat fervor) good management. "There has never been a proven connection between the state of the economy and crime," the mayor said—in a different time and place, this would be sheer apostasy—"and there is absolutely no correlation between unemployment and crime. Go look at the Depression. It was one of the safest periods in the history of this country." Giuliani and Bratton believe they have happened on something big. They have found the *real* root cause of crime: criminals.

"There are historic things happening in this department and in this city," Bratton says with characteristic hubris. "We are reasserting the ability of police to control the amount of crime, an idea that American police departments have pretty much abrogated for twenty years."

Many sociologists and criminologists, however, remain reluctant to credit the Police Department. It would be an admission that they've spent careers promoting false assumptions. "The mayor and the police commissioner want to claim credit for the reduction in crime," says John Jay criminologist Andrew Karmen, "but it's very self-serving. Every reason they give represents a justification of their policies. I'm very skeptical of the get-tough point of view. The idea that aggressive policing—stopping people, frisking them, confiscating guns, cracking down on quality-of-life crimes, locking more people up—can work alone worries me. They're claiming success in the face of deteriorating social conditions. These claims verify the contention that crime is somehow a voluntary activity. It doesn't represent in any way the drives and forces and compulsions that are beyond an individual's control."

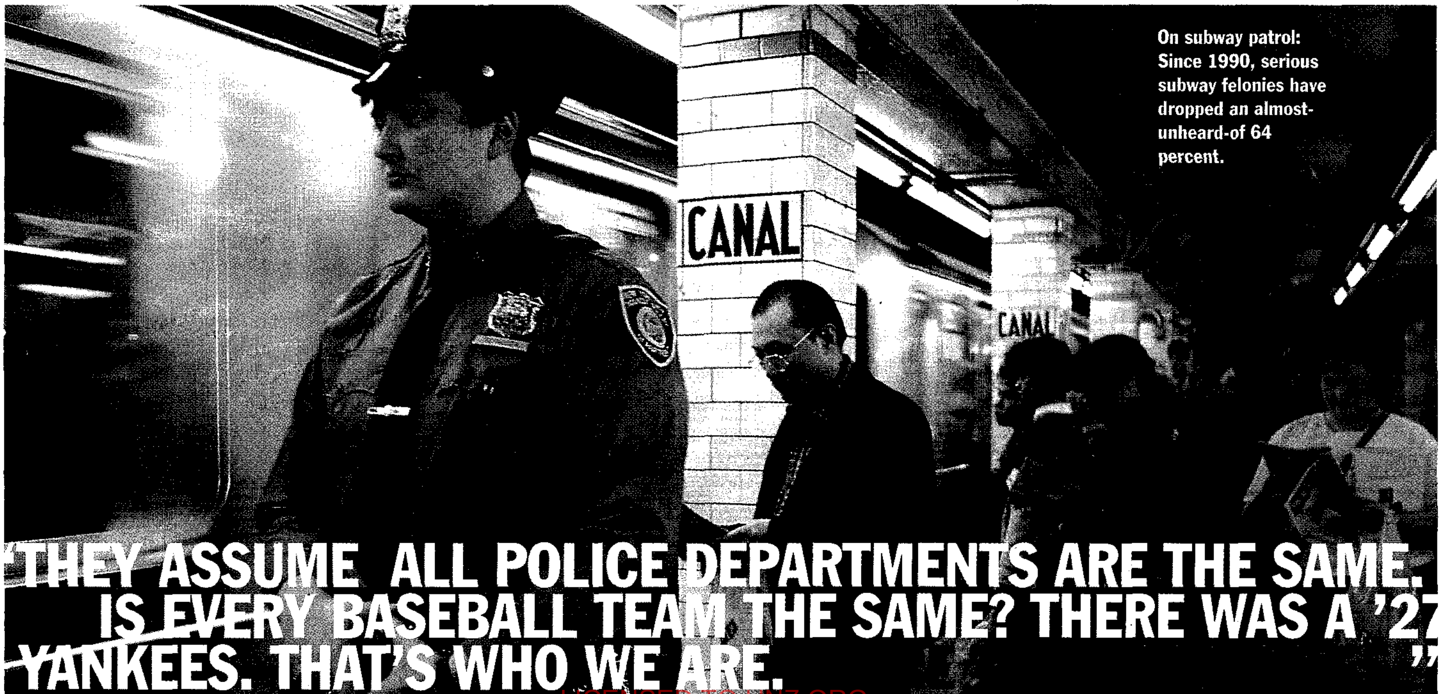
Ever since a Johnson-administration commission issued a report in 1967 called "The Challenge of Crime in a Free Society," it has been liberal orthodoxy that most inner-city crime is the ineluctable product of poverty and racism. The enlightened view has held that, barring fundamental social change, little could be done to reduce the mayhem. By extension, police departments for years have operated on the principle that since they don't control the conditions that give rise to crime, they can't control crime. Moreover, the reasoning went, an active presence on the streets, particularly in poor neighborhoods, simply created hostility, which actually exacerbated matters. So the police pulled back, spending most of their time in squad cars, trying to avoid confrontations and responding only to emergencies.

It wasn't until 1982, with urban pathologies festering, that there was a serious intellectual challenge to this wisdom. Criminologists James Q. Wilson and George L. Kelling, beginning with a memorable piece for the *Atlantic Monthly* called "Broken Windows," put forth the argument that police were making a mistake ignoring the minor signs of disorder that had by then become commonplace. If the small things were taken care of—shattered windows, public drunkenness, graffiti, and the like—it would send a message about what kind of behavior is tolerable and put police back into regular contact with the people causing most of the serious trouble.

"Those who say we've got to solve the problems of social injustice before we can do anything about crime are, in the name of ideology, abandoning any hope for people who live in difficult circumstances," says Kelling, a longtime Bratton adviser who is a fellow at Harvard's Kennedy School and a professor at Northeastern. "If you want to improve the economic viability of these neighborhoods so that businesses can go in there, the first thing you've got to do is deal with the problem of disorder and serious crime. Just as poverty causes crime, crime causes poverty."

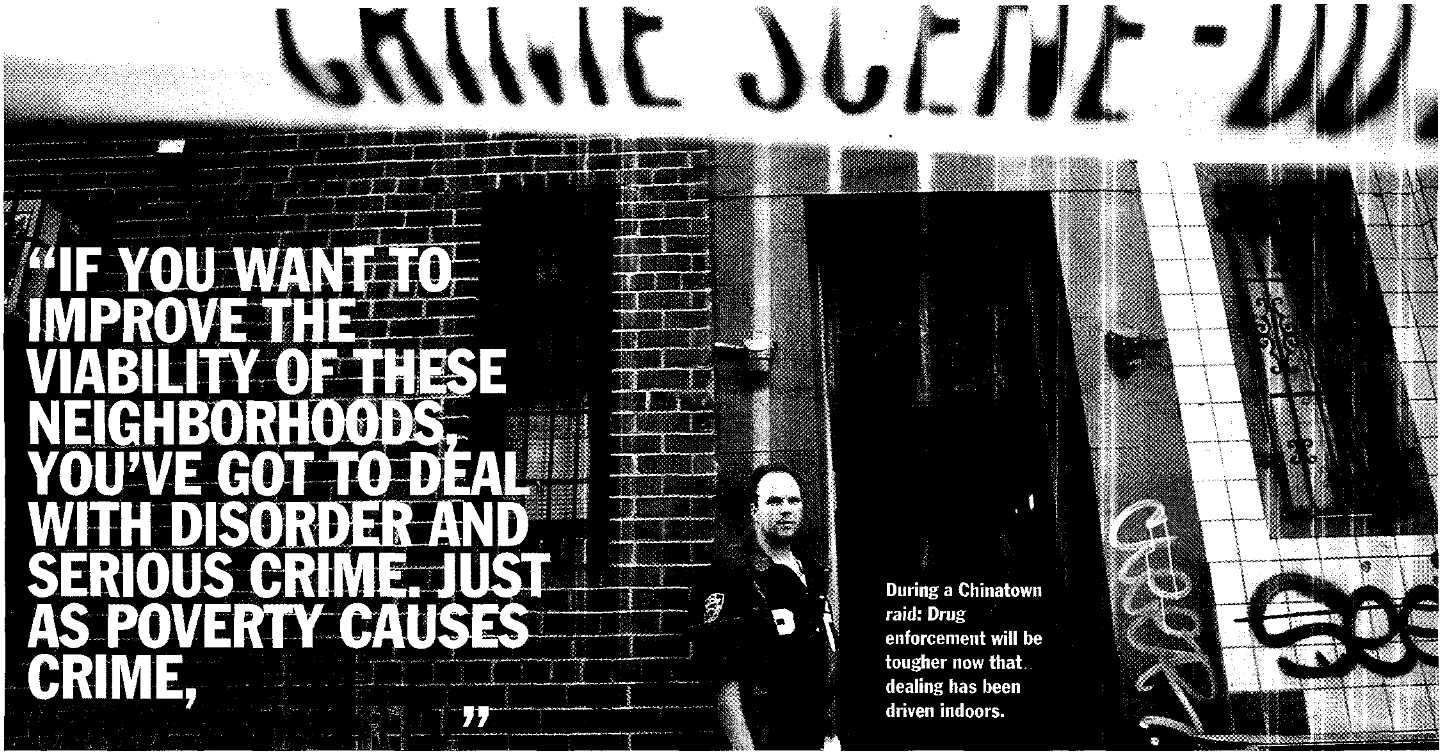
When Bratton took over as New York's transit-police commissioner in 1990 (he was given the post, it's worth pointing out, during the Dinkins administration), he put the broken-windows theory to work underground. He made graffiti, panhandling, fare beating, and other signs of disorder a priority. Though Bratton was widely criticized for focusing on minor infractions when serious subway crime was out of control, he held fast, and the numbers began to fall dramatically. Today, riding the subways is a wholly different experience from what it was five years ago. Serious felonies are down 64 percent, and robberies are down an extraordinary 73 percent. Each day, some 3.5 million people take the subways. There are fewer than twenty reported crimes.

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S SECRET CRIME-FIGHTING WEAPON IS JACK Maple, the deputy commissioner for crime-control strategies. A rakish figure in his double-breasted navy blazer, bow tie, and black-and-white spectator shoes, he looks and often sounds like a character who escaped from the cast of *Guys and Dolls*. In areas of policy development, Maple, a former transit-police lieutenant, is Kissinger to Bratton's Nixon. He smokes cigars, he drinks espresso in his office at police headquarters, and he takes visible delight—



On subway patrol: Since 1990, serious subway felonies have dropped an almost-unheard-of 64 percent.

"THEY ASSUME ALL POLICE DEPARTMENTS ARE THE SAME. IS EVERY BASEBALL TEAM THE SAME? THERE WAS A '27 YANKEES. THAT'S WHO WE ARE."



"IF YOU WANT TO IMPROVE THE VIABILITY OF THESE NEIGHBORHOODS, YOU'VE GOT TO DEAL WITH DISORDER AND SERIOUS CRIME. JUST AS POVERTY CAUSES CRIME, "

During a Chinatown raid: Drug enforcement will be tougher now that dealing has been driven indoors.

in contrast with the dour countenance of the mayor and the commissioner—in shooting down any theory about New York's drop in crime that doesn't credit the police.

"C'mon," he challenges me after knocking back the last sip of an espresso one afternoon in his office, "which theory should we do first? How about the one that says everybody has switched from crack to heroin and now they're all asleep so they can't commit any crimes," he says, barely able to contain his amusement. Maple points out that in a recent spot check, 78 percent of the prisoners in the city's jail system tested positive for cocaine. A DEA intelligence officer I spoke to agrees that if there has been any switch in the drug of choice, the numbers so far have only been slight. Besides, during the late-seventies, the last time heroin was the major narcotic in the city, drug-related crime was also a major problem.

Bronx district attorney Robert T. Johnson, who spends a great deal of time working with inner-city kids, believes a shift is taking place, but not from one drug to another. "Youngsters are starting to see the results of the drug culture," he says. "They are finally getting the message watching their peers being taken to funeral homes in caskets." Still, even if drugs are losing their appeal, any significant impact on the crime stats would be years away at best.

"Which one should we do now," Maple asks before yelling for another espresso. He hardly seems to need the caffeine. "Should we do demographics? Well, the number of 16-to-19 year-olds in New York has been going up, not down. Or how about the idea that crime is going down all over the country? You pick. Remember in *The Wizard of Oz,"* he goes on, before I say anything, "when Toto pulls back the curtain and the wizard says, 'Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain'? And Dorothy says, 'You're a terrible man.' And he says, 'No, Dorothy, I'm a good man. I'm just not a very good wizard.' I think all of these experts are good people; they're just not very good wizards."

Though it would seem he has made his point, Maple can't resist issuing a challenge. "I'd be very happy to get all the criminologists to come in here together. They can put all their grant money in a big pile in the middle of the floor, and then we'll settle this. Winner takes all," he says, laughing from his gut. "Look, we [the Giuliani-Bratton team] took over when the ball dropped in Times Square to start 1994. What's different since then? What's changed in this city in the last eighteen months other than what the police are doing? Did all the 16-year-olds suddenly become 50? Did all the crooks suddenly get *a-scared?"* he says shaking in mock fear. "Did everybody leave town? Did everybody suddenly load up on heroin? Did they all go to jail? Did they all get together and decide they're not gonna shoot anybody, they're not gonna rob anybody, and they're not gonna kill anybody? And tell me about this so-called truce that's taken place to end the drug wars. I want names. I wanna know which gangs in which locations have agreed to make peace."

Gang harmony may be wishful thinking, but one inarguable fact is that the state's prison population has doubled in the past ten years. A case can be made that this huge increase in incarceration certainly made things easier when Bratton put his plan into effect. To Bratton's credit, it is also true that a proactive police force makes more arrests: for the first six months of this year, arrests are up more than 18 percent. A more potent theory favored by skeptics is that New Yorkers have simply given up on reporting crimes (for every crime reported, studies show, there are three that are not). Still, it's hard to argue that underreporting is something new. And while people may not report stolen radios, they *do* report a shooting.

The theory that seems to bother Maple the most is the one that gives the NYPD the least amount of credit of all. That's the suggestion that the crime drop is simply a national trend. Nationally, crime was down 3 percent last year, while New York's was down 12.3 percent. In fact, New York's remarkable drop in homicides accounted for one third of the entire nationwide decline in killings. Los Angeles, which had a 22 percent decline in murder last year, is down only 6 percent so far this year. "The basic, fundamental flaw with this national-trend theory and many of the others as well is that they assume that all police departments are the same. Is every baseball team the same? Of course not. There was a '27 Yankees, right? Well, that's who we are. We're the '27 Yankees."

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK ON A FRIDAY MORNING LATE LAST month, Maple had the opportunity to demonstrate not only his kinetic, theatrical style but also the inner workings of the crime strategy he and Bratton and Giuliani have developed. More than 100 cops from the ten Brooklyn North precincts, which include Bed-Stuy and Brooklyn Heights, were gathered in a large room in downtown Brooklyn, a little tired perhaps, but also a bit nervous. Many of them would be called on to account for what was happening on their watch. There were captains, precinct commanders, sergeants, detectives, patrolmen, SNAG officers (special-narcotics-and-gun squad), RIP cops (robbery investigations

Photograph by Frances M. Roberts.

project), auto-theft experts, victims-services reps, and warrant officers. (Normally, these twice-a-week meetings are held in the war room in police headquarters in Manhattan, but it was under construction that week.)

Maple called the precinct commanders to the front of the room in turn, questioning, prodding, cajoling, and occasionally teasing information out of them. They discussed ongoing investigations, special operations, and any unusual criminal activity. When the men and women from the 81st Precinct got their call, they were asked to explain a recent spate of shootings.

"What's going on?" Maple wanted to know. "Why are these shootings happening? Is it a turf war? No? Well, somebody's not happy. Maybe they're cranky 'cause it's hot, but something's happening." When the shooting locations were put up on the huge map projected on the wall, along with those of drug complaints in the precinct, there was a clear overlap. Maple asked what was being done about the drug spots, and one of the narcotics officers said it was a tough area because the business was done inside and there were lots of lookouts. "That's fine," Maple said. "That's why we're detectives. Tell me what tactics we can employ to penetrate these locations." The detective said they would try some buy-and-bust operations and maybe get a couple of the guys behind the Plexiglas to rat when an arrest was hanging over their heads. Maple wasn't satisfied.

"I want you back here next week with a plan," he said to the precinct captain (normally each precinct comes in once every five weeks). "And remember," Maple said, reciting the department's four-step strategy, "we need accurate, timely information; rapid, focused deployment; effective tactics; and relentless follow-up and assessment."

These meetings, which have provided the basic architecture for remodeling the Police Department, are remarkable not only for their display of coordinated crime-fighting strategies. They also prove it is possible to take a clumsy, inefficient bureaucracy with a tired, deeply ingrained institutional culture and transform it; to set goals and to manage by results. One key has been decentralization: Bratton has given each precinct commander unprecedented control over his own jurisdiction. No longer does the force depend on citywide specialty units like narcotics that report to a central command staff.

Other changes have been screamingly obvious. "The auto-theft squad was working nine to five, and the drug units were mostly working ten to six, with a few going two to ten," says Bratton, who derisively terms these "bankers' hours." "The warrant unit was getting started at 7:30 A.M., and by the time they read the papers and had their coffee, it was ten before they'd start knocking on doors. The department was not really minding the store." It is also critical that the cops have bought into the plan. Morale is high right now because cops believe that Giuliani and Bratton will back them up.

When Bratton briefly addressed the troops about halfway through the Friday-morning meeting, he made it clear that even eighteen months into the changes, he's not ready to lighten up. "Remember," he said, still sounding like the Boston street cop he once was and perhaps grandstanding for my benefit, "your career is greatly dependent on what happens in this room, on your ability to adapt and make changes in your area."

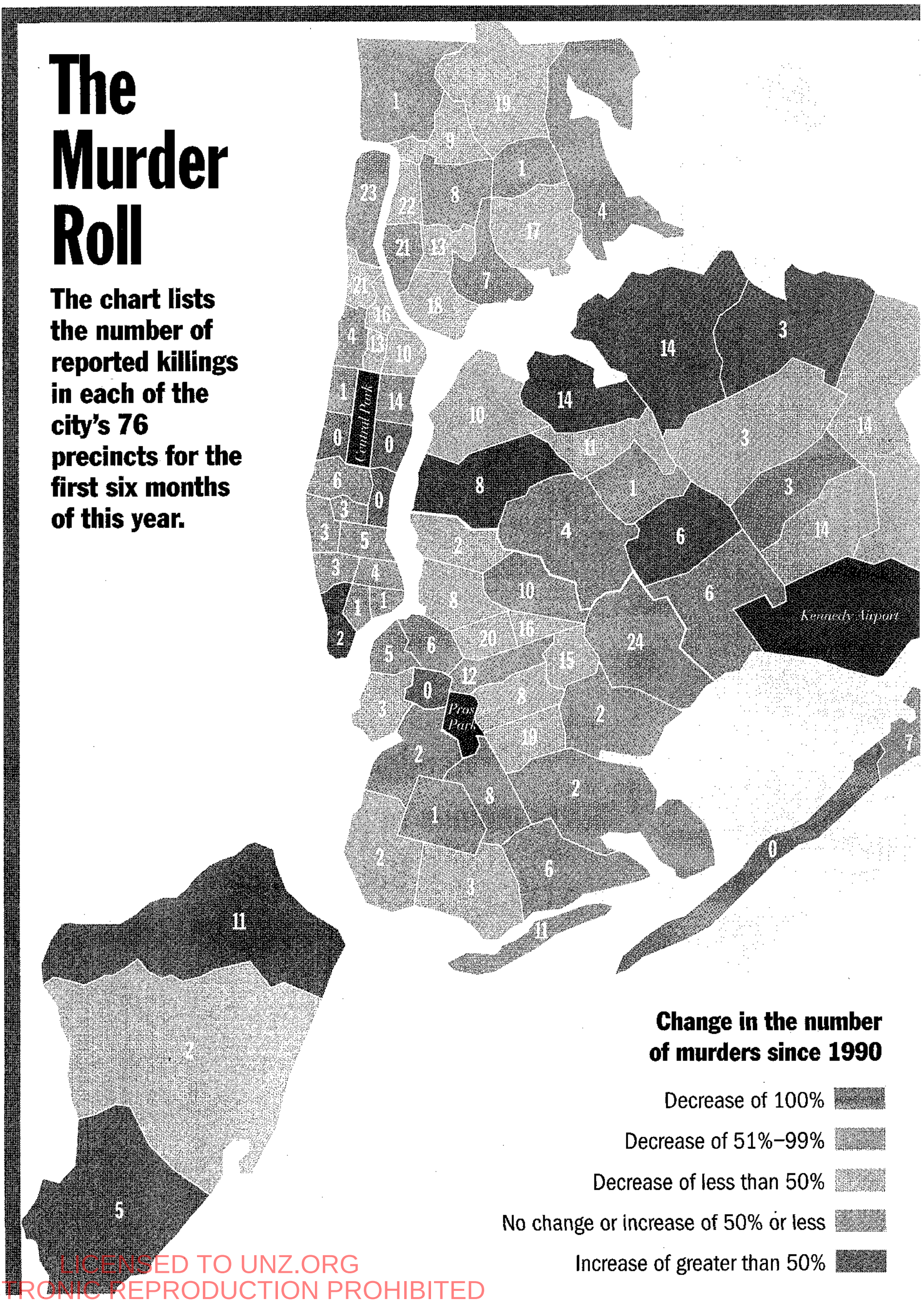
The sessions have become an object of study for police from around the world. On the morning I was there, a member of Britain's Parliament involved in law enforcement was also an observer. Other recent visitors have included the mayor of L.A. and a police executive from the Netherlands. And there are proposals before the National Institute of Justice to study what's taken place in New York.

"They [the NYPD] are using a systematic approach to fighting crime," says Tom Reppetto, president of the Citizens Crime Commission. "In general in American cities, crime was fought in a random and episodic way. You know—there's an upsurge in robberies somewhere in Queens; get on it. There wasn't the day-to-day analysis, the look at the big picture, the sustained attention. Crime figures used to be months behind. They were essentially historic documents. Could your magazine operate if they didn't know what they were selling from week to week? It's not rocket science, but in policing, it has not been done that systematically.

"In a way they've [the police] gotten more than the sum of the parts. When people see more cops on the street and they see more vigorous police activity, those who are predatory say, 'Hmm, I wonder what's going on here.' There's even a feeling now that fewer people are carrying guns and the impres- (*continued on page 82*)

The Murder Roll

The chart lists the number of reported killings in each of the city's 76 precincts for the first six months of this year.



Map illustration by James Irvine.

IT'S A MONDAY NIGHT AT THE BARNES & NOBLE superstore on West 22nd Street, and a few hundred New Yorkers are crammed into the special-guest area for a lecture and book-signing by Deepak Chopra, the reigning guru of alternative health, whose books *Quantum Healing* and *Ageless Body, Timeless Mind* have been read by millions in search of a quick route to health through enlightenment.

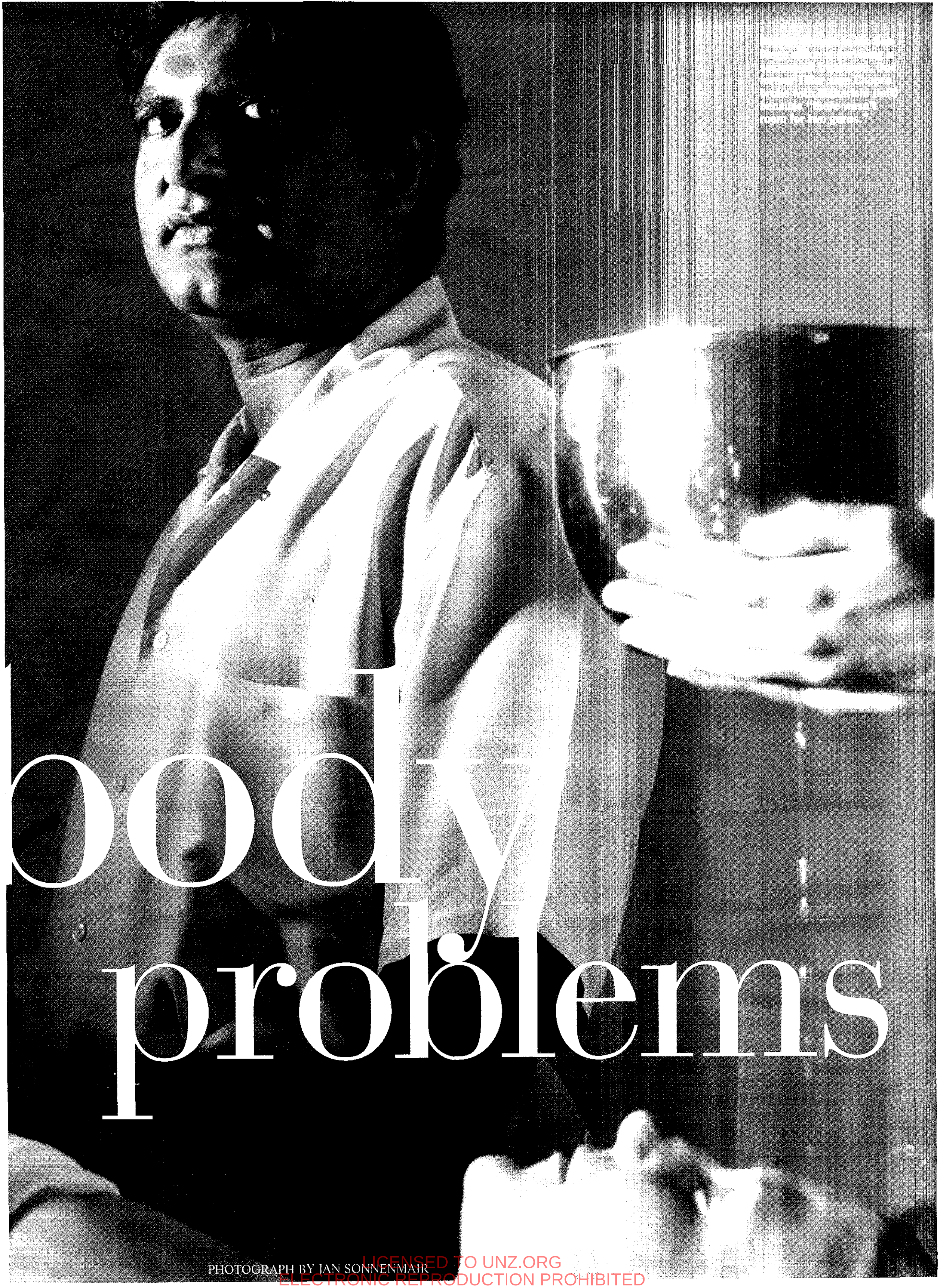
Copies of Chopra's new novel, *The Return of Merlin,* are piled high on two large display tables. A line of eager book owners snakes around the stacks all the way to the front of the store. At the back, in the cookbook section, between two gold-crested columns, sits Chopra, smiling serenely, pen in hand, as his fans shuffle forward for autographs.

But all is not serene in the audience. Chopra doesn't seem to notice a white-haired woman in a caftan who loudly refuses to take a place at the end of the line. "I've had a stroke," she yells at a security guard; "I went to his seminar." When that fails, she shouts, "I'm terminally ill," and pushes ahead almost all the way to the front, behind a startled family of four.

Later, a large man in a dark suit lumbers up, ignoring the line entirely. The man hands Chopra a stack of papers, then spins around and walks back out toward Sixth Avenue. Chopra doesn't miss a beat, tucking the papers away and turning around to sign the next book. At the end of the evening, he takes them out; they're court papers involving a complaint by the wife of a California man who died of leukemia; the complaint alleges Chopra, a number of his colleagues, and several organizations Chopra was associated with filled the man with false hopes; charged him thousands of dollars; and, shortly before he died, pronounced him cured. Chopra, through his lawyers, strongly disputes that version of events. And he's a believer in the power of positive thinking. "I'm not worried," he told one concerned fan. "This is the price you pay for being successful."

the mind-

Handpicked by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi to bring his health teachings to America, Deepak Chopra decided to break free. But being an alternative-medicine guru has proved harder than just hanging out a shingle. By Elise Pettus



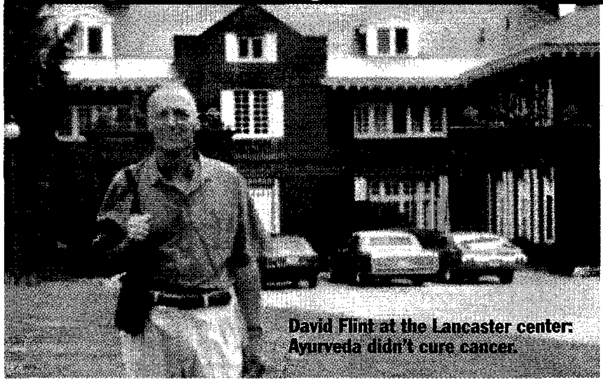
oody problems

[illegible] because "there wasn't room for two gurus."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAN SONNENMAIR

NO ONE CAN ARGUE with Deepak Chopra's success. He's a mesmerizing speaker with a country doctor's gift for putting people at their ease. And as the chief of the medical staff at a respected Massachusetts hospital, Chopra put the imprimatur of Western medicine on Eastern-inspired healing methods, and it has made him very rich. With a steady stream of books, videos, cassettes, and traveling workshops, Chopra continues to ride the swell of interest in mind-body medicine and steer it into the mainstream.

"Chopra was a huge asset from a marketing point of view. Because he was so Western and


David Flint at the Lancaster center: Ayurveda didn't cure cancer.

Chopra's inspired crossover, however, was not entirely his own idea. Most of the credit goes to Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. In the early eighties, Maharishi saw an opportunity to enlarge the scope of his transcendental-meditation movement into the area of health. The vehicle was Ayurveda, an ancient Indian healing tradition that was all but forgotten except in the Indian countryside. Maharishi invited Indian Ayurvedic practitioners to meet with 200 doctors from around the world who practiced TM. Together, they would bring ancient Ayurvedic wisdom, gleaned from six Sanskrit texts that are perhaps 4,000 years old, to the Western world by combining it with TM. They needed a front man, which they soon found in Deepak Chopra.

Chopra, the son of a New Delhi cardiologist, earned a degree from All India Institute of Medical Sciences. He taught at Tufts and Boston University and by age 35 was chief of staff at New England Memorial Hospital in Stoneham, Massachusetts, and had a large private practice.

Chopra started getting interested in meditation in the early eighties. "Ironically enough," Chopra wrote in *Quantum Healing*, "I learned to meditate from an American in Boston, not in India." His interest led him to the Boston TM center and ultimately to an introduction to Maharishi in 1984. It was during a later visit to Maharishi in India that he was asked to bring the message of Ayurvedic healing to the world. To start a full-fledged Ayurveda program, Maharishi gave Chopra the pick of the best brains among his most loyal and devoted followers. "What he got in return for giving his credentials to the movement," says Curtis Mailloux, a former director of the Washington, D.C., TM center, who was studying with Maharishi in India at the time, "were all these eager-beavers who wrote his first books, and who promoted them by schmoozing the press endlessly." One of Chopra's publicists maintains that although others made contributions to the work, "Dr. Chopra was the sole author." But according to Mailloux, TM ghostwriters "wrote day and night in the little back rooms" at Maharishi University in Fairfield, Iowa.

In 1985, Chopra helped found Maharishi Ayur-Veda Products International, Inc. (MAPI), to market and distribute Ayurvedic medicines. (The hyphen in the middle of the word *Ayur-Veda* allowed TM to trademark the name.) The company refined and packaged the Indian folk remedies "rediscovered" by Maharishi and his doctors. Maharishi's followers also opened three facilities called Maharishi Ayur-Veda Health Centers. Deepak Chopra was appointed by Maharishi to direct their flagship center, in Lancaster, Massachusetts. "Chopra was a huge asset from a marketing point of view," says Mailloux. "Because he was so Western and had the good credibility, he was able to open up the clinic in Lancaster and get celebrities to go."

There were, of course, some modifications that had to be made to the ancient Indian healing system before celebrities or any other Westerners would pay for it. One of the basic concepts was the removal of a toxic buildup known as *ama*, a smelly, sticky substance that according to Ayurvedic teaching accumulates in the body gradually from toxic thoughts as well as toxic foods and habits. In traditional Ayurveda, there were five basic methods of *panchakarma*, or flushing out *ama* from the body, explains Dr. Jay Glaser, an Ayurvedic physician who is now medical director of the Lancaster center: *vamana* (vomiting), *virechana* (use of laxatives), *nasya* (sinus cleansing), *basti* (enemas), and *rakta moshana* (bloodletting).

Maharishi's physicians decided that bloodletting and purgation had perhaps seen their day. But they adapted some of the more appealing treatments. One treatment that in ancient India "was only for the pleasure of kings," according to Glaser, was refined for some of the well-heeled clients they hoped to draw. The Pizzichilli treatment, as it is called, involves two "technicians" who massage and then bathe a naked patient in warm sesame oil for two hours. In another treatment, cold sesame oil is poured continuously on the forehead to induce deep relaxation.

There was, apparently, disagreement about just how ready the American public was for some of the more authentic Ayurvedic treatments. Mailloux remembers one meeting in 1985 between several newly trained American Ayurvedic doctors, MAPI representatives, and a team of outside marketing consultants. One substance that MAPI was working with was actually a traditional Indian preparation called *chyavan prash*, made from the boiled-down amalaki fruit and Indian herbs. A dark-gray paste with the consistency of applesauce, it was meant to be stirred into milk and drunk. One exasperated marketing consultant finally said to the group, "Listen, you should get with the fresh-juicing program—you can't sell this tar-in-a-jar."

Business took off, particularly at the Lancaster center, a renovated Gilded Age mansion with more than 200 acres of forests, lawns, and gardens, at weekly rates of between $2,850 and $3,950 (plus an extra $1,000 for optional TM instruction, which was prescribed for every patient). By day, patients, or "guests" (who included Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Milken, and Donna Karan), padded across the foyer's black-and-white marble floor in sweatsuits to see Dr. Chopra or Dr. Glaser, who examined them primarily by feeling their pulses. Pulse diagnosis is used by Ayurvedic practitioners to detect imbalances in the three *doshas*—sort of like medieval humors—which are known as *vata, pitta,* and *kapha.* Then the doctors would write out prescriptions for *panchakarma* treatments, the cleansing rituals that would rid them of *ama.* Almost every patient was prescribed a series of daily enemas and oil baths and massages. The health-center literature advised patients to "leave the sesame oil in their hair for the duration of their visit because of its benefits to the brain."

For Chopra's work as a popularizer of the movement, Maharishi in 1989 gave him the title "lord of immortality." "It had to have been a tremendous rush for him," says Mailloux. "Suddenly, he had all these *purusha* guys running around for him, people heaping praise on him."

Eventually, however, the campaign for standing in the Western medical community hit a serious roadblock. In 1991, Chopra and two other Ayurveda specialists wrote an article that appeared in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* entitled "Letter From New Delhi," which touted the health benefits of TM and the practices of Maharishi Ayur-Veda. "Maharishi Ayur-Veda," of course, refers not to the ancient system of medicine but to a line of products sold by Maharishi Ayur-Veda Products International, a fact that, according to the *Journal*'s editors, Chopra and his co-authors failed to state on the disclosure form.

The article sparked an explosion of mail, and the *Journal* decided to publish its own response, written by an editor named Andrew Skolnick. Appearing in October 1991, the piece described the “widespread pattern of misinformation, deception, and manipulation of lay and scientific news media” on the part of the TM movement, and argued that Chopra and his co-authors were using the *Journal* to further the goals of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Nearly a year after the piece appeared, two TM organizations and Chopra brought a defamation suit against the the American Medical Association, the *Journal*'s editor, and Skolnick for $194 million. The *Journal* spent nine months defending itself until the case was dismissed without prejudice in March 1993. Subsequently, Skolnick has been discouraged by his editors to follow Chopra's story further. “These days,” says a *Journal* editor, “Skolnick goes after safer targets like the tobacco industry.”

good credibility, he was able to open up Lancaster and get celebrities to go.”

Dorothy Miller, the Lancaster-center administrator under Chopra, reports that “Deepak felt very hurt” by Skolnick's article and the ensuing controversy. But whether or not the furor over the article had anything to do with it, Chopra was growing increasingly uncomfortable as TM's highest-profile spokesperson during 1992 and 1993. Some TM sources say Chopra was unhappy with his share of the profits from Maharishi Ayur-Veda.

Chopra's publicist, Arielle Ford, denies that Chopra's dissatisfaction was financially motivated. “I was around then, and I know the reason definitely wasn't money,” she says, although she declined to say what the reason was. Others tell a different story. “There was no room on the mountain for two gurus,” says Patrick Ryan, a former high-level TM insider. Mailloux says, “The narcissistic personality sets in when you are treated so specially.”

Chopra was also interested in exploring relationships with the larger New Age community, but the TM-organization guidelines were extremely strict about not mixing Maharishi Ayur-Veda with other alternative therapies. Anyway, says Mailloux, “why would you want to be under this coercion when you know you can go fill up an auditorium with people who want to pay $600?”

At the same time, a mainstream California health-care organization had been courting Chopra for a job as director of a new alternative-medicine center. Sharp HealthCare owns 7 hospitals, 21 clinics, and 8 urgent-care facilities and is one of the largest hospital networks in the country. Peter K. Ellsworth, Sharp's president and CEO, became interested in Chopra after his wife, stricken with cancer, began reading Chopra's books. Another Chopra supporter in the Sharp organization was Dr. David Simon, now medical director of the new Sharp Institute for Human Potential and Mind/Body Medicine, who had been a TM teacher and had taken Chopra's courses in Maharishi Ayur-Veda during the early days.

In June 1993, Chopra left his post at the Lancaster clinic with a small coterie of clinic staff members and set up shop on his own as executive director of the Sharp Institute, as well as heading the Center for Mind/Body Medicine at L'Auberge, a four-star resort in Del Mar, California. In a letter Chopra sent to the TM-organization headquarters in Washington at the end of July 1993, the doctor explained his departure, writing, “I had never felt comfortable in the role of a leader.”

QUANTUM
Ageless Body, Timeless Mind

Chopra speaking on “the physiology of peace” in 1988. Inset: The Quantum Catalogue offers healing by mail.

Chopra's defection was not taken lightly by his former colleagues. Soon after he left, a letter going out from TM headquarters to all national TM centers instructed members “to ignore him and not try to contact him or promote him in any way. . . . This is extremely important for the purity of the teaching.” Chopra's books and tapes were pulled from the Maharishi Ayur-Veda Health Centers and scratched from the Ayur-Veda catalogue. All references to Chopra in the copious Ayur-Veda literature were deleted.

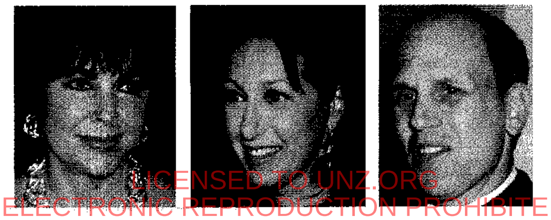
Chopra's new program was in more or less direct competition with Maharishi's. “Maharishi isn't the only system around,” Dorothy Miller says. “The knowledge is the knowledge.” And Arielle Ford says Chopra's system of meditation is better than Maharishi's anyway: “TM has only 11 or 12 different mantras, and Deepak has 108.”

The program at L'Auberge promised to draw the same patients who went to see him at Lancaster. At L'Auberge, the weekly fee was up to $4,000. The center could accommodate only twelve guests a week, and it was fabulous enough to get plugged in *Condé Nast Traveler*. Celebrity clients, including members of Michael Jackson's family, Farrah Fawcett, and even George Harrison—the celebrity perhaps most responsible for bringing Maharishi into the public eye in the first place—have spent time there.

But Sharp's foray into alternative medicine at L'Auberge didn't last long. On May 8 of this year, the in-residence center was abruptly shut down, according to Miller, whose job with Chopra was to train the Sharp nurses in Ayurveda. “People came in for work one morning and the doors were closed—they were fired on the spot,” says Miller, referring to the twenty-odd treatment “technicians” who carried out the *panchakarma* treatments.

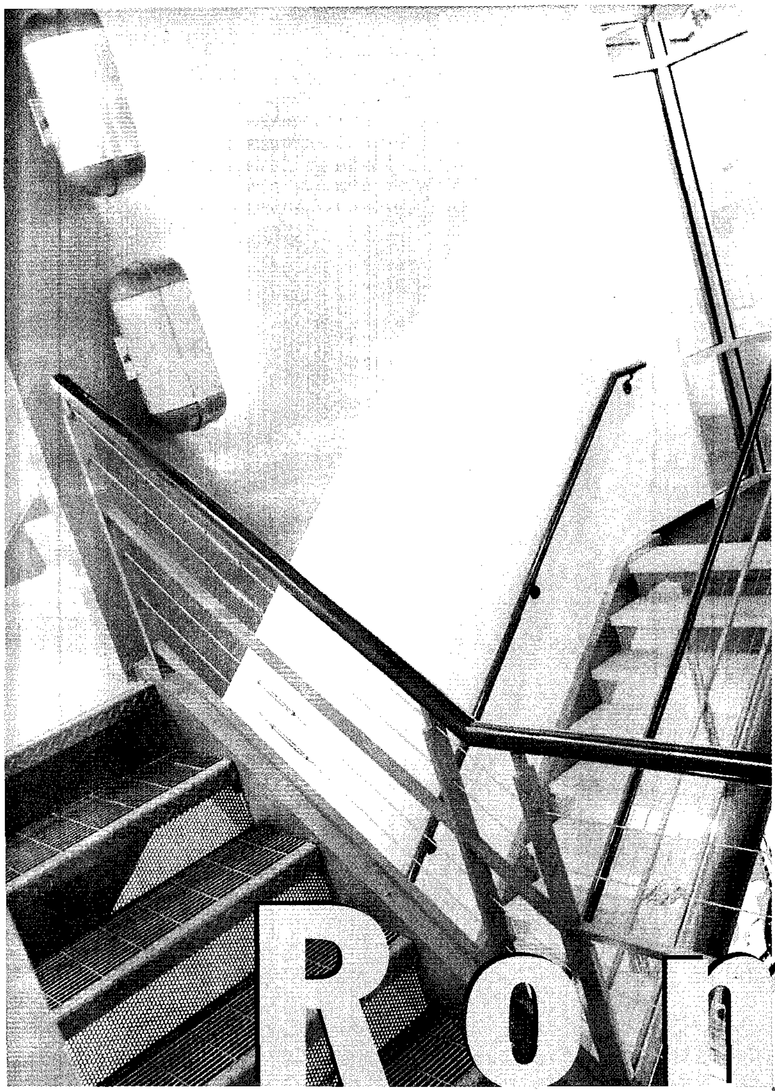
Callers seeking information about the treatment program get a recorded message announcing that “we are in the process of renovating a new building and relocating to La Jolla, California. We currently have no price lists available or schedules.” One insider in Chopra's organization says the rent was raised after L'Auberge changed ownership, and that at any rate, the setting was inappropriate for practicing Ayurveda. Stephanie Casenza, a Sharp publicist, explains that the Center for Mind/Body is seeking to make treatments “more accessible and affordable to a wider group of people.” But Miller, who now works as director of nursing at a home-care company, isn't sure she believes it yet. “It's over.” she says. “The hospital wasn't making any money, and that's the bottom line for hospitals.”

David Simon insists the Center for Mind/Body will be opening again this October, *(continued on page 95)*



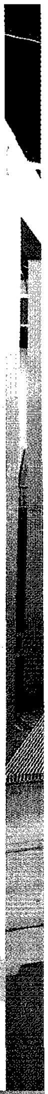
Celebrity patients Liz Taylor, Donna Karan, and Michael Milken.

Kelly Jordan/Celebrity Photo; Scott Downie/Celebrity Photo.



IT IS A BIT DISORIENTING TO EMERGE from the elevator of a midtown skyscraper into a lobby that has more in common with a SoHo loft. But at Nickelodeon's new offices, four floors in the Viacom headquarters on Broadway near Times Square, the architects have truly shifted the grid. With fluid floor plans and surfaces splashed in shades of orange and green, it's a childhood game of Colorforms played in three dimensions.

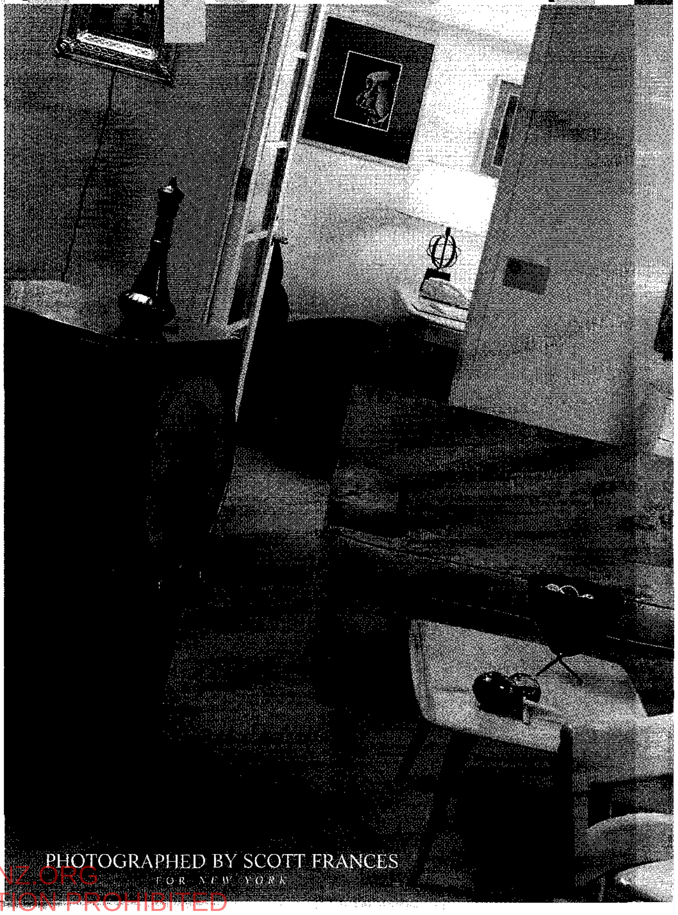
Once the exclusive province of law firms and investment banks, midtown real estate is slowly being transformed by the ever-expanding entertainment industry. The corporate trappings—like standard streamlined workstations and corner offices—that figured prominently in Nickelodeon's old space have been tossed. Rank can no longer



Romper

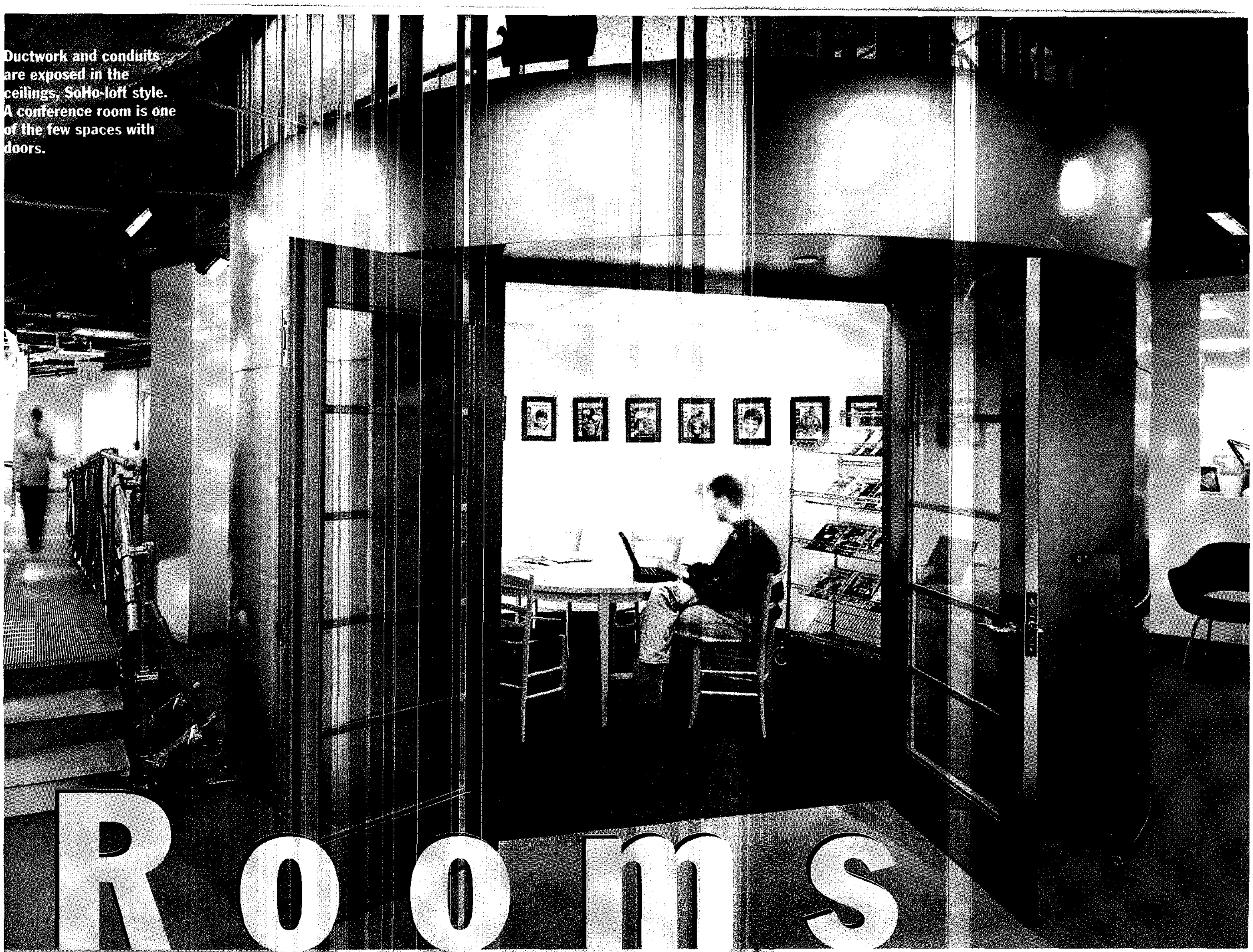
Fun and games at the Nickelodeon network's new Broadway headquarters

By Karen Stein



Dick Van Dyke would feel right at home in this Nick at Nite suite, furnished like a living room from one of the network's fifties reruns.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCOTT FRANCES
FOR NEW YORK



Ductwork and conduits are exposed in the ceilings, SoHo-loft style. A conference room is one of the few spaces with doors.

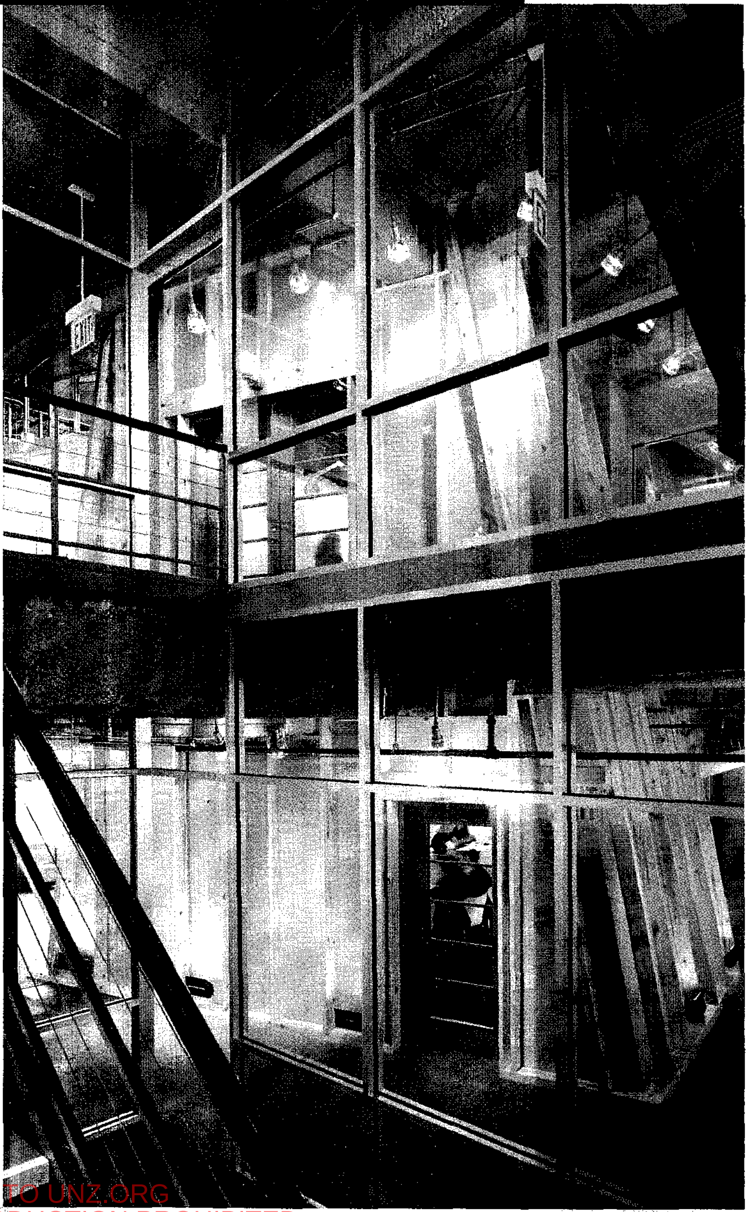
Rooms

NICK
NITE
MR. ED'S AFTER-SHAVE

be measured by old conventions like an employee's proximity to the boss and share of windows and square footage. Instead, there's a comfortable open sprawl of chunky, custom-made desks and shelves punctuated by conference rooms and communal areas that look more like tree houses, garages, or suburban living rooms. Corners have been left open to bring daylight into internal spaces, and giant chalkboards in the hallways come in handy for spontaneous doodling. Richard Fernau, the Berkeley architect who conceived the hybrid newsroom-playroom with partner Laura Hartman and the New York design firm Kohn Pedersen Fox, calls the aesthetic "the raw and the cooked."

In the forty-first-floor reception area, children wait on bleachers to audition for a Nickelodeon production.

Below: "The crate" i what employees cal these three conferenc rooms, stacked one o top of the other in wooden box that appear to have crashed throug the floors. "It's metaphor for thinkin out of the box," say company presiden Geraldine Laybourne



"We did this to preserve the company," says Geraldine Laybourne, president of Nickelodeon (another of the network's executives is the wife of *New York*'s editor-in-chief). The cable network reaches 60.4 million subscribers and has spun off a slew of publications, films, and products. "Nick," as the network calls itself, is geared toward 2- to 14-year-olds but holds its own alongside Viacom's MTV and VH1 for slightly more mature audiences. Combining the creative and business departments on a single floor and opening sight lines to help everyone connect has taken some getting used to among those who like privacy and a layout that repeats on each floor. But for the most part, the new setup is a success. To give some sense of location, Fernau and Hartman created "urban monuments"—meeting, work, or play areas with droll names like "Mediaplatz" (where the tape library and mailroom may be found) and "Piazza Del Popolo" (the public area and the café).

Laybourne's new command post is one of the smallest desks on the premises, wedged between a narrow corridor and the more generously sized cubicle of her assistant. By sacrificing space for accessibility, Laybourne hopes to offset the worst side effect of the company's rapid growth: losing touch with her employees. So far, the strategy is working. "I feel," she says, "like I've come out of retirement."

Discover the surprise hit that has the critics cheering.

Jeffrey Lyons, SNEAK PREVIEWS

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New *Nation* editor Katrina vanden Heuvel in Moscow: Better read than dead.

THERE ARE MANY PATHS TO DISILLUSIONMENT WITH the American political system, but that of Katrina vanden Heuvel, the editor of *The Nation,* is particularly unusual: Vanden Heuvel's disaffection originated in her repeatedly witnessing her father losing elections. Even when Katrina was 1 year old, her mother, Jean Stein—daughter of MCA founder Jules Stein—was pushing her around Manhattan's silk-stocking district in a baby carriage plastered with WILLIAM VANDEN HEUVEL FOR CONGRESS stickers, which was not sufficient to prevent John Lindsay from carrying the day. In 1970, when Katrina made occasional campaign stops upstate with her father in his quest to become the Democratic nominee for governor, he nonetheless lost to Arthur Goldberg (who in turn lost to Nelson Rockefeller). "I remember how much I disliked electoral politics because my father was beaten so often," she says. "I remember campaigning for my father when I was about 12 and handing out leaflets, and

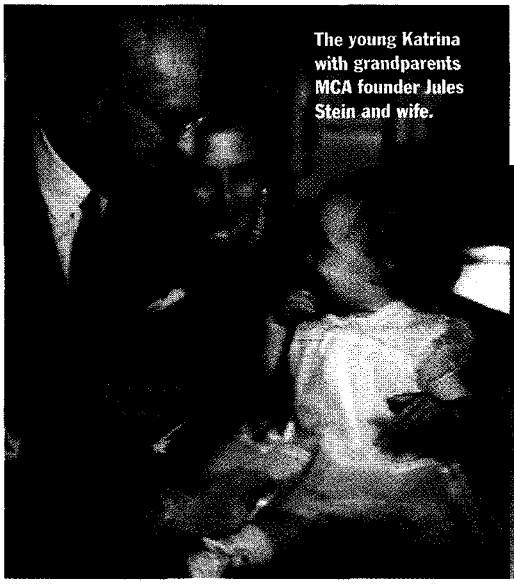
THE WOMAN ON THE LEFT

d idols fallen, new ideas in short supply, The Nation *and its old-left-constituency has just bout nothing to lose but its chains. Can editor Katrina vanden Heuvel's Princeton-trained tellect and Hollywood pedigree bring the magazine to a new synthesis? By Rebecca Mead*

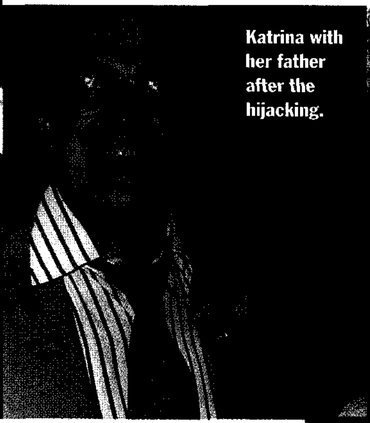
PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL SWERSEY
FOR *NEW YORK*

a lady shouting at me, 'Don't bother me, I don't want to see this stuff.' I remember thinking, *How can anyone get into this?*"

She didn't: As the new editor of *The Nation,* Vanden Heuvel, 35, is the leader of a cohort that has long taken its electoral powerlessness as a badge of honor. The magazine, which she took over in January—having already been its acting editor for the previous year—is the final redoubt for a particular brand of left-liberal politics in America: a leftism forged not during Vietnam but in the McCarthyite fifties, with deeper origins stretching back to the Communist left. Its doctrines include a belief in the innocence of Alger Hiss and a conviction that the world would be a better place if Eugene Debs had been elected.

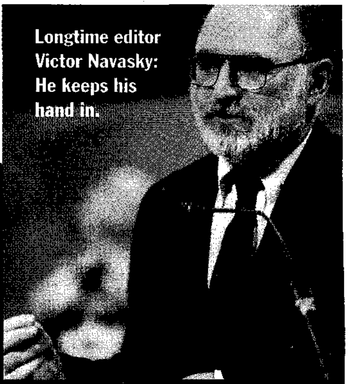


The young Katrina with grandparents MCA founder Jules Stein and wife.



Katrina with her father after the hijacking.

Literary socialite Jean Stein: She held a party for the Chicago Seven.



Longtime editor Victor Navasky: He keeps his hand in.

"I was too young to fully comprehend w
for instance, "being at a party where you

The Nation occupies Roz Roose territory, Grace Paley country. Its tang is of slightly shabby, book-lined salons on Central Park West or in Greenwich Village, filled with slightly shabby writers and talkers—Eurocentric and bohemian, the kind of folk who don't notice when the newsprint comes off on their fingers.

Vanden Heuvel takes over this organ at a volatile political moment for the nation, as the radicalism of Newt Gingrich and his allies in Congress is taking shape. It is a moment at which, left-thinking folk say, the left has an opportunity to capitalize on the mood of populism afoot in the land, to offer discontented Americans their own critique of the Washington Establishment. "In the next year or so, we are going to see the effects of some of these cuts," says Vanden Heuvel. "We are already seeing the latent and not-so-latent anger about the redistribution of wealth upwards with this Contract. It could be tapped to say, 'Hey, this is what's really going on, and we need to develop economic alternatives.' The notion that there are no new ideas on the left, which I know is a very prevalent one—that the energy is with the conservatives—is good buzz, good media. But look at what their ideas are: They are sort of warmed-over. I think the lack of self-esteem on the left will be changed in the next period of time, with the reality of some of the political changes."

This is a moment, say champions of *The Nation,* when that magazine ought to have renewed relevance (circulation did indeed go up after the November elections). "The Cold War is over, and a Democrat is in the White House, and you have this Christian right coming up very fast on the outside," says Victor Navasky, Vanden Heuvel's predecessor as editor. Navasky, a 63-year-old Manhattan liberal who wrote the book *Naming Names* about the McCarthy hearings, virtually embodies the reigning style and concerns of the magazine; he's now publisher and editorial director. "The new political and philosophical circumstance that is posed by these events out there is, in my view, the ideal circumstance for a journal of opinion," he says, "a journal that is trying to make sense out of what is on the surface political incoherence."

On the left, *The Nation* is about the only game in town. But being ceded the field of left-wing journalism may be the equivalent of winning the right to be the sole distributor of Betamax videotapes. With the decline of its traditional enemies (the Pentagon, anti-Communist politicians, the arms race), the left has lost its unifying principles. It has been fragmented by multiculturalism and identity politics, and the sense of a common cause among disadvantaged groups seems pitifully out-of-date. And a kind of class reversal has taken place, whereby the left appears increasingly elitist—a reservation for intellectuals and do-good Hollywood types—and it is the right that seems to speak for the common man.

Some who put forth Vanden Heuvel as a mouthpiece for the left and who are not afraid of appearing lookist or classist point out that her rather delicate beauty and her rather glamorous parentage might win her a profile in the mainstream media not usually granted to the editor of their magazine (and they point to the consortium of investors that last year bought the magazine—including Paul Newman, E. L. Doctorow, and Vanden Heuvel herself—as providing more opportunities for upping its profile).

But Vanden Heuvel is not exactly a new face. A fifteen-year *Nation* veteran, she shares her mentor Navasky's intense interest in the McCarthy era; and having five years ago edited an anthology of articles from *The Nation's* first 125 years, she's probably as steeped in the history of the magazine as any old-timer. Navasky says that she was promoted to acting editor last year—a position she expected to hold for only a year while Navasky was on leave—because she was the person least likely to disrupt the usual way of going about things. "It was the reverse of a successor, in a way," he says. "Because if I had had to make up a list of who should be successor if I thought I was leaving for good, Katrina would have been on the list, but it would have included people who have very little to do with us as well, on the theory that one ought to rethink the whole magazine, and to do that you might need someone who is not a prisoner of the recent past."

Vanden Heuvel is facing the same questions. At one point, while describing the changes she intends to make at the magazine, she slips and refers to "the new *Nation.*" She brings herself up short. "I don't call it 'the new *Nation.*' I *won't* call it 'the new *Nation,*' " she says, practically whispering. "It's *The Nation* of 130 years."

THAT, SAY *The Nation's* critics, is precisely its problem. "It has functioned as a sort of alumni association for old Communists and new recruits from the New Left," says NYU sociology professor Dennis Wrong, typifying a view held not only by adherents of *Commentary* or *The Na-*

Photographs, left to right: no credit; Alain Gassmann; Marina Garnier; AP/Wide World Photos.

tional Review but by many self-described liberals and leftists. Maurice Isserman, a historian of the left who teaches at Hamilton College, says, “What *The Nation* lacks is a coherent vision of where the great change is going to come from and what is going to bring them back from the margins. I think that leads to frustration, and often to a kind of strident assertion of identity and righteousness, rather than a coherent politics that can reach outside the ranks of the already committed and converted.”

Several hundred of those committed and converted were in evidence at Town Hall on May 1, the day thought of as International Workers’ Day in countries where people think of themselves as workers. They showed up for “45 at 50,” a Nation Institute event commemorating the anniversary of the year 1945. It’s hard to estimate the average age of the audience, but the average hair color was silver. Onstage, Studs Terkel, in red sweater, red-checked shirt, and red tie, sputtered amiably about his memories of 1945. Victor Navasky, furry and smiley, popped up for a few words. Molly Ivins waxed laconic on the militiamen’s disapproval of having to get licenses for driving, hunting, gun carrying: “This is not tyranny. This is a pain in the ass.” Katha Pollitt rattled through a witty catalogue of reasons why nostalgia for the spirit of 1945 is misplaced. Christopher Hitchens castigated, in plummy, fluent, Oxford-debating-society tones, “the fat fucks like Rush Limbaugh.” Cornel West, leaning in close to the microphone, whispered about the end of Eurocentricity in the cadences of a D.J. on a late-night R&B station.

At the after-show party, held at ‘44,’ the restaurant in the Royalton Hotel more commonly patronized by editors of magazines at which red is a lipstick color rather than a term of approbation, Vanden Heuvel circulated quietly among writers and donors. Taking center stage and performing is not something Vanden Heuvel particularly likes to do—though she’s pragmatic enough to be interviewed for articles like this one, or to cooperate with *Esquire* magazine, which is featuring her in its current “Women We Love” issue. Even so, she’s far happier asking questions than answering them, and in conversation, her sentences are likely to die out before she gets to the end of them, so little is she invested in putting on an assertive front. Much has been made in the press clips of Vanden Heuvel’s “glamour,” of her fondness for short skirts and leopard-print clothing. But it’s hardly Bowery Bar chic—in fact, it’s all rather old-fashioned. Knocking around her apartment on the Upper West Side one spring weekend afternoon, she wears a black turtleneck and black jeans with a leopard-print belt; when she goes outside, she puts on a green, suburban parka—then wraps a leopard-print chiffon scarf around her neck. She’s wearing the animal print in the same way that the little old ladies living in the neighborhood wear their fur-trimmed hats when they go out on a Saturday: because it’s the appropriate thing to do. Vanden Heuvel’s leopard spots have the form of exoticism without the content.

Vanden Heuvel and husband, Russia expert Stephen Cohen, with Gorbachev.

Vanden Heuvel grew up in what she calls “a very sort of conventional Upper West Side home,” which is true only if you believe the clichés about life on the Upper West Side being an endless party at Lenny’s. Her godparents were Felicia Bernstein, wife of Leonard, and Roger Baldwin, founder of the ACLU. During Vanden Heuvel’s preteen years, her father spent time away from home working for Robert Kennedy. Jean Stein was very involved with New York’s cultural scene: She gave a party for the Chicago Seven, and a stream of sixties figures passed through the apartment.

“I was too young to fully comprehend what these moments like the Ellsberg trial were about,” says Vanden Heuvel, “so they became filtered through people. Like meeting Mort Halperin, who was involved in the Ellsberg trial; or being at a party where you had a lot of the Chicago Seven, and people were on the phone to Algiers trying to get through to Eldridge Cleaver.”

se moments like the Ellsberg trial were about, so they became filtered through people,” she says,
t of the Chicago Seven, and people were on the phone to Algiers trying to [call] Eldridge Cleaver.’

“I feel she was grown-up from the minute she was born,” says Jean Stein, who now owns and edits her own magazine, the literary periodical *Grand Street.* “I always say that her sister and I were the children and she was the grown-up. She was a very serious child, a very good child—she wasn’t a *child.*” The exposure to a world that would challenge most adults only increased after her parents divorced in 1970: Katrina lived with her mother and sister, and during her college years visited her father in Geneva, where he was posted as ambassador to the United Nations European office. On one of her visits, Katrina’s plane was hijacked by a terrorist demanding the release of Rudolf Hess.

Vanden Heuvel also saw the Republican Hollywood of her grandparents Jules and Doris Stein, and it was through the Hollywood family connection that she developed her first political interest, in the McCarthy era. “I remember my grandfather was involved with something called the Hollywood Canteen, and Dalton Trumbo had been involved in it, and he would always say, ‘Dalton Trumbo, that Communist, always a troublemaker,’ ” she says.

Nine years after Jules Stein’s death in 1981, MCA was sold to Matsushita for $6.5 billion, making Vanden Heuvel a wealthy young woman. “I have never felt like an heiress,” she says, sounding rather surprised to hear the term applied to herself. “I just feel there is an obligation to live in a responsible way and not live in an excessive fashion, which I feel is the lifestyle of very rich people without a sense of a center or a commitment.” She’s quietly donated some of her money to feminist causes in Russia, where she and her husband, Princeton professor and Russia expert Stephen Cohen, spend much of their spare time (they have been together since she was a junior at Princeton; he’s 21 years her senior).

“I’ve had mixed feelings about some of the press there has been about me and the magazine, because a lot of it highlights my family,” she says. “But on the other hand, it is who I am, and I don’t feel it’s something I should be ashamed or guilty about.”

Her seriousness lifts for a moment. “Thank God it was MCA and not copper mining.”

IT’S NOT ONLY VANDEN HEUVEL who is cushioned by Hollywood money; *The Nation* itself is being buoyed by it—specifically, Paul Newman’s Hollywood money. When former owner Arthur Carter, who also owns the New York *Observer,* announced last year that he had had enough of supporting *The Nation* and offered to sell it to Navasky; Navasky and E. L. Doctorow, a longtime friend of the magazine, called upon Newman, whom Doctorow had known since college. Newman now owns the largest stake of *The Nation.* Among other investors is Alan Sagner, a former chairman of the Port Authority, and Vanden Heuvel herself. There was, predictably, talk that she was given the editorship as a quid pro quo. That is inaccurate, she says; though she did not take the editorship until after several months of consideration and negotiation with Navasky about what their relationship would be (Navasky says he will still commission articles and will, with Katrina, be involved in setting editorial policy and deciding on new hires. He's also engaged in trying to get the magazine on more newsstands—a "Nationmobile" will be traveling across the country this fall in an attempt to up the magazine's visibility).

While Vanden Heuvel talks about the need to get younger readers and writers, she doesn't want to offend the kind of old-timers who showed up for the Town Hall event—a balancing act that, Tina Brown would be able to tell her, is a hard one to pull off. The changes she plans for the magazine are gradual and subtle: *New York* Magazine television critic John Leonard and his wife, Sue, have taken over the arts pages at the back of the book; and Vanden Heuvel is inaugurating several new departments at the front of the book, including a "right-wing watch" to keep check on the mass media and a new press column. She says she's making a priority of investigative reporting by the likes of Allan Nairn, who's been writing on Guatemala and Haiti. (A recent Nairn editorial calling for a congressional probe into the CIA's involvement in Guatemalan terrorism prompted the CIA itself to call the magazine, for what Vanden Heuvel believes is the first time. "I asked them if they needed a copy, and they said they could probably track it down," she says. "Tracking *The Nation* down might be harder than they imagined.") A gentle redesign by Milton Glaser and Walter Bernard is expected in the fall. "We may be radical in some of our thinking," she says, "but the place needs some evolutionary process of change."

> ***Recently, the CIA called about a story. "I asked them if they needed a copy, and they said the could probably track it down; tracking down* The Nation *may be harder than they imagined."***

Though Vanden Heuvel is encouraging new writers, most of the old voices will remain. *The Nation* is unionized—staff members belong to the Newspaper Guild, which *The Nation* helped establish—which means that Vanden Heuvel is obliged to shift editorial staff around rather than bring in an infusion of new blood. That's good for the workers, but whether it's good for the quality of the magazine is another question. The book-review section, for example, was criticized by just about everyone ("Assistant-professor city," says Hitchens); but rather than being shuffled off, its former editor Elsa Dixler is going to become senior editorial writer for the magazine.

And the columnists whose colorful personalities are identified with *The Nation*—Alexander Cockburn, Hitchens, and, increasingly, Katha Pollitt—are all assured a continuing platform. The presence of Cockburn in particular means that the magazine will not be shedding its reputation for hard-line leftism any time soon. Cockburn's *ad hominem* attacks—he wrote a lurid account of *New Republic* publisher Martin Peretz's being taken ill in a Paris restaurant and a vituperative piece about Irving Howe on the occasion of his death—have earned *The Nation* many enemies on the left. Vanden Heuvel says she'd like to see a kinder, gentler *Nation,* though the prospect of a defanged Cockburn seems about as likely as that of a left third party sweeping to victory in the 1996 elections.

VANDEN HEUVEL'S OWN politics tend to the conservative end of the *Nation* spectrum—she was inclined to give Clinton a chance in 1992, unlike some others at the magazine. There is likely to be more feminism in the pages of the Vanden Heuvel *Nation*—she's reviving a twenties-era feature called "These Modern Women"—and no decrease in coverage of Russia. Vanden Heuvel's Moscow connections provide a new spin on the old saw that *The Nation* is nostalgic for the Soviets: She is, though her allegiance is to Gorbachev-era reforms rather than to old-school Communism.

Russia is the common currency of conversation in the Vanden Heuvel–Cohen household: On a Sunday in late March, an outraged Cohen burst into the living room after talking on the phone to a friend in the Moscow government who had told him that Yeltsin was considering rehabilitating Stalin on the occasion of Clinton's upcoming visit. Cohen and Vanden Heuvel then chatted for a while about how Stalin's daughter had moved to Princeton in the sixties, where she had tried unsuccessfully to get Cohen to teach her to play golf ("I said, 'Beyond this, I will not stoop,' " Cohen declared).

The scene might have been scripted to prove *The Nation*'s anti-Stalinist credentials. But what it also demonstrates is that the editor of *The Nation* and her husband are, if not exactly nostalgic for Stalin, nostalgic for a time when Stalin *mattered;* when theirs wasn't the only living room left on the Upper West Side where Stalin was still discussed.

The hardest thing for the left to swallow is the right's serene confidence as it implements its radical agenda, while *The Nation*'s own ideas—a coalition of students and union activists?—seem increasingly implausible. Vanden Heuvel, of course, rejects that formulation. In her eyes, the November endorsement of Gingrich and the right is an *opportunity* for her sort, which is quite a reversal. "I think there is a core of decency in people, and I think that decency has been outraged, or is in the process of being outraged, by some of the rhetoric and the attacks on programs in Washington," she says. Neither does she despair at the dominance of right-wing voices on the airwaves. "I think there is a growing awareness of the left's need to take advantage of media and radio, and the left is far behind in those areas," she says, with breathtaking understatement. "I am not pessimistic, really. I see it with *The Nation;* people who would not normally consider reading it are now so outraged, and feel that what is going on in Washington is such an affront to basic decency, that they are willing to pick it up and look at it, and the trick is to convert them into real readers."

Vanden Heuvel's own highly developed decency is not in dispute: If everyone were as serious-minded and as well-meaning as the editor of *The Nation,* the United States would be a much more comfortable place to be than it is now. But it's Limbaugh who's getting the ratings, which remains the left's dilemma. In fact, *The Nation* probably reached its widest audience ever when, after a recent piece by Cockburn and Anthony St. Clair in which they revealed that the president of the Wilderness Society had logged his own land, Rush Limbaugh picked up on the story.

Vanden Heuvel mentions the incident with a kind of ironic pride: She sees the massive Limbaugh citing the diminutive *Nation* as a triumph of sorts.

It might equally look like tragedy or farce. ■

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BY CORKY POLLAN

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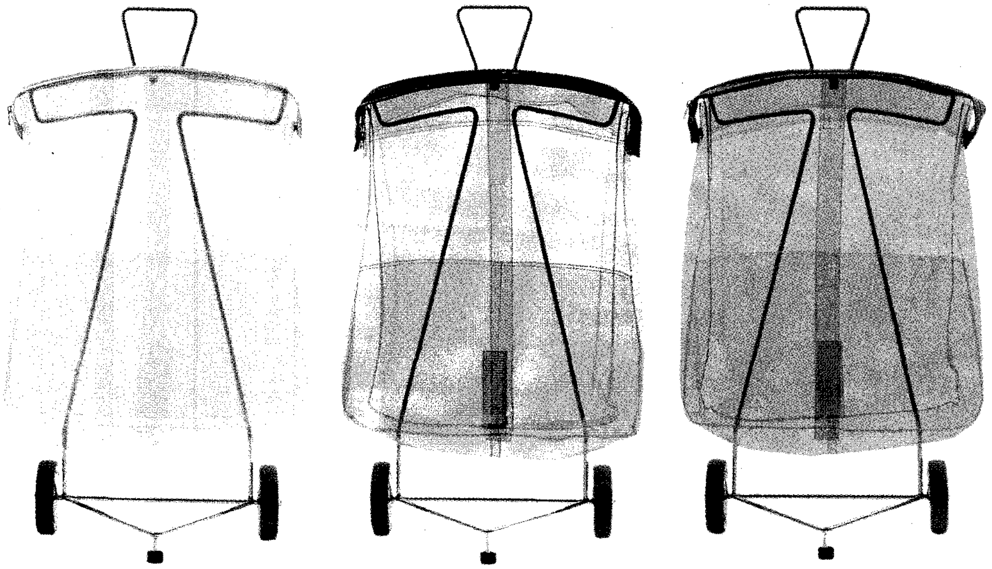

Comic Relief

Though Manchot and Titi—France's favorite comic-strip characters in the fifties—may prove no match for Japan's endlessly popular cartoon figure Hello Kitty, the woeful penguin and exuberant *jeune fille* are back again. This time around, the unlikely team—along with Felix *le chat*—liven up lead-free enamel tinware mugs and bowls ($7 each).

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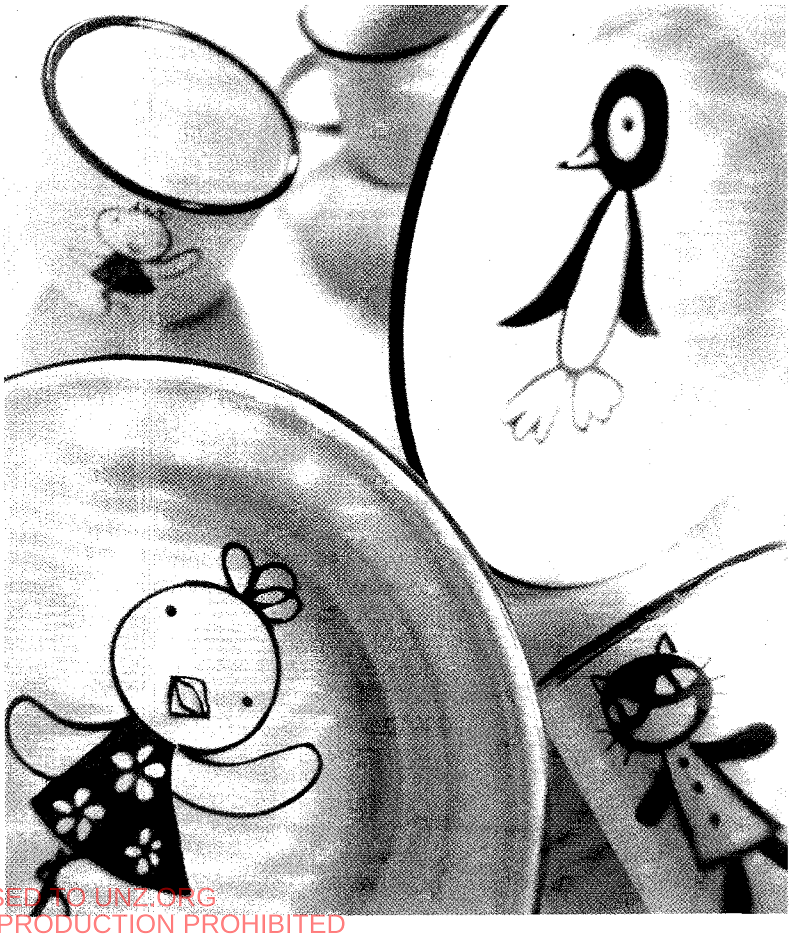

Photographs: top, Jonathan Gross; center left, John Wilkes; bottom right, Peter Ardito.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Knee in the Groin

A fine new movie written by Callie Khouri (remember 'Thelma & Louise'?) gives men their, um, due, without being mean about it.

A muted feminist rebellion: Julia Roberts as Grace King Bichon and Dennis Quaid as her straying husband, Eddie, in *Something to Talk About.*

IN SUCH COMMERCIAL PROJECTS AS *Sleeping With the Enemy* and *The Pelican Brief,* Julia Roberts gave off so much uncertainty and even panic that one began to think of her unease as a signature tic, rather like Goldie Hawn's cocked head and self-infatuated giggle. Roberts seemed to be using fluster, dismay, even weakness to draw us closer to her. Why would a star need to use such transparently audience-flattering stratagems? We liked her well enough without them. Or was she really just *that* nervous? Either way, she seemed slightly out to lunch—a tall, skinny stalk trembling in the breeze. You thought: Calm *down,* honey. But in **Something to Talk About,** Roberts has taken control of what she wants to do. This time, she's playing a neurotic—a bright woman who can't figure out how to live her life—and she's in command of the role. Callie Khouri, of *Thelma & Louise* fame, wrote the screenplay (an original), and Khouri has a knack for creating pungent women. Roberts's character, Grace King Bichon, one of two grown daughters in a wealthy southern horse-breeding family, can't stop jabbing at people and then jabbing at herself. Grace works for her father, Wyly (Robert Duvall), an intelligent but ornery man, and loving the old bastard has worn her down. Her life is so dominated by him that she has grown indifferent to her husband, Eddie (Dennis Quaid), who has begun to fool around. The movie is about a few weeks in Grace's life in which everything falls apart and she tries to put it back together again.

Khouri, born in Texas and raised in Kentucky, may feel a natural closeness with a new generation of southern and southwestern women caught between traditionalism and independence. Raised to be subservient to fathers and husbands, they discover at a certain point that the old rules don't work anymore; personal dissatisfactions hit these women like flash storms. *Thelma & Louise* was a fantasy of escape so extreme in its commitment to personal liberation that it had no place to end but in death. Khouri wrote it as Isolde & Isolde on the road, and director Ridley Scott got carried away by the visual possibilities of two beautiful women riding a convertible across the mythic landscape of the West. Lasse Hallström, the Swedish director of *My Life As a Dog* and two erratic but interesting American productions, *Once Around* and *What's Eating Gilbert Grape?,* is a more domestic sort. In *Something to Talk About,* he has made a good movie about the way powerful families give you life and squeeze it out of you at the same time. Hallström takes hold of the southern milieu, and Khouri's material gives it depth with a network of relationships going back decades: From the tone of the hesitations and insults, we know we've walked right into the middle of something. Physically, the production, with its "plantation" house and outlying buildings and stables, suggests wealth without ostentation (the great Mel Bourne did the design). One can understand why the women haven't strayed very far: These people have something to hold on to.

They all enjoy the easy sense that they're allowed to get violent with one another. Grace's sister, the unmarried Emma Rae (Kyra Sedgwick), sits around making smart, nasty cracks like the heroine's friend in a thirties movie. The girls' mother, Georgia (Gena Rowlands), having long indulged her overbearing husband, winds up and fires, locking Wyly out of the house. Women telling off men, one realizes, is central to the movie. Emma Rae even administers a devastating knee to the groin of Grace's straying husband. It's a good bet that at least one man will be kneed in the nether regions in every movie written by Callie Khouri—it's her signature act of rebellion, a return to first principles. In Khouri's work, the male sex has been placed under suspicion. Men are seen as benevolent or vicious in their relations with women. They have no other significant qualities. The shoe is truly on the other foot: There are a lot of bad men out there, and a lot of women who need to punish them. Yet contrary to what some people wrote after *Thelma & Louise* came out, Callie Khouri is not a man-hater. In *Something to Talk About,* once she punishes men, she forgives them.

After skulking around holding his balls for a while, Dennis Quaid finally gets to open up his good-ol'-boy-husband-and-garden-variety-philanderer routine. Imploring and chagrined, Quaid suggests that the husband is more disappointed with himself than nasty. At the same time, his wife has become impossible. Grace makes scenes and forces intimacies on people; she's so self-absorbed that she rushes off and leaves her little daughter behind. This, at last, is the right kind of dithering comedy for Julia Roberts to play. She goes beyond ingratiation; she finally becomes an actress. Her Grace is at times so messed up she's unconsciously cruel. There's an integrity in split feelings, and Roberts finds it; her creator, Khouri, finds her own integrity by suggesting that a woman in the process of liberating herself can become one awful pain in the neck.

THE LATE MASSIMO TROISI, STAR OF THE charming Italian film **The Postman,** had a stalled, foggy voice in which the words got lost somewhere between the conception and the delivery. In *The Postman,* set on a tiny, primitive island off the coast of Italy, Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to, which is a pretty good reason for not speaking much. And then, in the early fifties, the island is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda, who, in the person of the courtly, genially overweight Phillipe Noiret, takes up residence in an empty villa. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet, at first brusque, then wary, gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening, reciting poetry to the word-hungry mail-carrier. They have a memorable moment on the beach in which Neruda makes up a sea poem, with a pounding, wave-tossed rhythm, and Mario suddenly understands what poetry is.

The movie is a fable of creation: Mario is literally created by the words he learns to speak. The English director Michael Radford, working in Italian, keeps the tone light and charming and on the whole rather chaste (whimsy is a danger successfully avoided). In a noisy season, it's easy to be lulled by such enchanting episodes as Mario's poetry-rich courtship of a sultry island beauty who becomes aroused by his words. The girl's overprotective aunt, in a series of hilarious pot-banging tirades, denounces that mysterious force, "metaphors," as the traducer of her niece's virginity. She's right, of course. Once you've lost your innocence with words, you never want to regain it. ■

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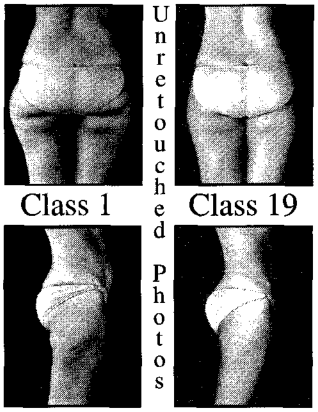


MARGARET TALBOT

Not Like You and Me

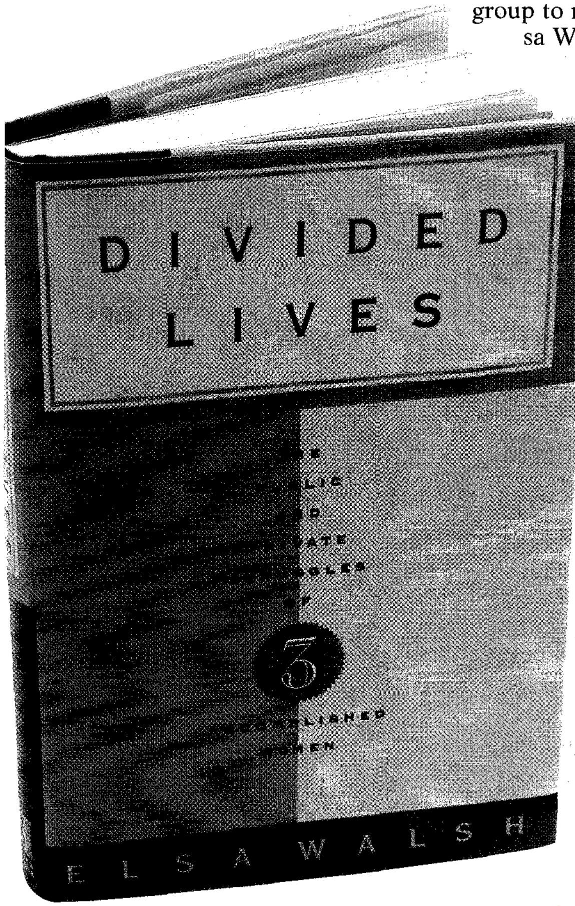
The women in 'Divided Lives' are supposed to be exemplary—careerists for the nineties. But Walsh's book is really just another gossipfest about rich, famous, beautiful people.

Divided Lives: The Public and Private Struggles of Three Accomplished Women
BY ELSA WALSH
Simon & Schuster; 284 pages; $23

The art of *Schadenfreude*: Elsa Walsh brings her overprivileged subjects to tears.

FOR SOME WOMEN I KNOW, THERE is no curiosity more pressing, more prurient, than the longing to know how other women do it: how they manage the messy business of career and family without fracturing so much as a fingernail, let alone their smooth professional façades. To find the answer, my friends will loiter in the aisles of upscale bookstores, leafing furtively through self-help books; they'll slog through sociological tomes on the second shift; they'll stand in line at the grocery store with their precut carrots reading "Can This Marriage Be Saved?"

Divided Lives was written with these women in mind—upper-middle-class thirtysomethings who like their advice served up with a little more sophistication than the glossies offer. It's an easy enough target group to reach. So how did Elsa Walsh manage to shoot so wide of it?



Not by being dull. *Divided Lives* pulls together three satisfyingly gossipy profiles of "hypersuccessful" women in their late thirties and early forties, all smart, beautiful, rich, and all, according to Walsh, plagued by sexism and self-doubt. There's Meredith Vieira, the hotshot TV journalist who, at 35, nine months pregnant with her first child, was offered "the one job she had coveted since she began her TV career": a correspondent's post on that granddaddy of magazine shows *60 Minutes*. The catch, of course, was that to compete with Morley Safer and Mike Wallace, Vieira would have had to scale back the time and energy she'd wanted to spend on her children.

Accomplished woman No. 2 is the delightfully weird Rachael Worby, a neurotic New Yorker who set herself the fanciful task of combining a career as a symphony conductor with one as First Lady of West Virginia. (Worby married Governor Gaston Caperton in 1990 and has been offending West Virginians ever since. *Divided Lives* has only fed the anti-Rachael sentiment, particularly with its revelation that the First Lady sports a tattoo on her upper thigh.) Finally, there's Alison Estabrook, a sober, hardworking surgeon at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, who is reluctantly drawn into battle with her bosses when she learns that she is paid $40,000 less than two male colleagues.

Walsh is a good reporter, as dogged and resourceful in her way as her husband, Bob Woodward, whose influence she cites. Like Woodward, she trained on the Washington *Post* metro desk, and like him, she interviews her subjects over and over again. Investigative journalists compare the process to peeling an onion—going through layer after layer till you get to the truth. It's an especially appropriate metaphor for Walsh's efforts, since the truths she seems most bent on obtaining are weepy confessions. Over the course of several years, Walsh brings her subjects to tears about everything from orgasms (Worby didn't have one till she was in her thirties) to miscarriages (Vieira had one while on a trip to Rome for a profile of tenor José Carreras) to resentment of their mothers (one of the few sentiments these women have in common).

The problem here isn't that Walsh gathered up the wrong facts; it's that she's shoehorned them into an unconvincing framework. Her idea, she explains, was to write a book that would show "how real women . . . lived their lives," and confirm our sense "that others shared the internal conflicts that constantly left them feeling frustrated and guilty." Well, okay. But it's hard not to imagine readers of *Divided Lives* wishing they had such conflicts—whether or not to take the best job in your profession, to build that weekend house on Block Island, to move into the governor's mansion.

But let's set that objection aside for a moment. After all, you could argue that these are differences of degree, not kind, and that people would rather read about the glamorous travails of a TV journalist than about the zhlubbier ones of an office manager. Maybe these are the people Walsh knows best—Worby was a social acquaintance—and she thought she could write about them with greater insight. But Walsh, so demanding of honesty from others, won't fess up to any of this. She wants us to view her choices as part of a grander strategy; she wants it known that she interviewed dozens of women and selected these

Photographs: top, Lisa Berg; bottom, Jonathan Gross.

three *because* they enjoyed "wealth, education, and opportunity." Writes Walsh, "If these women of privilege were finding the challenges of balancing their lives a struggle, then that said something important about the condition of women generally."

Really? The opposite seems equally plausible: that women like Vieira or Rachael Worby find it harder to balance their lives because they ask so much more of themselves and of their employers than most women—most people—do. Walsh offers up three idiosyncratic cases and makes them the *ne plus ultra* of women's experience. It's a little like saying, "Hey, if Hugh Grant has a problem with his love life, imagine how screwed-up the average guy's must be."

Take Vieira, who accepted the *60 Minutes* job but worked out a deal with producer Don Hewitt that allowed her to start with a six-month maternity leave, then come back to work part-time for $450,000 a year. When she asked to extend her part-time agreement another season, after taking another six-month maternity leave for her second baby, Hewitt refused to renew her contract. Walsh sees this as sexism, and maybe it was. But Vieira's weren't exactly the kind of patently reasonable demands only a curmudgeon could refuse. Many female staff members at *60 Minutes* actually sided with Hewitt in the dispute.

What about Worby's expectations? Well, despite a loathing for her adopted state, a "suspicion [of politicians] just short of contempt," and a fierce dedication to becoming a world-class conductor, Worby decided, at 41, to become First Lady of West Virginia. She has my sympathy—First Ladydom requires a kind of dewy-eyed subservience expected of nobody else these days. But surely Worby had some idea what she was taking on. How surprised could she really have been when her duties as governor's wife impinged on her career, or when West Virginians were put off by the sight of her in her husband's lap, nuzzling him during football games?

The unfortunate effect of profiles like these is to make women's complaints seem absurd, their demands quixotic. If I were a man, I'd read this book and think, "Jeez, is *this* what women want? Well, good *luck.*" Most women would settle for reasonably interesting work that paid them on a par with men and left room for a personal life.

Divided Lives would be easier to like if it accepted its status as celebrity journalism and stopped solemnly announcing itself as an exploration of the female condition. It would have helped, for example, if Walsh had acknowledged that of the three women she profiles, only Estabrook comes close to having a "real" woman's troubles. Walsh's subjects are fun to read about, but they are famous and rich, which is precisely why we want to read about them. And why, ultimately, they don't much matter. ■

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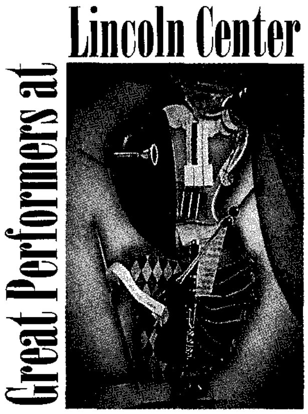

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CLASSICAL MUSIC **PETER G. DAVIS**

Mortal Beloved

They shoot warhorses, don’t they? This summer’s Mostly Mozart festival is scaled back by three weeks.

Gerard Schwarz conducting at this summer’s Mostly Mozart festival in his eleventh year as its music director.

“I’LL GO ON FOREVER!” ACCORDING TO ONE LINCOLN Center administrator. That is the un-official pronouncement on **Mostly Mozart,** a popular New York institution for the past 29 years but lately threatened with extinction by the Center’s still mysterious “major multidisciplinary festival,” expected to materialize next summer. Reduced from a seven-week schedule to four, Mostly Mozart will then mostly fill August, directly following the new festival’s activities, and the immortality clause will run at least until contract negotiations with the orchestra come up again in 1997.

Under way in Avery Fisher Hall since July 25, this summer’s interim edition has dropped the light thematic programming of the past several years, returning to what had seemed to please almost everyone since the very beginning: performances of certified masterpieces with the accent on Mozart, occasional intriguing novelties for a bit of spice, and an impressive lineup of guest soloists. Many feel that this simple formula went stale some time ago—although music director Gerard Schwarz has spun some ingenious variations on the theme—but perhaps it is the best one for Mostly Mozart. Possibly due to the complexities of city life or just the weather, New York has never found a way to support a true summer music festival, one that cultivates the traditional festive values of adventure, intellectual challenge, artistic focus, and rare musical excellence offered in relaxed surroundings conducive to serious, concentrated listening. The folks at Lincoln Center are presumably aiming to develop something like that next summer, and good luck to them.

Mostly Mozart was never intended to be so ambitious, but a lot of people enjoy it all the same and attendance continues to be heavy. While listening to the opening week’s concerts and harkening back, I was reminded that one of the festival’s most rewarding features has been the consistent prominence of Mozart’s piano concertos. Mainly written for the composer’s own use, these 27 scores contain all the enriching qualities we prize as Mozartian: high musical drama, precise structural equilibrium, ear-catching melodic invention, and an unlimited diversity of mood. Since no one has yet reached the substratum of these extraordinary works, Mostly Mozart has earned more good marks by offering such a variety of pianists to explore their content.

New faces are always welcome, and often they belong to distinguished musicians New York seldom sees—Ingrid Haebler, for example, who played Concerto No. 17 in G, K. 453, at the second concert. This busy Viennese pianist has been an infrequent visitor here over the past 40 years, and I had never before encountered her in person, although numerous discs have securely established her reputation as a classical-era stylist of distinction; by now her vast catalogue of recordings must include virtually every Mozart piece with a keyboard part. Haebler’s performance on this occasion was typical of her best: a tonal quality of crystalline purity, a poised singing line, and a give-and-take dialogue with the orchestra that kept listeners hanging on every note. Emotional reticence has also been something of a Haebler trait, but she captured the relaxed, sunny expressive spirit of this buoyant score with just the right combination of grace and humor.

Long ago crowned the First Lady of Mostly Mozart, Alicia de Larrocha once again graced the opening concert, this time playing Concerto No. 27 in B-flat, K. 595. Are we beginning to take de Larrocha for granted, or did she really seem a bit off form? In any case, her performance sounded uncharacteristically foursquare and colorless, more of a piano teacher’s demonstration than a bold personal interpretation of such a questing and often disorienting score, Mozart’s final and in some ways most emotionally complex response to the form. The first week’s fare also offered the two multiple-key-

Photograph by Stephanie Berger.

board concertos, lesser works but good romping fun when placed in witty hands. The Pekinel twins, Güher and Süher, fussed over K. 365 to little purpose, but a remarkable husband-and-wife team from Russia, Valentina Lisitsa and Alexei Kuznetsoff, with Alexander Korsantiya, frolicked gleefully through the sparky three-piano concerto.

Over the years, Mostly Mozart has also proved to be a valuable high-profile but low-key testing ground in which to introduce hot new musical talents and see if they will fly. It was at an especially heated MM concert five years ago, you will remember, that New York first caught sight of Cecilia Bartoli and fell madly in love. The advance word on Jane Eaglen, a young dramatic soprano from England, was just as excited, and on the evening she sang an excerpt from Simon Mayr's *Medea in Corinto* and Beethoven's concert aria, "Ah, perfido!" Fisher Hall was packed with music-industry types eager to read the audience's take on another potential big star. So far, Eaglen hasn't been doing badly at all—she already seems to be in demand the world over for Brünnhilde, Norma, and other hard-to-cast heroic roles.

And no wonder, considering the formidable sound she makes: shining and resonant but never glaring, a powerful natural force that opens out with thrilling intensity when fully unleashed. Like many large singers with comparably large voices, Eaglen suggested that quality control may still be a problem, especially when soft singing is required, but any uncertainties in that area may have been due to pressures of the moment. Otherwise, she sang with spirit and a welcome grasp of how the music works, and I suspect nearly everyone left Fisher Hall eager to hear more. The wait should not be a long one. In the season coming up, Eaglen makes her Metropolitan debut as Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni,* sings Norma with the Opera Orchestra of New York, and appears on EMI's new recording of the Bellini opera.

That hardly exhausts the attractions, plus and minus, of Mostly Mozart's opening week. Richard Stoltzman's fluent run-through of Mozart's Clarinet Concerto is a very old friend by now, although perhaps he should give the piece a rest until he can refresh his response to it. Gil Shaham playing Fritz Kreisler's *Violin Concerto in the Style of Vivaldi* would sweeten any warm summer evening—a slightly weird but irresistible romantic bagatelle that actually suggests the historical impossibility of Vivaldi trying to write in the style of Kreisler. Then there was musical director Schwarz's orchestra, giving the soloists supportive accompaniments and vitamin-rich performances of two Mozart symphonies, Nos. 38 and 39. Music of this quality—along with mostly anything else by Mozart—really *should* go on forever. ■

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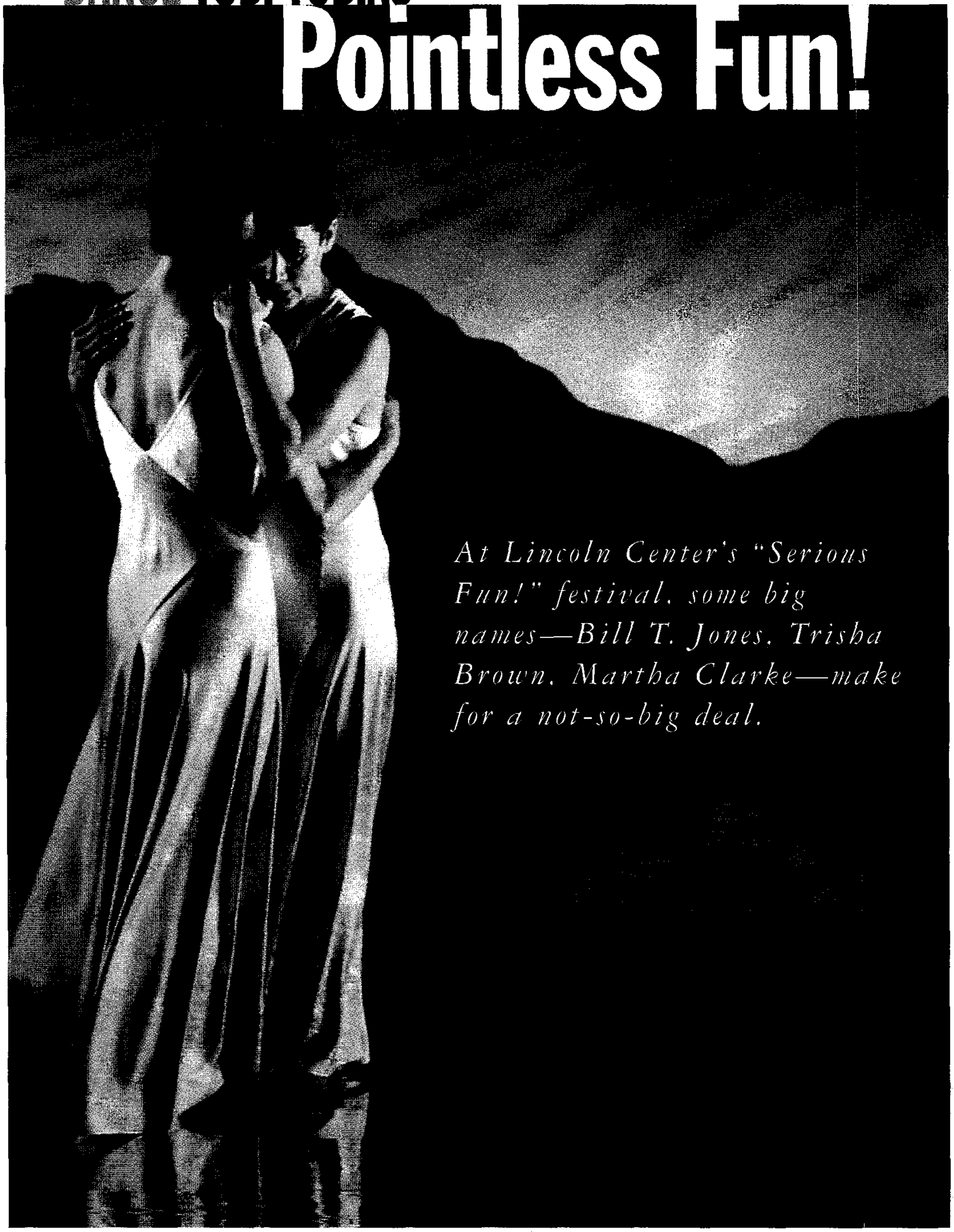
DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

Pointless Fun!

At Lincoln Center's "Serious Fun!" festival, some big names—Bill T. Jones, Trisha Brown, Martha Clarke—make for a not-so-big deal.



Martha Clarke's *An Uncertain Hour* (above); opposite, Trisha Brown's *Musical Offering*.

WITH THE UMBRELLA TITLE "SERIOUS Fun!," Lincoln Center tries not merely to fill its theaters during summer vacation but also to have its cake and eat it. This stuff, the producers assure potential customers, is going to be high art (count yourself cultured) but easy to take (relax, it's effortless). If this attitude is not sufficiently philistine, consider the exclamation point, which punctuates the undertaking with the hype saturating contemporary American life. This year's "SF!"—subtitled "American Visionaries"—featured six shows, all of them involving celebrated names, the wow factor amplified by rather self-consciously new approaches and/or titillating team-ups.

Thus **Bill T. Jones,** famous these days as much for confrontation and controversy as for choreography, was set to work with people even more prominent than he: Toni Morrison (on words) and Max Roach (on drums). Now, these are three prodigally gifted people; the trouble with their joint effort, called *Degga*—to hear or to understand, in Wolof, a language of Senegal—is that it provides scant evidence that they needed to form a ménage à trois. Perched on a scaffold with his panoply of percussion instruments, the venerable Roach offers solo work, equal-partners work, and acutely sensitive backup—all in complex, confident rhythms that are alternately ferocious and seductive.

Morrison, a radiant diva, reads excerpts from the rich, humane texts that made her a Nobel laureate. Her hymn to urban vitality is irresistible: "I like the way the City makes people think they can do what they want and get away with it." Jones demonstrates his gorgeous way with gesture, making strong, lush moves framed by moments of stillness in which his energy seems to intensify rather than subside. All three artists—including Morrison, who, presumably, does the heart of her work alone at a desk—project a charismatic presence that makes you feel you're in the hands of demigods.

But what is the point of the exercise? What is this in-tandem excursion *about*? Music is abstract, of course, and Jones's movement more abstract than not, so the message burden lies largely (and unfairly) on Morrison's choice of texts. Her subjects range from the need for black self-love in a hostile white world to deep, long-standing domestic attachment, but these vignettes neither add up to anything on their own nor bring into being a purposeful fusion among the three arts represented. So when, for a curtain line, Morrison questions the audience, "Degga?" ("Get it?"), I had to admit I didn't, though everyone else in the house, apparently, did, if standing and cheering mean anything.

Photographs: this page, Jack Vartoogian; opposite, Tom Brazil.

In another departure, **Trisha Brown,** usually content to dance in silence or to ambient-sound-style scores—this means you don't leave the theater humming—went toe-to-toe with classical Western music. And not just any classical Western music, but one of its monuments: Bach's *Musical Offering,* which seems to scorn the notion of dance accompaniment. Attaching choreography to it is like scaling a glass mountain without handholds. Paul Taylor tackled the score in 1986 and came as close to success as I can imagine anyone doing. Brown, clearly and steadily regarding the trap of music visualization that Bach sets for foolhardy dancemakers, and conscientiously trying to avoid it, fell right in. *Pace* Émile Jaques-Dalcroze, music does not want or need to be visualized. The more Brown's patterns feebly echoed the intricate, formal architecture of the music, the more they stupefied the viewer with boredom. And the more she tried to force her unique vocabulary of slithery curves and eccentric angles into the straitjacket of the score's design, the more her choice of music appeared self-defeating.

Given Brown's natural gifts, *M.O.,* as she coyly called her piece, was bound to have its gratifying passages. An interesting male duet appears to be about the empty space between the two participants, how it shifts in size, shape, and location. A gradually tightening lineup of five figures that fuses into a single organism recalls earlier experimental work in the choreographer's career. (Brown often quotes herself wryly.) And a long colloquy between the troupe's senior goddess, the chunky, voluptuous Diane Madden, and Kelly McDonald, a willowy nymph, has a ravishing mystery that begins by displaying differences in physical type and segues into revealing distinctions in mind-set.

The final "Serious Fun!" production with a dance element, **Martha Clarke's** *An Uncertain Hour,* is music visualization with a vengeance, though not of the step-for-note variety. It's essentially a sight-track for a concert of German lieder from the Romantic age. Its set (by Michael Yeargan), its acid-dawn lighting (by Stephen Strawbridge), and its formal black and white costumes (by Jane Greenwood) combine to create the effect of the piece. A mountain range is rendered stage-size, a staircase hidden behind it so that the little society Clarke has assembled—four dancers and two singers—can ascend and descend the miniature peaks or recline along them, suffused with *Weltschmerz.* The sky is huge and ominously luminous; the floor is treated to act as a reflecting pool. Welcome to Caspar David Friedrichsville. The ebony grand piano and its player are, of course, onstage, and a fan concealed in the downstage wings ripples the women's pearly, floor-grazing gowns. This image, which you stare at with little else to divert you for over an hour, is handsome and eerie, evocative even, but essentially decorative—a kind of Hallmark card for the intelligentsia.

The activity consists mainly of fraught walks and posturings. As the dullness of this accumulates, it is sporadically relieved by bizarre occurrences tinged with menace—a commonplace in this kind of dance theater—and a couple of kinky-absurd happenings. The most vivid of *these* involves an unnervingly lifelike stuffed swan. Its puppeteer, Rob Besserer, pretends to be attacked by it and then, in a most peculiar gloss on *Swan Lake,* has a bout of fatal (for the avian partner) sex with it. Later, a supine Sabine Kupferberg opens her thighs to Besserer and the bird, allowing you to congratulate yourself on remembering Leda's date with Zeus.

The work is reminiscent of early Pilobolus; Clarke was one of that group's first and most wickedly imaginative members. One would have hoped, though, that her fantasies and her strategies had reached a more advanced stage of evolution after a quarter-century. The dancers she uses here, all superlative artists in their middle years—Martine van Hamel and Gary Chryst in addition to Besserer and Kupferberg—are scandalously underemployed, but they lend the piece what weight and emotional texture it possesses. Too bad Clarke didn't give them material more challenging than what any old person could do. ■

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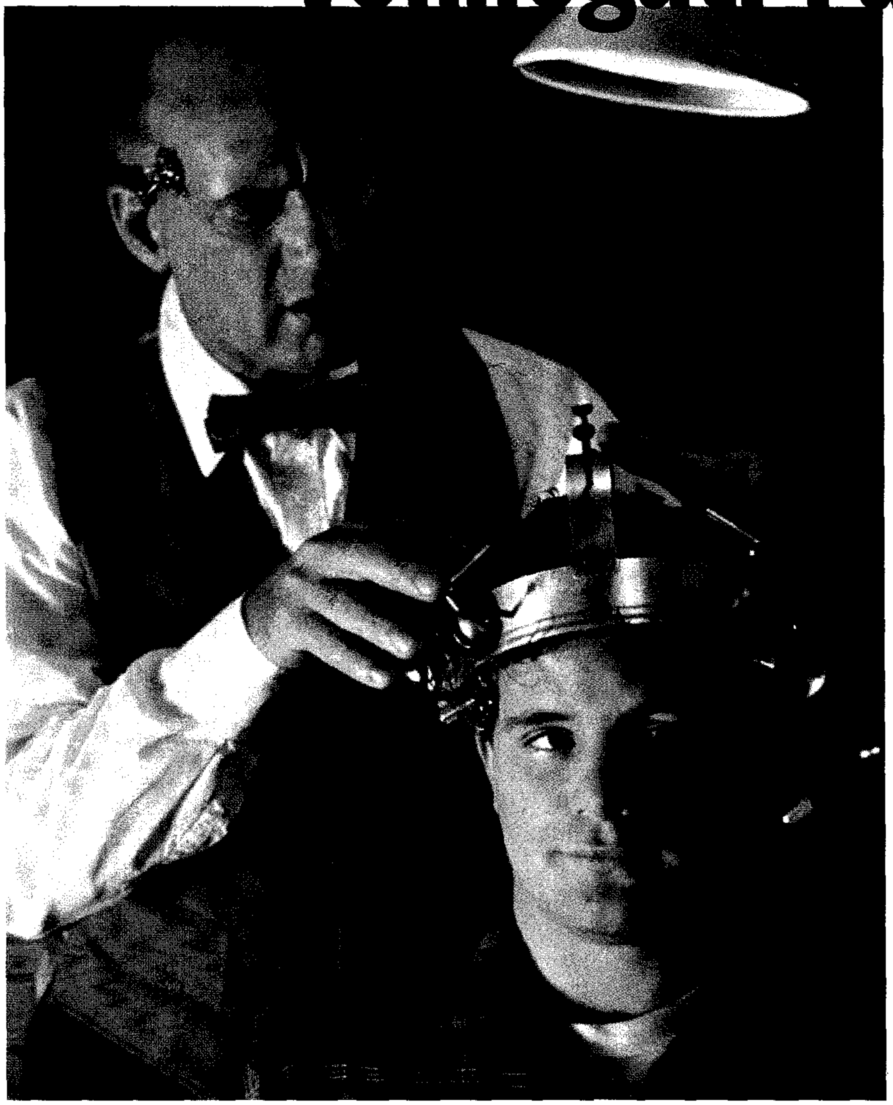
Vonnegut, Fabulist

Seeing his futurism on TV reminds us how much we miss his writing, and how much sci-fi can still learn from him.



Nigel Bennett is Dr. Eisenstock, and Sean Astin his patient, in *Harrison Bergeron.*

SINCE KURT VONNEGUT HAS APPARENTLY stopped writing novels, **Harrison Bergeron** (Sunday, August 13; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Showtime), an adaptation for television of the short story with the same name from his *Welcome to the Monkey House* collection, is as close as we will get to a fix of his signature fabulism until some Hollywoodpecker musters the money and wit to make a movie out of *Hocus Pocus.* Set in the year 2053, which looks surprisingly like the fifties in spite of a "Second American Revolution," it is Vonnegut's whimsical riff on Orwell, Machiavelli, Plato's philosopher-kings, and Dostoyevsky's Grand Inquisitor, with Christopher Plummer as Big Brother and the Prince. I've no doubt that the blithering ideologues on the cable-TV yak shows will perceive it as an attack on affirmative action. But as usual, they will be wrong.

Harrison (Sean Astin) is a straight-A student and thus an embarrassment to his parents. After a messy revolt of the multitudinous have-nots against a tiny elite of have-it-alls, everybody in America is supposed to be mediocre. Dancers and athletes are handicapped, like horses. Curiosity and creativity are punished by electrical jolts through the Sony Walkman–like headbands most citizens are obliged to wear. Marriages are arranged by computer, matching the overbright with the dim-witted, to breed average munchkins. Buck Henry (inspired casting!) is in charge of making sure network television is dumb enough to stupefy vox populi. The idea is that if nobody is better than anybody else, at anything, there needn't be any politics at all.

Having failed to shape down, Harrison must undergo a lobotomy. But before the operation he is permitted one night out at Head House, a sort of intellectual brothel where the "hostesses" are prepared to discuss everything from quantum theory to nineteenth-century German philosophy to Post-Impressionist art. He's even encouraged during a game of chess with the delicious Phillipa (Miranda de Pencier) to remove his headband. After which, of course, the Thought Police tramp in. I'll not detain you with much more plot except to say that much of what we've already seen is really a recruitment. A secret government, run by Plummer, administers the Dumbing of America. In exchange for forsaking the mundane world, this Bolshevik vanguard gets to read books and listen to jazz. Needing fresh brains, it press-gangs Harrison. By the time he gets to wondering whether we'd be better off elevating the have-nots than flattening the entire country, Vonnegut has joked his way to a distinction between "same" and "equal," and explained why "difference" is essential not only to the vitality of a culture but to the possibility of love as well.

This is where I was going to use Vonnegut to talk about the resurgence of science fiction on television. *TV Guide* devoted most of an issue to the subject a couple of weeks ago. We have spent the summer with three different *Star Trek* spinoffs, not to mention reruns of *Tek War* on the Sci-Fi Channel starting in September or the debut earlier this month of a half-hour version of the animated *Aeon Flux* on MTV. Come the fall, everybody will be trying to cash in on the genre, from the fledgling quasi network UPN with its video-arcade action-adventure *Deadly Games* to Ted Turner's TNT with Robert Urich as *Lazarus Man*, resurrected from the dead just in time to save the life of Ulysses S. Grant in Texas in the 1860s. Never mind that they cancel the best and renew the worst, as NBC canceled *Earth 2* and renewed *seaQuest DSV*, as Fox canceled *VR.5* and renewed *Sliders.* (Fox seems to specialize in auto-lobotomies, e.g., *Alien Nation.* They picked up the habit from ABC, e.g., *Max Headroom.*) From which I'd segue to the usual white noise about the cyberpunk fiction just waiting to be digitized—cowboy speed freaks and biker buttonheads and New Age mutant ninja hackers, at warp velocity unto gangsta chic! Techno-geeks on crystal meth, with mirrored shades and nipple rings! Photoscans, vector graphics, black ice, systems crash, death-metal Roborock!

But it occurs to me that if Vonnegut has really stopped writing, we ought to wave a grateful good-bye. Ever since *Player Piano,* he has dreamed his way into the heads of symbolic citizens—soldiers, writers, scientists, artists, philanthropists, and politicians—and the weather inside such heads is raining confusion. History comes down hard and hurts. The planet's killing itself. And no matter where these fictional citizens live, in Indiana or in Germany, they also spend some time in outer space, with the Tralfamadorians, who show up in his novels like clowns in Shakespeare. And no matter what happens to them—devolution, variable gravity, Harvard, the Dresden firestorm, the neutron bomb, a brand-new Ice Age, Watergate, or the Holocaust—Vonnegut makes bittersweet jokes, a slice of Hamlet on wry toast. And always, in the face of lovelessness and death, he proposes a return to civilizing texts, to premodern manuals of decency like the Bill of Rights, *Robert's Rules of Order,* Lincoln's Second Inaugural, the twelve steps of Alcoholics Anonymous, or, most radical of all, the Sermon on the Mount.

It comes then as no surprise that Harrison in this cable-TV movie should propose a return to Frank Capra and Beethoven's Ninth. In *Hocus Pocus* (1990), Vonnegut's last novel and one of his best, a Vietnam vet teaches history to the dyslexic children of the filthy rich in upstate New York across the valley from a prison, full of illiterate blacks and Hispanics who will skate the frozen lake at night like Eliza in *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Instead of a Second American Revolution, a Second Civil War—of white and black and rich and poor. The whole novel is, in fact, a meditation on American history and literature from Abe Lincoln and the Donner Party to *Moby Dick* and "Norman Updike." Its sacred text is *Leaves of Grass.* Most critics reviewed it without bothering to cut a new stencil for their opinion of Vonnegut as an amusing atavism of the sixties, a celebrity guru at the bottom of his cracker-barrel, a pet rock or an old fart. Wouldn't *you* stop writing? We are, nevertheless, bereft. He was himself a sacred, civilizing text. We read him the way Mary Kathleen, in *Jailbird,* read Starbuck's college books: "the way a young cannibal might eat the hearts of brave old enemies. Their magic would become hers." ■

Some of the most enlightening articles in a magazine never make it to the table of contents.

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LEONORE FLEISCHER AUGUST 14, 1995

SALES & BARGAINS

Help wanted?: Everything from a service that monitors environmental hazards in your home to a salon that specializes in long, beautiful hair.

If You Happen to Love This Town . . .

THIS SHOP SPECIALIZES IN NEW YORK ephemera—new and old books, photographs and maps, prints, posters, etc. Now it is offering 20 percent off all its vast collection of black-and-white photographs, which span the years 1880–1940 and include street scenes, architectural shots, and panoramic views of such classic New York locales as Coney Island, Rockefeller Center, Fifth Avenue, the Lower East Side, and Greenwich Village: 8-in.-by-10-in. photos, were $25, now $20; 11-in.-by-14-in., were $35, now $28; 20-in.-by-24-in., were $100, now $80; 30-in.-by-40-in., were $250, now $200. Also on sale are selected books, such as *Delirious New York* by Rem Koolhaas, was $35, now $28. *New York Bound Bookshop, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, Associated Press Building lobby (245-8503); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 8/31.*

A Bit of Old Italy

THIS OLD-STYLE GREENWICH VILLAGE RESTAURANT is offering a $19.95 dinner—appetizer, main dish, dessert, and coffee—of Northern Italian fare, Monday through Saturday. Among the appetizers are hot antipasto, mussels oreganata, and fresh melon; among the entrées, boneless chicken parmigiana, veal scallopine and fresh mushrooms in Marsala, roast veal, and filet of sole francese; among the desserts, Italian cheesecake, rum cake, tortoni, spumoni, and ice cream. *Villa Mosconi, 69 MacDougal St. (673-0390); A.E., D.C., M.C., V. accepted; reservations recommended; Mon.–Sat. noon–11 p.m.*

Profit Isaiah

SPRING AND SUMMER MEN'S WEAR IS ON sale at this clothier on Madison Avenue: suits and sport coats (sizes 38S–48L) by Hickey Freeman, Isaiah, and Redaelli, were $700–$1,500, now $350–$750; a special group of linen jackets, retail $700, now $250; lightweight and year-round trousers by Zanella and Barry Bricken, sizes 31–42, were $85–$365, now $40–$100; dress and sport shirts by Peter Elliot, Gitman, and Ike, were $85–$125, now $40; handmade shirts by Luigi Borrelli, were $185–$265, now $100; lamb's-wool, cashmere, or Shetland-wool sweaters, were $75–$365, now $50; chenille V-neck sleeveless and crewneck long-sleeved sweaters, were $175 and $185, respectively, now $85 for either; Italian silk neckwear, was $68–$145, now $25. *Peter Elliot, 1070 Madison Ave., near 81st St. (570-2300); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; no alterations; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 10:30 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m.; through 8/13.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.*

Out of the Closet

PRATESI LINENS FOR BED AND BATH ARE ON sale: winter or summer queen or king quilted bed covers in prints, were $900, now $720; embroidered winter quilts, now 20 percent off, were $1,370–$1,990, now $1,096–$1,592; all sets of printed sheets, both cotton-and-polyester and Egyptian cotton, in all sizes, are now 20 or 50 percent off, such as a queen set (top and bottom sheets, two shams), was $1,080, now $864; set of terry towels with scalloped edges in printed China or Cavalieri blue and white, two washcloths, two hand towels, and two bath towels, were $470, now $235; matching European bath sheet, bath mat, and wastebasket cover, were $200, $190, and $90, respectively, now $100, $95, and $45; towel sets in Chain design, medium and light blue, were $480, now $240; bath sheet, was $210, now $105; bath mat, was $270, now $135. *Pratesi Linens, Inc., 829 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (288-2315); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 7 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; through 8/26.*

Time Passages

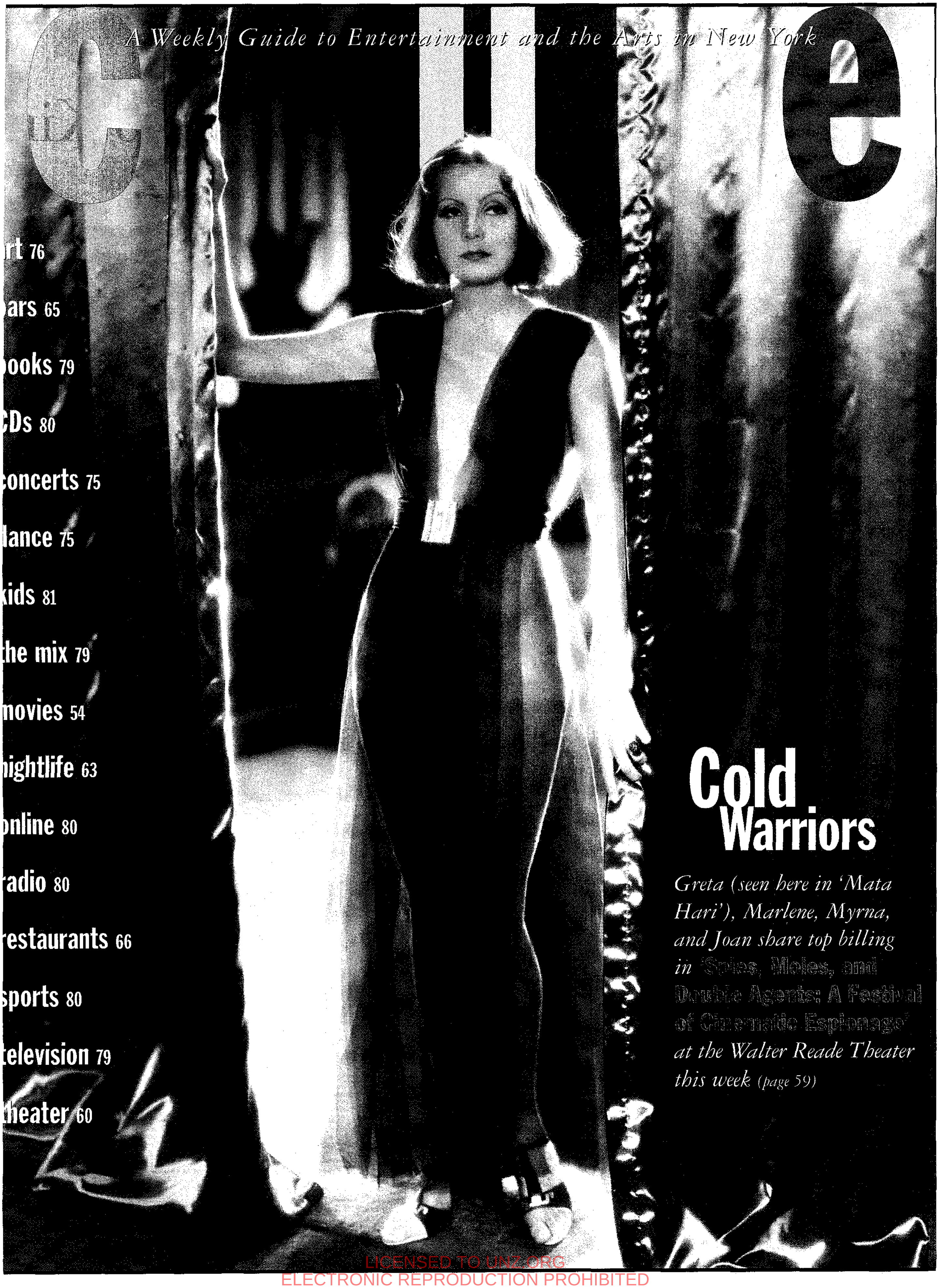
A SELECTION OF VINTAGE AND NEW WRISTWATCHES is 20 percent off here, such as a gold Gruen Curvex, was $3,800, now $3,040; an Omega automatic, was $525, now $420; Gruen edge-of-the-wrist convertible, was $2,100, now $1,680; twenties 18K-gold Vacheron & Constantin, was $3,900, now $3,120; stainless-steel Patek Philippe, circa 1948, was $4,900, now $3,920; Jules Pino freeform watch, was $650, now $520; thirties Westfield, was $350, now $280. New quartz watches include a two-time-zone watch, was $80, now $64; piano watch, was $69, now $55; artist's-palette watch, was $49, now $39; desktop brass photo clock with double picture frame, was $79, now $63. All watches carry a 366-day warranty. *Time Will Tell, 962 Madison Ave., near 76th St. (861-2663); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible; Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–5:30 p.m.; through 8/19.*

Tress Fracture

THIS EAST SIDE SALON SPECIALIZES IN women's long hair, chin length or longer, and is now offering its services and products at a discount: a trim, including a consultation on home hair care, was $60, now $30; deep conditioning treatment for damaged and overprocessed hair, including shampoo and set, was $65, now $50; 90-minute individual styling lesson, including an instructional video to take home on various upsweeps and styles, was $80, now $70; bridal tryout of several styles centered around a headpiece, was $60, now $35; corrective coloration for any length hair, including deep conditioner, now 40 percent off, was $200–$450, now $120–$270; highlighting, was $200, now $125; perms on shoulder-length hair, were $185, now $100; touch-up color, was $65, now $50. *Avtresse, 29 E. 61st St. (644-6655); cash only; an appointment is necessary; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 10 p.m., Sat. till 4 p.m.; through 8/14.*

The Far East Side

THIS ANTIQUES DEALER SPECIALIZES IN Asian art and is now offering 20 percent off everything in its inventory, such as a pair of 12-in. white-and-green Peking-glass vases from the early 1900s, was $1,200, now $960; nine-arm palm-leaf-and-crystal chandelier, was $2,250, now $1,800; eighteenth-century bronze Tibetan Maitreya Buddha, was $2,500, now $2,000; Ming jade brush washer, was $3,800, now $3,000; a pair of eighteenth-century (late Ching dynasty) blue-and-white *(continued on page 56)*



Cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

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Cold Warriors

Greta (seen here in 'Mata Hari'), Marlene, Myrna, and Joan share top billing in 'Spies, Moles, and Double Agents: A Festival of Cinematic Espionage' *at the Walter Reade Theater this week* (page 59)

movies

Kung Fu Masters...Horror's Camp Kin

New Films

A Kid in King Arthur's Court—Another variation on Camelot: In this one, a 14-year-old boy falls through a crack in the Earth (he lives in California) and back in time. He winds up on a mission to restore King Arthur's fading glory. Directed by Michael Gottlieb. Shown along with *Runaway Brain,* the first new animated Mickey Mouse short in 42 years. Directed by Chris Bailey. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Guild 50th Street; Sutton; 86th Street East; Olympia Cinemas.*

A Walk in the Clouds—A love story that takes place just after the Second World War, with Keanu Reeves as a young GI who agrees to marry a young pregnant woman. The marriage begins as an arrangement but, of course, turns into something else entirely. Directed by Alfonso Arau. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Beekman.*

An Awfully Big Adventure—Set in 1950s Liverpool, this is the story of a young girl who, eager to escape her dreary home life, gets involved with her local theater company. She falls for an older man, learns some life lessons, and teaches her elders a thing or two. With Hugh Grant as a smarmy, self-indulgent director and Georgina Cates as the young Stella. Directed by Mike Newell (*Four Weddings and a Funeral*). (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**Apollo 13**—As three astronauts lie in a cramped command module, ready to take off for the moon. Later, somewhere between Florida and the lunar seas, the module's power and filtering systems break down, and the men, freezing, gaze at their steamy breath with disgust: They are poisoning themselves with the carbon dioxide they exhale from their own lungs. You have to love the weird details in *Apollo 13.* Tom Hanks, in the great American heroic style of no sweat, makes space veteran Jim Lovell a man so sure of himself that he can afford to be relaxed. The movie is very straight, very square stuff, but stirring and satisfying. With Ed Harris and Gary Sinise. Directed by Ron Howard. (Denby; 7/10/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency.*

Art for Teachers of Children—Writer-director Jennifer Montgomery's autobiographical film recounts the affair she had with her much older (and married) dorm counselor, who was also taking nude photos of her. Complex and disturbing treatment of a sensitive subject. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Babe—A fable about a pig (Babe) who doesn't fit in with all the other animals on his farm. So he defies convention and dares to become a sheepdog. Based on Dick King-Smith's children's book *The Sheep-Pig.* Directed by Chris Noonan. (1 hr. 31 mins.; G) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum.*

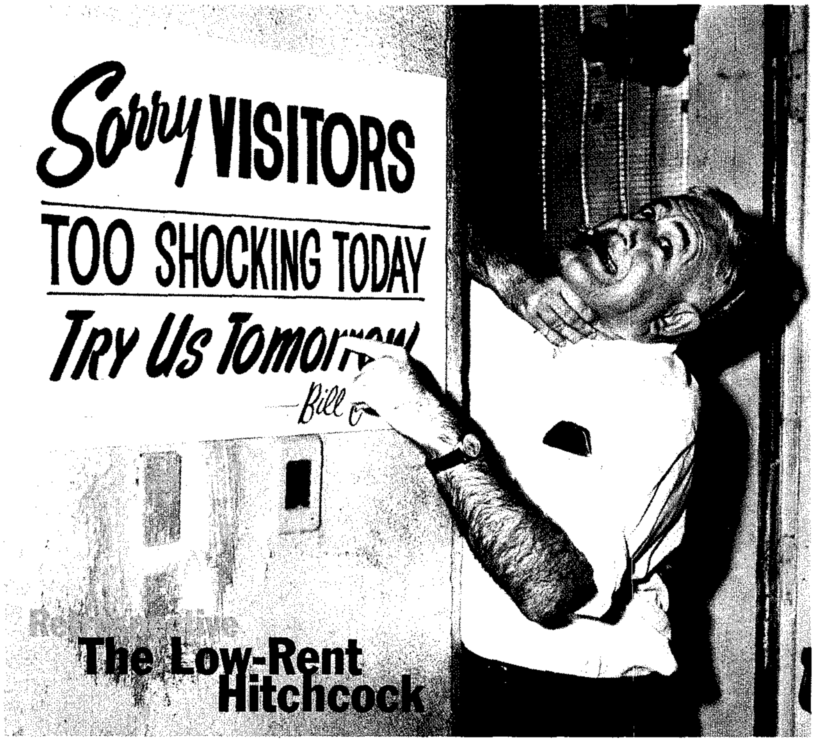
Batman Forever—With *Batman Forever,* the process of transforming moviemaking into merchandising reaches its apotheosis. Whatever one's misgivings about Tim Burton's work in *Batman* and *Batman Returns,* it had spirit and style, a mordant theatricality. The new director, Joel Schumacher (*Falling Down, The Client*), provides as many kicks as Burton, but without poetry or even continuity. (Denby; 7/10/95) (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; Gemini Twin.*

★**Belle de Jour**—Simply and beautifully shot by a director who clears out the muck and clutter of conventional filmmaking. Luis Buñuel never wastes a shot or chooses an unnecessary angle; he refuses to overstate or even underline an emotion. With absolute precision, and also much insolent mockery, Buñuel tells the story of this Parisian haute bourgeoise who loves her handsome and thoughtful husband but remains unresponsive to his rather tentative caresses. Séverine takes a job at a high-class bordello, where she makes herself available, after many hesitations, to a variety of extremely strange men. The content of Séverine's daydreams may verge on the pornographic, but Buñuel shoots them in a style that is anything but voluptuous. Indeed, the limpid beauty of the images is extraordinarily chaste, and that is the source of the movie's wit. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *19th Street East; Paris Theater.*

★**The Bridges of Madison County**—Too solemn by half—but it's not bad. Clint Eastwood, who directed the movie and starred in it with Meryl Streep, has displayed considerable literary taste—he's jettisoned most of Robert James Waller's prose—as well as gallantry and sense. The part of Robert Kincaid is modestly written, and Eastwood plays him modestly. He shifts the emotional weight decisively to Francesca, the Italian woman who married an American soldier and found herself stranded among good, dull people in the American Midwest. This is Streep's most sensually appealing role—the years and the extra pounds have given her an irresistible strength. (Denby; 6/12/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG-13) *23rd Street West Triplex; Tower East.*

The Brothers McMullen—Three Irish Catholic brothers from the suburbs of New York struggle with their past and their relationships with one another in the wake of their father's death. While struggling with their mangled Irish-Catholic legacy, they individually grapple with their tortured love lives: one married brother contemplates an affair, one cradles a theoretical, idealized version of love, and one is so frightened of it that he constantly runs. Writer-director Edward Burns' feature film debut. Winner of the Grand Jury Prize at this year's Sundance Film Festival. (1 hr. 37 mins.;) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

★**Burnt by the Sun**—If some directors have a talent for the obvious, Nikita Mikhalkov has a genius for



Retrospective

The Low-Rent Hitchcock

Death by Fright! was one of the more high-concept gimmicks employed by producer-director William Castle to promote the B-movies he churned out in the forties and fifties—he insured viewers with a $1,000 policy in the event they were shocked to death. But if Castle lacked the class and macabre fluidity of his idol, Alfred Hitchcock, he made up for it with unabashed flamboyance and tenacity. The high point of his career came in 1968, when he produced the landmark *Rosemary's Baby* (though it's believed Paramount insisted upon Roman Polanski—not Castle—to direct). That movie will cap off a two-week Castle retrospective at Film Forum, beginning August 11.

Photograph courtesy of the Film Forum

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

"Cue" cover photograph by Photofest.

it. This is an extremely powerful work set in 1936 at the beginning of the Great Terror. Somewhere outside Moscow, in the country near the wheat fields, Colonel Kotov (Mikhalkov), a bristling revolutionary patriot, lives with his young wife, Maroussia (Ingeborga Dapkounaite) in her dacha, where a Chekhovian house party with elderly relatives, friends, and hangers-on appears to be in full swing. Maroussia's old lover, mysteriously away for ten years, enters with a flourish of laughter and music. He's a member of the secret police, and exactly what he is doing there is the first mystery; the greater mystery is why he is doing it. In Russian. (Denby; 5/1/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Bushwhacked—A hapless delivery man is set up for murder and is forced to go into hiding as the leader of a Ranger Scout Troop. Starring Daniel Stern. Directed by Greg Beeman. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th Street; Chelsea; Movieplex 42; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum.*

★**Clueless**—Amy Heckerling's terrific comedy is a worthy successor to her *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* (1982). Here, she affectionately joshes the fab life of a Rodeo Drive princess, creating a look, a code of manners, and a hilarious jargon that enclose Cher (Alicia Silverstone) and her friends in their own boutique of pastel-pink self-consciousness. Silverstone is funny and entirely likable. The surprise of her character—which is based, amazingly, on Jane Austen's *Emma*—is that she's more interested in looking great and being nice to other people than she is in her own happiness. A comedy of goodness. (Denby; 8/7/95) (97 mins; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum.*

Country Life—Michael Blakemore writes, directs, and stars in this film, "suggested" by Chekov's "Uncle Vanya." Set in Post World War I Australia, Blakemore plays Alexander, a drama critic who returns from cosmopolitan Europe with his beautiful young wife. While he manages to make his unsophisticated frontier family feel suitably inferior, his wife Deborah (Greta Scacci) throws the delicate balance of familial relations in turmoil as she haltingly courts the local doctor (Sam Neill). Blakemore gracefully uses the clash among family members to serve as metaphor for Australia's mangled feelings toward Europe, and the script is, thankfully, without much sentiment. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

★**Crumb**—In Terry Zwigoff's extraordinary documentary, there is shockingly little separation between life and art. R. Crumb, the underground-cartoon artist who devised such "comix" as *Weirdo* and *Zap* complains that he was ignored by girls in high school, and he still exudes the resentment and fears of a cranky, put-upon kid. So does his art, and that's its glory, but it's disconcerting to discover that the successful artist, having transcended nothing, is as devoted to surly, other-annihilating rancor as a teen nerd burrowing in a basement. Crumb shares the same awful childhood with his wrecked older brother, Charles, who lives at home with their mother, and his kid brother, Max, who sits in a San Francisco SRO on a bed of nails, yet Crumb turned the semi-psychotic material of bent adolescence into art, while they were consumed and destroyed. It should turn into the midnight-movie sensation of the decade: Robert Crumb is a remorseless man, and the movie, in a coolly ambiguous way, revels in the grotesque appropriateness of his triumph. (Denby; 5/1/95) (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum.*

Dangerous Minds—Based on the true story of a high- school teacher named LouAnne Johnson, who challenges, and is challenged by, inner-city youth. Compelling enough, but unfortunately the film pounds away at the senses and becomes unashamedly manipulative halfway through. Starring Michelle Pfieffer. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Lincoln Square.*

Double Happiness—A 22-year-old aspiring actress finds herself caught between Chinese tradition and western freedoms when she falls in love with a white college student and, consequently, has second thoughts about going through with her arranged marriage. Directed by Mina Shum. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG-13) *Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse.*

Free Willy 2: The Adventure Home—Yes, Willy was freed in the first movie. But alas, the bungling whale has endangered himself again and his trusty young friend must save Willy. Here's hoping he gets it right this time. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG) *Criterion; Lincoln Square.*

Grosse Fatigue—French comic Michel Blanc (who was so good in *Monsieur Hire*) wrote, directed, and stars as himself in this clever black comedy about being a movie star. In French. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *68th Street Playhouse.*

I Can't Sleep—Claire Denis's film is based on the true story of "The Monster of Montmartre," a transvestite who brutally killed more than twenty elderly Parisian women. In French. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad; Lincoln Plaza.*

The Indian in the Cupboard—The well-regarded children's book is given a faithful, clever adaptation in this movie about a boy who receives a seemingly nondescript cupboard and a plastic Indian for his birthday. When he stores the Indian in it overnight, the boy wakes up to find the toy has sprung to life. Directed by Frank Oz. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Movieland 8th Street; 23rd Street West Triplex; 59th Street East; Embassy 2–4; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

Jeffrey—The film version of Paul Rudnick's award-winning off-Broadway play about a young gay man who decides to become celibate in the age of AIDS. Then he falls in love and finds himself in somewhat of a quandary. With Patrick Stewart, Steven Weber, Sigourney Weaver, Christine Baranski, Nathan Lane, Olympia Dukakis and Nathan Lane. Directed by Christopher Ashley. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

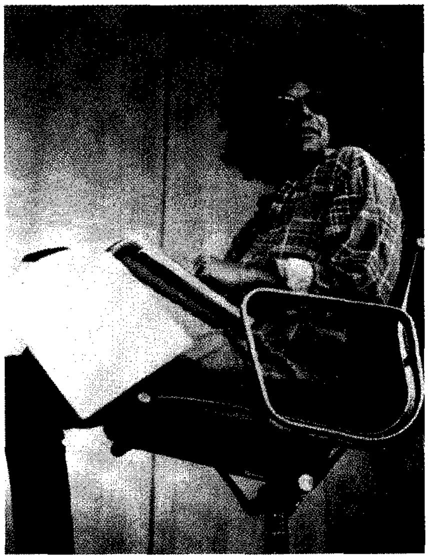
Judge Dredd—Stallone keeps action adventure on the front burner with this adaptation of the comic-book series about a world in decay where the Judges serve as policemen, jury, and executioner all rolled into one. Directed by Danny Cannon. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Embassy 2–4.*

Kids—Telly, the skanky 17-year-old "hero" of *Kids,*

Talent

Heart of Darkness

Before he met Brian Wilson, all Don Was knew of the fading Beach Boy was what he read in the tabloids. "I thought Brian Wilson was the archetypal sixties drug victim controlled by his shrink," he admits. But after Was (an accomplished musician and Grammy-winning record producer) nervously hooked up with Wilson on a buffet line in 1989, his preconceptions were quickly blown apart. Talking about the subject of his first film, *Brian Wilson: I Just Wasn't Made for These Times* (at Film Forum beginning August 16), Was sounds more like a star-struck apprentice than like a peer. "I was playing bass with him at some gig," he recalls, "and I had an epiphany. He did this song called 'Love and Mercy,' and there was this moment where he sealed in on the *truth.* And I thought, *Man,* if people could see *this* side of Brian Wilson, they'd realize what a genius he is." Soon after, Was decided to commit the legend to celluloid. Backed by a small advance from the BBC, he was able to pay for the production himself. His only obstacle: persuading Wilson to go along. "Brian was totally unreceptive," remembers Was. "He didn't want to dredge up the past." Eventually, mindful of his shaky reputation, Wilson acquiesced. The resulting documentary, a year in the making, is a gentle study of a man who has lived much of his life in torment, a musician who never had a lesson yet composed startlingly intricate pop arrangements, a lyricist who wrote "Good Vibrations" yet spent two years in bed battling severe depression. Interspersed with performance footage—old Beach Boys concerts and contemporary studio appearances—are testimonials from such admirers as Linda Rondstadt ("When he sang 'I won't be afraid of a place where I'm safe,' I thought, That's profound emotion") and John Cale of the Velvet Underground ("It was difficult for me not to believe everything he said"). But oddly absent from the film is any real investigation of Wilson's well-publicized demons. Though Wilson does discuss his physically abusive father, barely any mention is made of his longtime therapist—who is no longer involved with his former patient. "I'm a bass player," Was explains. "I only feel competent evaluating music." Ultimately, though, that may be the closest anyone can get to Wilson's core. Asked to explain the dichotomy between the innocence of Wilson's words and the intricacy of his music, Was offers this anecdote: "I asked him about the chords to 'Till I Die,' which is as complex as rock and roll can be; it jumps from chord to chord and is in *no* key. And he said, 'I was looking at the piano and I had my hands in different shapes. I was just making different shapes with my hands.' And that's emblematic of his own weird joint venture between innocence and sophistication."



MAUREEN CALLAHAN

Photograph courtesy of the Film Forum.

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bowls, was $1,800, now $1,440; framed gold-thread-embroidered silk banner of Chinese goddess, was $4,500, now $3,600. *Caravan Antiques, Chelsea Antiques Building, 110 W. 25th St., Suite 602 (206-0919); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Sat.–Wed. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. and Fri. by appointment; through 8/12–20.*

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sleeps with a frightened but willing young girl and then runs down the steps of the girl's brownstone to share the news with his best friend, Casper, who is waiting for him on the front stoop. Telly is coarse and mean, and he lives only to get laid. Yet he's at the center of *Kids*, the first film to be directed by Larry Clark, the self-mythicized "outlaw" whose book of photographs, *Teenage Lust*, feasts on teenagers thickheaded and dreamy with sex. As Telly discourses nonstop on the pleasures of deflowering 14-year-olds, he and Casper skateboard around the East Side, steal, smoke dope, and finish the day at an all-night party. While all this is going on, one of Telly's past victims, now HIV-positive, forlornly tries to find her lover. *Kids* is fascinating but stunted. By taking us low, Clark gives the appearance of presenting New York adolescence without hypocrisy or cant. Yet it seems like he is offering not a faithful portrait of teenagers but an exposure of his own erotomania. If the characters drift meaninglessly and unconsciously toward death, that may be because they don't, outside of their creator's erotic dreams, have much hold on life. Horribly, death completes the fantasy and makes it perfect. (Denby; 6/31/95) (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Lie Down With Dogs—A young man comes of age and into an acceptance of his sexuality. Starring Wally White, who also writes and directs. (1 hr 25 mins; R) *Village East.*

Little Odessa—Writer-director James Gray makes his debut with this thoughtful, low-key look at Joshua, a hit man (Tim Roth) who reluctantly returns to the Russian-émigré milieu of his childhood, Brighton Beach. His little brother, played by Edward Furlong, worships Joshua—despite his career choice—but his aging father (Maximilian Schell) won't speak to him. Vanessa Redgrave, as the ailing mother, delivers another oddly affecting performance that's quite different from her turn in *Howards End* but just as memorable. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Plaza.*

A Little Princess—This is a charming new version of the Shirley Temple chestnut about Sara (Liesel Matthews), a little girl sent from magical India to the drab Miss Minchin's School for Girls when her father goes off to fight in World War I. Even better than last year's *The Secret Garden*, this movie—like all good family films—offers hard truths and painful moments, not treacly banality. Directed marvelously by Alfonso Cuaron, it's especially good in the scary fantastical sequences illustrating a fairy tale Sara tells her friends throughout the movie. Based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (1 hr. 36 mins.; G) *Lincoln Square.*

★**Living in Oblivion**—In the funniest sequence of this independent film about the making of an independent film, an actress playing a big scene with her "mother," goes through take after take of the same emotions, each take destroyed by some tiny error of the crew's. Watching this, we may become so impressed by the disillusioning of the film medium that we forget that director Tom DiCillio is creating a new illusion right before our eyes. Among the movie's satirical pleasures is the appearance of James LeGros doing a sensational send-up of Brad Pitt, and the performance of Peter Dinklage as a huffy dwarf ("Do *you* dream of dwarves? Even *I* don't dream of dwarves"). With Dermot Mulroney and Catherine Keener. (Denby; 6/31/91) (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Midnight Dancers—A story of three brothers who work as dancers and prostitutes in the gay underworld of Manila. Replete with gangs, pimps, bad cops and wronged lovers. Directed by Mel Chiolongo. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Net—Sandra Bullock stars as Angela Bennett, an expert computer analyst who stumbles upon a massive conspiracy and winds up running for her life while simultaneously trying to prove her identity. The film ostensibly tackles modern man's alienation in an increasingly technological society and the issue of eroding privacy in an age of electronically encoded personal information. But mostly, these and other concerns provide the impetus for many a chase sequence. (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

Nine Months—A romantic comedy about a man whose perfectly balanced life is thrown into whack by a pregnancy. Directed by Chris Columbus. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; 86th Street; 62nd and Broadway.*

Operation Dumbo Drop—Based on an actual event, this is the story of five Green Berets who agreed to transport an elephant through 200 miles of war-torn Vietnam to show their appreciation to a small village which welcomed American presence. When all sea and land attempts at transport fail, they decide to drop the elephant from an airplane. Brought to you by Disney. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Embassy 1; Sutton; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Nova; Plaza .*

Pocahontas—The story is Disney's most sophisticated yet, including a realistic (read "sad") ending. A lot of bold chances were taken here and they all pay off—this is the most satisfying offering since *Beauty and the Beast.* (1 hr. 27 mins.; G) *Village East; Guild 50th Street; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

The Postman—See David Denby, p. 43. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Safe—Writer-director Todd Haynes's follow-up to his ambitious but uneven *Poison* is a solid, low-key drama about a woman (Julianne Moore) suffering from an unexplained illness that her doctor attributes to "nerves." But her attacks grow worse and worse, leading her to seek out help anywhere she can—specifically a fringe group that tells her she suffers from "environmental illness." Haynes quietly shows his skepticism for the group's methods without belittling the needs of the people who seek it out—clearly a parallel to the AIDS crisis and the many snake oil approaches to fighting it that have sprung up. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Village East; Angelika 57.*

★**Smoke**— The gentleness of this movie is nearly revolutionary in American film at the moment. Directed by Wayne Wang and largely set in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn (writer Paul Auster's home turf), it's a celebration of gratuitous acts of kindness. Auggie (Harvey Keitel), who runs a cigar store, has a peculiar hobby: He takes pictures from the same street corner at precisely 8 a.m. every day. He shows the thousands of pictures to his friend Paul (William Hurt), a sad-sack novelist who hasn't written much since his wife died. Lost in thought, Paul wanders into the street and almost gets run over, but he's saved by a black teenager who calls himself Rashid. Paul takes the boy in, and the two begin an unstable friendship. The garrulous fluency of Auster's writing, combined with the simplicity of Wayne Wang's direction, makes for an enchanting urban-picaresque movie. With Forrest Whitaker and Stockard Channing. (Denby; 6/19/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Sutton; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Something to Talk About—See David Denby, p. 42. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Species—A sci-fi-horror movie with moments of amusement. When the replicant wants to mate, it takes the form of a tall blonde beauty (model Natasha Henstridge) and heads for Los Angeles, where its habit of suddenly removing its clothes does not strike the predatory local males as anything unusual. Species is sort of sleazy-sexy: Everyone in it is ready to rock. If you walk out before the long chase in the sewer at the end, you might have a fairly good time. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; 59th Street East; Embassy 2–4; Movieplex 42; UA East; 84th Street Six.*

Under Siege 2: Dark Territory— Steven Seagal. Action. That's it. (2 hrs. ; R) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Unzipped—An amusing and intriguing documentary that chronicles the genesis and evolution of fashion designer Isaac Mizrahi's Fall '94 Collection. While he never truly reveals himself, we do get a sense of the artist as he mouths of nonstop—and often hilariously—on subjects ranging from what fashion is to the torment of his own varied neuroses. Mostly shot in black and white, the film bursts into color at the end, when his collection is finally unveiled. And it is then when one truly appreciates Mizrahi's talent—for as frothy and frivolous as the fashion world may seem, his work is stunning. The models who parade his clothes down the runway become mere hangers. Winner of the Audience Award for Documentaries at Sundance. Directed by Douglas Keeve. (1 hr. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Lincoln Square.*

Virtuosity—It's Los Angeles, 1999. The government has developed a virtual-reality criminal named Sid, who is used in the training of rookie cops. Sid is a composite of the psychological profiles of the most vicious criminals in recent history. As such, he is smart enough to escape from his computer-generated existence into the real world. And when Sid inevitably does, it's up to a tortured ex-cop (Denzel Washington) to try and stop him. Directed by Brett Leonard. (1 hr. 15 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Waterworld—Not a catastrophe, but grim and montonous. We're in the dreadful future, when the melting of polar ice caps has covered the surface of the Earth with wet stuff. A few survivors, taunted by fantasies of dry land, hang on to the remnants of the earlier civilization, including Mariner (Kevin Costner), a sort of human amphibian. The people are mostly cracked, or at least cruel, and there are raunchy pirates led by Dennis Hopper. *Waterworld* has a certain rancid consistency to it, but I wouldn't describe it as fun. Director Kevin Reynolds offers adventure without the romance of adventure: there's only so much you can do on water without beautiful ships or intricate relations of power and love. (Denby; 8/7/94) (2 hrs. 14 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Movieplex 42; National Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Plaza .*

Wild Reeds—A well-done French drama about a teenager in boarding school who finds himself drawn both to a charming peasant boy and a militant right-winger Henri, who is worked up about the Algerian War. Unfortunately, both of them are attracted to the boy's beautiful best friend. Cowritten and directed by André Téchiné, the film played at last year's New York Film Festival. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Incredibly True Adventures; An Awfully Big Adventure; Kids; Living in Oblivion; Smoke.* Opening 8/9: *The Brothers McMullen.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Nine Months.* Opening 8/4: *Babe.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Midnight Dancers.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Art for Teachers of Children; Crumb.*(See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Movieland 8th Street—42 E.8th St. (477-6600) *Braveheart; Bushwhacked; The Indian in the Cupboard; Pulp Fiction.*

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Double Happiness; Jeffrey; Wild Reeds.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Country Life; Lie Down With Dogs; Operation Dumbo Drop; Pocahontas; The Postman; Safe; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.* Opening 8/11: *Dangerous Minds.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Something to Talk About; Species; The Net; Unzipped; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Apollo 13; Clueless.* Opening 8/11: *A Walk in the Clouds.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Belle de Jour; Clueless; Kids; Operation Dumbo Drop; Something to Talk About.* Opening 8/11: *Dangerous Minds.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *The Bridges of Madison County; The Indian in the Cupboard; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Waterworld.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Apollo 13; Clueless; Virtuosity.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Apollo 13; Babe; Bushwhacked; Nine Months; Species; The Net; Virtuosity; Waterworld.* Opening 8/11: *A Walk in the Clouds.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Babe; Nine Months; Something to Talk About; The Net.* Opening 8/11: *Dangerous Minds.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *The Indian in the Cupboard; Species.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Safe.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Virtuosity.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Waterworld.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Burnt by the Sun; Jeffrey.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *The Incredibly True Adventures.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Country Life; Jeffrey.* Opening 8/11: *Dangerous Minds.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Free Willy 2; Babe; Batman Forever; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Nine Months; Something to Talk About; The Net; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.* Opening 8/11: *A Walk in the Clouds.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Nine Months.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Double Happiness.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Operation Dumbo Drop.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Clueless; The Indian in the Cupboard; Judge Dredd; Species.* Opening 8/11: *Dangerous Minds.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Pocahontas.* Opening 8/11: *A Kid in King Arthur's Court.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Virtuosity.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Bushwhacked; Species; The Net; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Bushwhacked; Waterworld.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Belle de Jour.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Little Odessa.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Operation Dumbo Drop; Smoke.* Opening 8/11: *A Kid in King Arthur's Court.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Don Juan DeMarco; Forget Paris; French Kiss; Muriel's Wedding; Priest; Rob Roy.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Apollo 13.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Grosse Fatigue.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Apollo 13; Nine Months.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Babe; Operation Dumbo Drop.* Opening 8/11: *A Kid in King Arthur's Court.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *First Knight.* Opening 8/11: *A Walk in the Clouds.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Apollo 13; Babe; Bushwhacked; Clueless; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Batman Forever; The Net.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Something to Talk About.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Bushwhacked; Clueless; Dangerous Minds; Something to Talk About; The Net; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *The Bridges of Madison County.*

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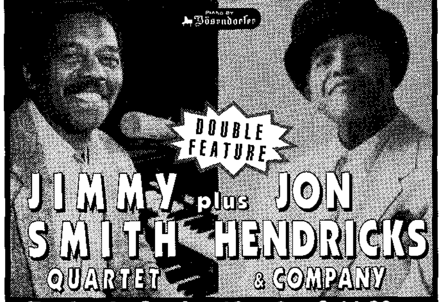

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UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Indian in the Cupboard; Species.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Nine Months.*
84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Virtuosity; Waterworld.* Opening 8/11: *Dangerous Minds.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Kids; Living in Oblivion; The Postman; Smoke; The Middleman.*
Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Free Willy 2; Babe; Bushwhacked; Clueless; The Indian in the Cupboard; A Little Princess; Operation Dumbo Drop; Pocahontas; Something to Talk About; The Brothers McMullen; The Net; Unzipped.* Opening 8/11: *Dangerous Minds.*
Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Clueless; Babe.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Babe; Bushwhacked; Clueless; Virtuosity.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Operation Dumbo Drop.*
Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Pocahontas; The Net.* Opening 8/11: *A Kid in King Arthur's Court.*
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Apollo 13.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Free Willy 2; Babe; Bushwhacked; Clueless; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months; Operation Dumbo Drop; Pocahontas; Something to Talk About; Species; The Net; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Free Willy 2; Babe; Bushwhacked; Clueless; Nine Months; Operation Dumbo Drop; Species; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*
Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Babe; Bushwhacked; The Net; Waterworld.*
Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Nine Months; Something to Talk About.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Free Willy 2; Apollo 13; Babe; Bushwhacked; Clueless; Nine Months; Operation Dumbo Drop; Species; The Net; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Apollo 13; Babe; Clueless; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months; Pocahontas; The Net; Waterworld.*
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Apollo 13; Virtuosity.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Nine Months; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Clueless; Kids; Smoke; Something to Talk About; The Net.*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Free Willy 2; Bushwhacked; Operation Dumbo Drop; Something to Talk About; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Virtuosity.*
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Babe; Bushwhacked; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Bushwhacked; The Net; Virtuosity.*
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Operation Dumbo Drop; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*
Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Free Willy 2; Apollo 13; Babe; Bushwhacked; Nine Months; The Net.*

Festival

Not Just Chop-socky

Most of them are made on the cheap and on the fly; they're poorly dubbed, ineptly subtitled, and as we all know by now, freakishly popular. Hong Kong cinema has always had an insanely devoted cult following, as anyone who has attended one of Cinema Village's two previous HK film festivals can attest. But this year's program promises to be the one that separates the true epicures from the yahoos who turn out for the flying fists and the rat-a-tat rhythms of gunfire and rapidly spoken Cantonese. Peter Chow, head of Pacific Films and organizer of each year's fest, has made a concerted effort to strike more of a balance between the expected kung fu action comedies and other, more serious efforts. This year's festival has a somewhat somber theme: "On To '97 and Beyond," a reference to the year when Hong Kong will revert to Chinese rule. "The films don't explicitly address the China issue," says Chow. "But in most of them, the characters are helpless—many of them are looking for a savior. There's a sense of immediacy and a lack of control over the future. The pace of these films is faster; it's almost like the end of a party." He laughs. "Last call!"

MAUREEN CALLAHAN

Film	Plot
Return of the God of Gamblers (1994)	**Chow Yun-fat (star of John Woo classics *The Killer, Hard-Boiled* and *A Better Tomorrow*) is the god who is forced to battle a charlatan before he can gain control of a multi-billion-dollar fund. Oh, and he also must restore peace to the world. (Action-comedy.)**
The New Legend of Shaolin (1994)	**Stars martial-arts master Jet Li as a militia leader who returns home to find his family brutally massacred. Comic subplot involving a mother-daughter team who fake the mother's death and then try to raise money for her "burial." (Action-comedy.)**
C'est La Vie, Mon Cheri (1993)	**This won Best Picture, Best Director, and Best Actress at the 1994 Hong Kong Film Awards. A tale of doomed lovers. As the program warns, "*A House on the Prairie* it is not." (Drama.)**
Once Upon a Time in China (V) (1994)	**Probably the last in the series about Wong Fei-hung, a folk hero in South China at the turn of the century whose legend endures to this day. Beautifully shot and photographed. (Action-comedy.)**
The Bride With White Hair (II) (1994)	**A young woman who falls in love with an upright, uptight martial-arts hero. He falls in love with her, too, and they subsequently make each other miserable. (Supernatural romance.)**
Twenty Something (1994)	**Unapologetically bills itself as the HK version of *Reality Bites,* except there's way more sex. A bunch of lost souls who drink a lot and sleep with each other. (Comedy-drama.)**
Fist of Legend (1994)	**Jet Li stars in this remake of *Fists of Fury,* the film that made Bruce Lee an international movie star. This version, however, goes much lighter on the Japanese-bashing. (Action.)**
He's a Woman, She's a Man (1994)	**A young woman disguises herself as a man to get closer to her idol (a female pop singer), but confusion ensues when she falls for the singer's producer, who's a man. (Romantic comedy.)**
City on Fire (1987)	**The oldest film playing at the festival, Chow added it because "I finally got a good print, and everyone wanted to see it." Roundly praised as one of the best HK films ever. (Action.)**
Executioners (1994)	**Sequel to *The Heroic Trio* about three superheroes—all women—who battle the depraved Black Warrior in a post-apocalyptic society. (Action.)**
Butterfly Lovers (1994)	**Retelling of a legendary Chinese tale about two young people who are forced apart by their families. Directed by Tsui Hark, who also did *Once Upon A Time in China (V).* (Romance.)**

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Nine Months; Something to Talk About; The Net; Waterworld.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Operation Dumbo Drop; Species; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Nine Months; Waterworld.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Babe; Bushwhacked; Operation Dumbo Drop; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Bushwhacked; Clueless; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months; Something to Talk About; Species; The Net; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Virtuosity.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Babe; Bushwhacked; Clueless; The Net; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Waterworld.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Free Willy 2; Babe; Batman Forever; Pocahontas; Something to Talk About; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Free Willy 2; Operation Dumbo Drop; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Free Willy 2; Bushwhacked; Species; The Net; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Waterworld.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Operation Dumbo Drop; Virtuosity.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Free Willy 2; Apollo 13; Babe; Species.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *The Indian in the Cupboard; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Free Willy 2; Apollo 13; Babe; Bushwhacked; Clueless; Nine Months; Pocahontas; Species; The Net.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Clueless; The Indian in the Cupboard; Operation Dumbo Drop; Pocahontas; Virtuosity.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Batman Forever; First Knight; Nine Months.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Apollo 13; Babe; Clueless; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months; Pocahontas; Virtuosity.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Bushwhacked; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Virtuosity.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Free Willy 2; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Bushwhacked; Nine Months; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Bushwhacked; Something to Talk About; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Waterworld.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Apollo 13; Clueless; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months; Something to Talk About; The Net; Virtuosity.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Nine Months.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Operation Dumbo Drop; Waterworld.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Babe; Bushwhacked; Clueless; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Virtuosity.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Virtuosity; Operation Dumbo Drop.*

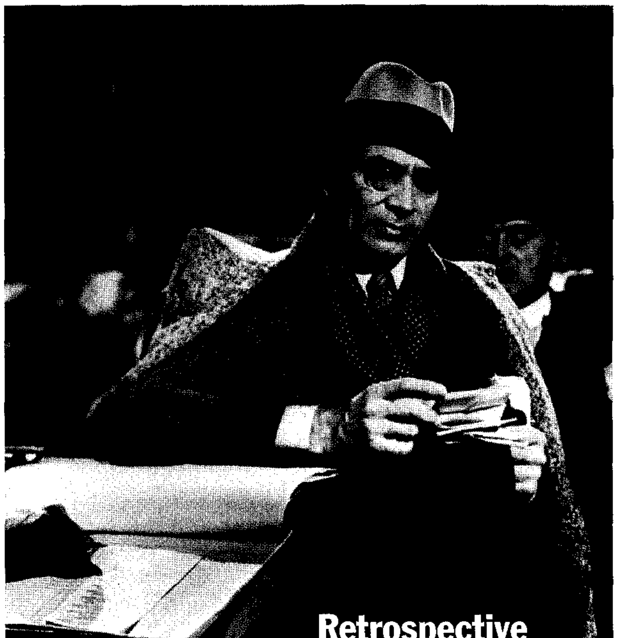
The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Apollo 13; Nine Months; The Net; Waterworld.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *The Net.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Free Willy 2; A Kid in King Arthur's Court; Apollo 13; Bushwhacked; Operation Dumbo Drop; Something to Talk About; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Waterworld.*



Retrospective

The Spying Game

Not merely a celebration of moles and double agents, the Walter Reade Theater's festival of cinematic espionage also offers up an August 15 panel discussion featuring a real (albeit retired) CIA operative and other experts on covert activities. See 'Museums, Societies, Etc.' for more info.

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Free Willy 2; Apollo 13; Nine Months; Something to Talk About; Species.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Apollo 13; Clueless; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months; Operation Dumbo Drop; Something to Talk About; The Net; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—Two new IMAX films: *Destiny in Space, Titanica.* Shown daily, with both offered as a double feature on Friday and Saturday nights. Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5650); $10 singly; $13 double feature.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 9/1: "The Three Stooges." 8/9–8/11: *Women Haters* (1934), *An Ache in Every Stake* (1941), and *Dutiful but Dumb* (1941). 8/15:-8/18: *False Alarms* (1936), *Crash Goes the Hash* (1944) and *Healthy, Wealthy and Dumb* (1938). Through 9/3: "Robert Mitchum." 8/12: *Crossfire* (1947) and *The Big Steal* (1949). 8/13:Otto Preminger's *Angel Face* (1952) and *Blood on the Moon* (1948). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—*Roy Cohn/Jack Smith* (1995). 8/11:Jean-Luc Godard's *Made in USA* (1966) and *Breathless* (1959). 8/12: Sergei Eisenstein's *Old and New* (1929); Yasujiro Ozu's *Umarete Wa Mita Keredo (I Was Born But . . .)" (1932); Robert Nelson's* The Great Blondino *(1967) followed by his* Bleu Shut *(1970). 8/13: Essential Cinema:* Four Films by Sidney Peterson *(1946-49) and Jean Renoir's masterpiece* La Regle du Jeu (The Rules of the Game) *(1939). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.*

Film Forum—Through 8/10: "Blaxploitation, Baby!" 8/8: *Slaughter (*1972) and *Hammer* (1972). 8/9 and 8/10: *Black Mama, White Mama* (1973) and *Sheba, Baby* (1975). 8/11-8/24: "William Castle: The Low-Rent Hitchcock," a celebration of the man who churned out over 40 low-budget chillers in the forties and fifties. 8/11-8/14: Vincent Price stars in *House on Haunted Hill* (1959) in bone-chilling Emergo!, a process "more startling than 3-D." 8/15: *Macabre* (1958) and *13 Ghosts,* shown in "blood curdling Illusion-O!. 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 8/10, French Comedies. 8/7: *That Man From Rio* (1964) and *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* (1972). 8/8: *La Vie de Chateau/A Matter of Resistance* (1965) and *Male Hunt* (1964). 8/9: *Celine and Julie Go Boating* (1974). 8/10: *A Night in Versailles* (1992) with *Mix-Up* (1986). Through 9/7: Spies, Moles & Double Agents. 8/11 and 8/12: *Ministry of Fear* (1944) and *Fly By Night* (1942). 88/13 and 8/15: *Dark Journey* (1937) and *Stamboul Quest* (1934), with a panel discussion on 8/15 at 6 PM: *Spies in Fact and on Film.* 8/12 and 8/13: "Movies for Kids." Both days: Cecil B. deMille's *The Greatest Show on Earth* (1952). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—8/8: *L'Etoile du nord* (1982). 8/15: *Le Crabe tambour* (1977). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

Joseph Papp Public Theater—Through 8/18: Kelly Reichardt's independent film *River of Grass* (1994), about a Florida housewife who becomes an outlaw. 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171); $7.

Le Madri's "Film al Fresco"—Through 8/20: "Film al Fresco," a series of outdoor screenings, with live music and menu from Le Madri keyed to the film. This summer's movies revolve around the unbridled joy of eating. 8/13: *The Story of Boys and Girls* (1991). 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022); $8 gains admission to movie and live music with no minimum on food or drink required.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 10/3: "Screen Plays: From Broadway to Hollywood, 1920–1966." 8/7: *The Emperor Jones* (1933). 8/7 and 8/12: *The Guardsman* (1931). 8/8: *Waterloo Bridge* (1940) and *The Miracle Worker* (1962). 8/10: *Summer and Smoke* (1961) and *Out of the Fog: Group Theatre Screen Tests.* 8/10 and 8/13: *Ladies in Retirement* (1941). 8/11: *The Big Knife* (1955). 8/11 and 8/14: *A Kiss for Cinderella* (1926). 8/11 and 8/15: *Peter Pan* (1924). 8/12 and 8/14:*Reunion in Vienna* (1933). 8/12 and 8/15: *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* (1929). 8/13 and 8/14: *What Every Woman Knows* (1934). 8/13 and 8/15: *The Trial of Mary Dugan* (1929). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"The World of Hanna-Barbera." Through 8/13: Screenings of *Cattanooga Cats.* 8/15-8/27: *Yogi Bear* and *The Perils of Penelope Pitstop.* 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $6.

Whitney Museum of American Art—Through 8/13: "Edward Hopper and the American Cinema." Part of a museum-wide look at Hopper's wide-ranging influence on movies, painting, photography and other disciplines. 8/10-8/13: King Vidor's *The Crowd* (1928). 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); $7.

Photograph by Photofest.

theater

Brel...Shakespeare...Valerie Harper

Broadway

Now Playing

Arcadia—Tom Stoppard's Olivier Award–winning comedy of ideas, in which two contemporary scholars muse on the nature of time and truth while investigating a centuries-old scandal in an aristocratic household. With Blair Brown, Victor Garber, and Robert Sean Leonard; directed by Trevor Nunn. $37.50–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/27. *Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

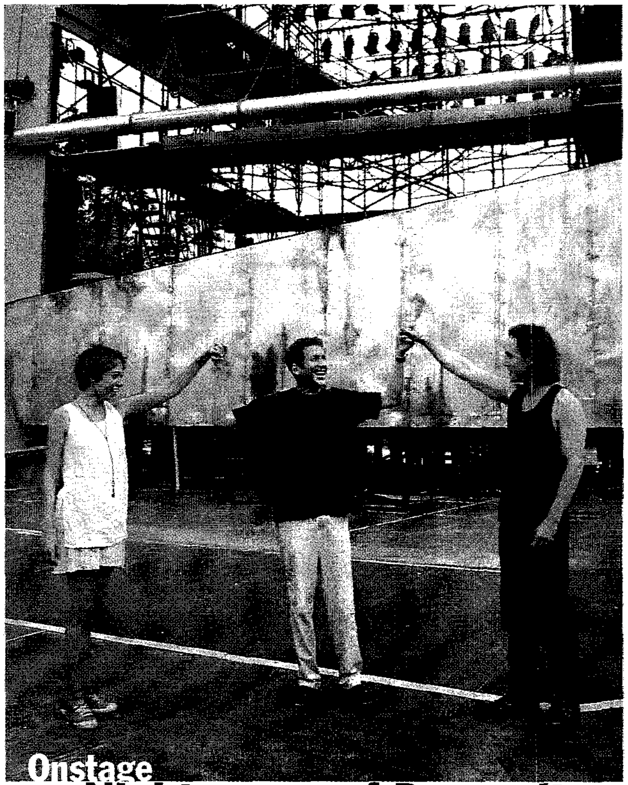
Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy*, about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.



Onstage

Nightmares of Depravity

Neal Huff and Elizabeth Marvel, as the title characters, and Stephen Spinella (*Angels in America*), as Pandarus, star in the New York Shakespeare Festival's production of Troilus and Cressida, Shakespeare's startlingly modern vision of war—in this case, meaningless slaughter driven less by noble ideals than by petty sexual jealousy. The free show plays at the Delacorte Theater in Central Park through September 3; if you're planning to attend, be informed (but don't tell Bob Dole) that the staging incorporates graphic representations of simulated sexual intercourse.

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With teen heartthrob Jon Secada as bad boy Danny Zuko. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theater, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the Delaney sisters, who, at 100 years of age and counting, have Seen It All. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square*, in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy Domville*—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Cherry Jones (winner of both the Drama League's Distinguished Performance Award and the 1995 Tony for Best Actress in a Play for her work in the title role), Donald Moffat, Frances Sternhagen, and Michael Cumpsty; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Indiscretions—Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles*, a bittersweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, is the fifth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65.00. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama (winner of the 1995 Tony Award for Best Play) about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Mario Cantone, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, T. Scott Cunningham, Randy Becker, Richard Bekins, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Hytner. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Play's the Thing—Life, as every theatergoer knows, is a play—at least, that is, if you live in a castle on the Italian Riviera, the setting for the Hungarian playwright Ferenc Molnar's lighthearted 1926 comedy about a dramatist who contrives a theatrical performance to reconcile two estranged lovers. Translated by The Master, P. G. Wodehouse. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 8/18. *Roundabout Theatre, 1530 Broadway (869-8400). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. Unlike previous Normas, she abounds in childlikeness, girlishness, womanliness, and age-old humanity—the whole spectrum. Whereas other Normas made me laugh and shudder, this one also made me smile and cry. Moreover, she brings attractiveness and sexiness to the role. (At last Joe Gillis has a believable and disturbing dilemma; to be this Norma's kept man could give gigoloism a good name.) Most important of all, she can sing. Every note is in place, and you can hear the pianissimos as well as the fortes. And it is not only musical singing, it is also musical acting. She knows how to characterize with her singing voice, how to make an emotion *cantabile*. It moves you as much as her acting in a seamlessly compelling musical-comedy performance. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest. (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver (*Pterodactyls, Raised in Captivity*) is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. (Aristotle thought this was impossible; shows you how much *he* knew.) His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Opens 8/24. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Time and the Wind—A musical revue about contemporary New York romances by Galt MacDermot, the composer who brought sixties counterculture—or a reasonable facsimile thereof—to Broadway in 1968 with *Hair.* $20 in previews, $25 thereafter. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 5 and 8:30. Opens 8/9. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-4324).*

Opening

Alive and Well And Updated

It's a safe bet that most people on this side of the Atlantic familiar with the late Belgian songwriter-performer Jacques Brel came to know him through the 1968 revue *Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris.* This week, a freshly conceived compilation of Brel's work called *Brel: L'Escapade de Music*—including twelve songs not included in the earlier show—opens at the Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 West 42nd Street (769-7973).

Photograph by John Purick.

Troilus and Cressida—Before 1898, no historical record exists of a performance of Shakespeare's take on the Trojan War of Homeric myth—explainable, maybe, by the difficulties earlier generations had in conceiving of war as an apparently meaningless and savage hodgepodge of ironic discontinuity, petty motives, and pointless waste. As those of us around today might say, is there a *problem* here? Before the mid-twentieth century, scholars labored mightily to read the play in the conventional terms of battlefield valor (virtuous-but-doomed Trojans tragically overpowered by nasty Greeks); contemporary audiences are more likely to experience it as a forerunner of the work of—say—David Rabe. This summer's second Shakespeare in Central Park production is directed by Mark Wing-Davey, with Neal Huff and Elizabeth Marvel in the title roles. Tues.–Sun. at 8:15 at the *Delacorte Theater, Central Park;* closest park entrances are at 81st St. and Central Park West and 79th St. and Fifth Ave. Tickets are distributed at the theater from 1 on, and at the *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St.,* from 1 to 3, on the day of performance only. Opens 8/17 ; through *9/3.* For further information, call *598-7100.*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club earlier this year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories has reopened a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 5., Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $30–$40. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 5, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Bonhoeffer 1945—Executed by the Nazis in 1945 for his role in a plot to assassinate Hitler, German writer and theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer became known after the war as the prototype of the modern Christian martyr. D. Paul Thomas and Nicholas Hormann reenact his ordeal in Mr. Thomas's new play. $25–$27.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *McGinn/Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. above the Promenade (279-4200).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7; after 8/20, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

The Donahue Sisters—It's a combination of Chekhov and Strindberg in the west of Ireland as three sisters—genteel Rosie, cynical Dunya, and domestic-minded Annie—reunite at the family homestead and long-burning resentments begin to emerge. Geraldine Aron's play features Alma Cuervo, Terry Donnelly, and Carolyn McCormick; directed by Nye Heron. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

Ecstasy—The director Mike Leigh, whose international reputation is based on films (*Naked, Life Is Sweet*) about English working-class families and lost souls looking for a little cheerfulness in tough times, is equally well known at home as the writer of stage plays mining a similar sociopolitical vein. In the New Group's production of this 1979 script, a young woman fends off loneliness and an abusive boyfriend, less depressingly than you might expect. $25. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8:30. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8;

Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838)*

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf—In 1975, Ntozake Shange jolted African-American drama out of a tendency toward ponderousness with this jazz-flavored medley of poetry and prose about growing up black and female in mid-century America. Now the show is having its twentieth-anniversary production, directed by the playwright. $15. Wed..–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 4 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/13. *Harry DeJur Playhouse at Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (279-4200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

john & jen—A musical family story by Tom Greenwald and Andrew Lippa. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Little Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

London Suite—If It Isn't Broken Don't Fix It Dept.: Neil Simon, author of *Plaza Suite* and *California Suite,* has crossed the Atlantic for the locus of this latest four-vignette *comédie sentimentale,* on view at the Off Broadway Union Square Theatre. (Meanwhile, up on West 52nd Street, the big Neil Simon Theater is dark.) Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Lust—You think New York City is sexually licentious? Maybe so, but it doesn't even come close to Restoration London. An English four-brother team known collectively as the Heathers (Neil, Lea, John, and Charles) has had the bright idea—not a bad one, at that—of adapting William Wycherley's 1673 play *The Country Wife,* the classic farce about rakes and miladys at erotic play, into a musical comedy. Denis Lawson stars as the Byronic (and appropriately named) Horner, who's mad, bad, and dangerous to know. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

One Woman Shoe—After playing five sold-out weeks in January and February, this comedy by the brother-and-sister team of David and Amy Sedaris in which six women from various points on the social scale express their personal *tsuris* through song, dance, and monologue has returned for an open-ended run. $15/TDF. Mon. at 8, Thurs. at 8, Fri.–Sat. at 10. *The Club at La MaMa, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me—Fourteen vignettes from contemporary gay culture, written by Dan Butler, best known these days as the aggressively hetero Bulldog on NBC's *Frasier.* Mr. Butler usually performs them as well; he's currently being spelled by the Olympic medalist and author Greg Louganis. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So., at Christopher St. (307-4100).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Pets—"I think I could turn and live with animals," wrote Walt Whitman, "they are so placid and self-contain'd." That, more or less, is the premise of this new musical revue—assembled by Helen Butleroff from the songs of some seventeen lyricists and composers—about the bonds between people and their Significant Nonhuman Others. $35. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (307-4100).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A stage adaptation of ABC's popular Saturday-morning cartoon series, which ran from 1973 to 1985 and introduced the work of composers and lyricists like Bob Dorough, Dave Frishberg, and Lynn Ahrens to the under-12 set. $10–$15 kids, $20–$25 adults. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 2. *Atlantic Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

The Springhill Singing Disaster—Karen Trott's hilarious one-woman show about growing up female and guitar-infatuated. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29–$39.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. With Mariette Hartley, John Cunningham, Derek Smith, and Sarah Jessica Parker as, uh, the dog. Directed by John Tillinger. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 5. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $42.50–$45. Tues. at 7:30, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. Through 8/26. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.;* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Travels With My Aunt—Brian Murray and Larry Linville (among others) play assorted men, women, children, and small domestic animals in a knockabout stage adaptation of Graham Greene's comic novel. $27.50–$45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (307-4100).*

2 Boys in a Bed on a Cold Winter's Night—Two contemporary men look for something more permanent than a passing sexual fling in James Edwin Parker's play about life beyond the oppressive confines of urban gay subculture. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., bet. Perry and 11th St. (279-4200).*

We'll Meet Again—$36. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. To 9/3. *45th Street Theater, 354 W. 45th St. (246-4707).*

Talent
Harper's Bazaar

Valerie Harper, whose wicked comic timing is as sharp as a laser, is finally getting to do the work she was always meant to do. Starting August 15, she takes over for Linda Lavin in Off Broadway's *Death Defying Acts,* speaking the words of Woody Allen and Elaine May. For the fiftysomething Harper—canonized in television history after nine seasons of playing Rhoda Morgenstern on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* and *Rhoda*—*DDA* marks a return both to New York City and to a stage career that ranges from her Broadway debut in the chorus of *Li'l Abner* to a featured spot in Paul Sills's 1970 *Story Theater.* Now she's back with an eight-month commitment, a NoHo apartment, and a 12-year-old daughter who needs to find a private school. "I'm looking into everything, even Catholic schools," says Harper, who, unlike Rhoda, TV's ur–single Jewish girl, is part Irish Catholic. (Rhoda, she says, was based on her Italian stepmother and a close Jewish friend.) Harper was born in Suffern, New York, somewhat unexpectedly. "They were on a drive," Harper recalled over iced apple cider at Cafe Cento Sette, "and I guess my mother was a little early. But she was a nurse and knew what to do." Ever prepared herself, Harper jumped at the chance to be in *DDA* when her agent called. Her sister from *Rhoda,* Julie Kavner, has already appeared in a clutch of Woody Allen films. But when Allen arrived at rehearsal, says Harper, he didn't mention this coincidence. "He appears shy and reclusive, but the minute his finger touched the script, he was funny and dynamic."

ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

Off-Off Broadway

Brel: L'Escapade de Music—$12–$15. 8/15-20, 22-26 at 8, 8/19, 26 at 2. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (769-7973).*

Buddha/Prelude and Liebestod—$15. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 8/13. *INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Caucasian Chalk Circle—$15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/26. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (683-9772).*

Control Top—$12. 8/15, 22, 29 at 8. *Camilla's Theatre Gallery, 44 Walker St., bet. Church and Broadway (925-9456).*

Festival of New York Plays—$12/TDF weekdays, TDF + $5 weekends; $35 unlimited admission. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 9/3. *Synchronicity Space Theatre, 55 Mercer St. (925-5240).*

The Last Magic Show—$12. Wed. at 8 and 10. *Playquest Theater Company, 4 E. 28th St., bet. Fifth and Madison Aves. (779-0170).*

Loving That Man Of Mine—$25. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 8/27. *Riant Theater, 161 Hudson St., 4th Floor (925-8353).*

A Man's World—$10. Wed. at 7:30, Thurs. and Fri. at 8. Through 8/18. *Looking Glass Theatre, 422 W. 57th St. (315-1737).*

Measure for Measure—$10. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/26. *American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (581-3044).*

The Men's Room—$12. Mon., Thur.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/28. *Camilla's Theatre Gallery, 44 Walker St. bet. Church and Broadway (925-9456).*

The Philanderer—$12. Wed.–Sat at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/27. *Renegade Theatre Company, 459 Columbus Ave. (874-7290).*

Rosie the Riveter—8/9-13 at 8. *NADA, 167 Ludlow St., bet. E. Houston and Stanton (420-1466).*

Tom Petty…Pianists…Pogue's Progres

Concerts

Sextasy Ball—It's the dark side of Lollapalooza, where piercing booths and rave tents get the big stage. For your listening pleasure: Belgium's techno kings Lords of Acid, Chicago's My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult (a discofied cross between the Cramps and Sly and the Family Stone), and Perkiomenville, Pennsylvania's own God Lives Underwater. For the visuals, there's works by the leading *enfants terribles* of art and underground comics, including Andres (*Piss Christ*) Serrano, poster artist Frank Kozik, and *Hate* comic creator Peter Bagge—a roster that gained the touring festival outlaw status when authorities confiscated nearly 400 slides in Louisiana. 8/10 at 8 P.M. *Roseland (307-7171). $20.*

Randy Weston and Rodney Kendrick—Two of the more rhythmically dynamic pianists around join up for some keyboard fireworks: hard-bopper Weston, whose musicological voyages to Africa long preceded voguishness, and his young protégé Rodney Kendrick, also one well acquainted with the funk. 8/11 at 7 P.M. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West, Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-855-7882). $3 contribution.*

Lester Bowie and Graham Haynes—Lester Bowie, the mad scientist of the trumpet, has been wearing his lab coat less and less these days. Since moving to Brooklyn, the founder of the Art Ensemble of Chicago has formed his pop-ish Brass Fantasy, jammed with Digable Planets, and launched his new Hip Hop Feelharmonic, debuting here with downtown-minded cornet player Graham Haynes. Although the hip-hop-ish settings don't offer quite the tribal-to-cathedral range of the AEC, Bowie's work with the younger set does have him cutting quite a figure—a goateed and bespectacled statesman of hip, a more intellectual Donald Byrd. 8/12 at 7 P.M. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West, Park Slope (718-855-7882). $3 contribution.*

Al Jarreau—The buoyant jazz singer, a sort of Al Green crossed with Jon Hendricks—only more lo-cal. 8/14 at 7:30 P.M. *Brooklyn's Wingate Park, bet. Brooklyn and Kingston Aves. (718-768-6918). Free.*

H.O.R.D.E. Festival.—The festival features the Black Crowes, Blues Traveler, and Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers, among others—a line-up for youngsters who missed, respectively, the Stones, Van Morrison, and Bob Marley in their primes. Joan Osborne, G. Love and Special Sauce, and Cycomotogoat join the progressive-minded fun. ("Horizons of Rock Developing Everwhere" is the full name.) 8/8 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach (516-221-1000). Sold out.*

Holly Cole—With special guest Ron Sexsmith. 8/16 at 8 P.M. *Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160). $15.*

Bob Weir and Rob Wasserman/The Band—Helping SummerStage raise funds with this rare not-free performance are the Grateful Dead guitarist Bob Weir and the phenomenal bassist Rob Wasserman. Wasserman, collaborator with everyone from Lou Reed to Primus's Les Claypool, is phenomenal—bowing, plucking, and thumping all manner of noise and poetry from his upright electric Clevinger. They're joined by Rat Dog. 8/8 at 6:30. *SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, in Central Park around 72nd St. (360-CPSS). $27.50.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

The Cranberries—With Toad the Wet Sprocket and Willy Porter. 8/12 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach (516-221-1000). Sold out.*

Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers—8/17 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach (516-221-1000). Sold out.*

Allman Brothers Band—With Rusted Root. 8/9 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach (516-221-1000). $35.*

Buckwheat Zydeco—Louisiana dance music comes to Brooklyn. 8/13 at 4:30 P.M. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West, Park Slope (718-855-7882). $3 contribution.*

The Five Satins—8/10 at 1 P.M. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West, Park Slope (718-855-7882). $3 contribution.*

Clubland

Academy—A grand old theater whose big-time rock acts and bruising sound system vie against the 100,000th rendition of "Memory" being sung two blocks away. 8/10: Corrosion of Conformity; Monster Magnet. 8/13: Ex-Nirvana drummer David Grohl evades obscurity with his surprisingly strong new outfit, the Foo Fighters, playing with local-boys-made-odd Shudder to Think. 8/14-8/15: Bjork. 8/16: Eddie Money. *243 W. 43rd St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. *43 Murray, two blocks below Chambers St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—that recently celebrated its twentieth anniversary. Given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 8/1: Tower of Power. 8/10: The Buddy Rich Big Band, with sometime Chick Corea drummer Dave Weckl sitting in for the departed jazz great. 8/11–8/12: Tommy Davidson, with comedian Chris Rock and radio personalities/subway-poster boys Dr. Dre and Ed Lover. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

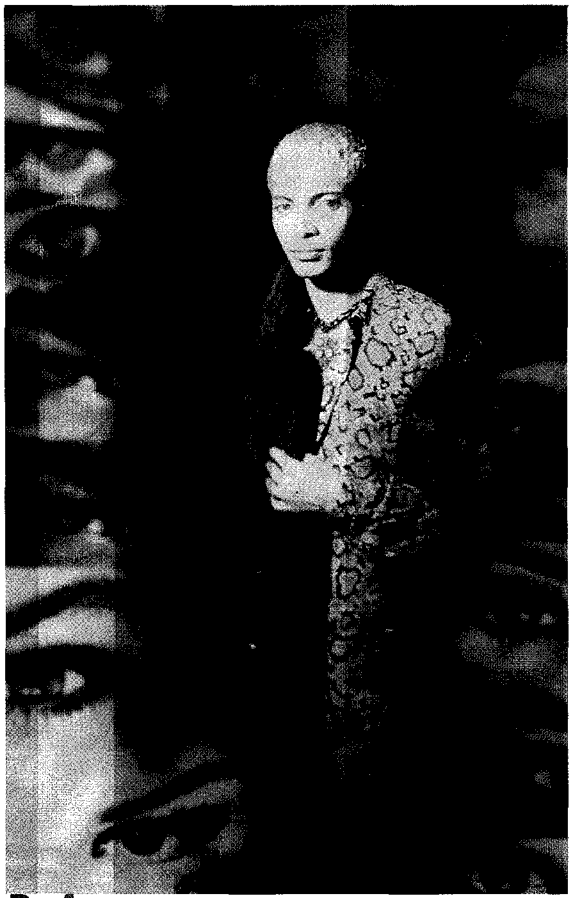
Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, low-rent bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 8/9: Skunk Anasie, a U.K. hardcore band whose tall, black, and bald chanteuse Skin has gained them quite a bit of coverage in British glossies. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. 8/12: The Flying Nuns. 8/15: The Teapot. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A big-budged blueserie with comfortably down-home ambience and even more comfortable couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills aplenty, with seedy outer-borough ambiance and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. 8/9: Wayne Kramer, former guitarist for the beloved Detroit proto-punk band, the MC5, lately rediscovered by the new punk label Epitaph and launched back onto the road. *15 St. Marks Pl. (475-9726).*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 8/9: A benefit for death-row prisoner Mumia Abu-Jamal, with Amiri Amina, Allen Ginsberg, Marc Ri-



Performance

So Much Younger Then

Perhaps Terence Trent D'Arby (Irving Plaza, August 14) hopes the bleach-and-coif will make us forget the dreadlocked young man who crowned himself the next Prince. Luckily, he's since traded in his messiah act for making good records.

Photograph by Randee St. Nicholas.

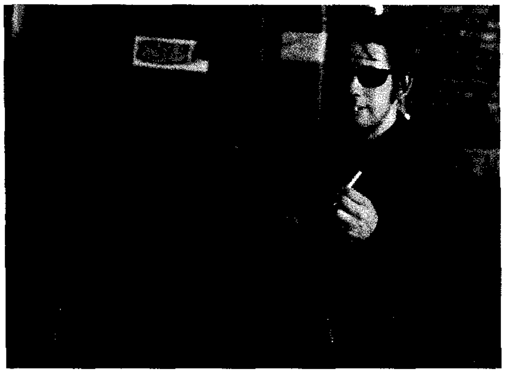
bot, William Parker, and the Screaming Headless Torsos. 8/11: Groove Collective. (Closed 8/13–8/24.) *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 8/8: Boxing Gandhis; Candy Butchers. 8/9: Dorothy Scott. 8/15: Boxing Gandhis; Dorothy Scott. 8/16: The Charlie Hunter Trio. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello ambience. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 8/8–8/9: Robert Cray. 8/10: Earnest, melodic, post-hardcore from the Goo-Goo Dolls and the Smoking Popes. 8/14: Terence Trent D'Arby. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Comeback Shane, Come Back

"Whiskey makes you bored, boring, maudlin, and eventually violent," says Shane MacGowan, over drinks. "*Gin,* though, gin's a great drink. It's very reflective; you can drink it all night." The former singer of the punk/Irish-folk band the Pogues demonstrates his observation as he sits in the rowdy darkness of a London pub, discussing his return to debauched form as leader of the Popes (Tramps, August 10 and 11). One need not see the missing teeth or defiantly hangdog glance to know that MacGowan is a rare breed: a martini man in an age of Evian-chuggers, a survivor whose only twelve steps are from bar to loo. After his spectacular exit from the Pogues—an extended kamikaze dive on a par with any in rock, during which he occasionally became too drunk to perform—MacGowan was, by his own admission, a fairly impressive consumer of intoxicants. Reports of his death may have been exaggerated, but not greatly. Now, though, helming a band with every bit the fire of the early Pogues, MacGowan seems to have gotten away with it. The Popes' excellent debut, *The Snake,* is a ferocious mix of gutter poetry and Celtic melodicism—with a little instrumental work by buddy Johnny Depp thrown in for good measure—and it proves that MacGowan, 37, remains in full possession of his wits, if not a convincing explanation for his robustness. Aside from a judicious switch to gin, MacGowan has changed little in his daily regimen. "Obviously I've got a strong constitution," he shrugs, drawing on a Winston. "Otherwise I'd be dead."



Chris Norris

Photograph by Kevin Knight.

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 8/8: Cecil Taylor's rowdy, free-form big band, Phthongos. 8/13: The Bang on a Can All-Stars. 8/14: David Murray Big Band. 8/15–8/20: Pharoah Sanders Band. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church Sts. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 8/8: The David Keyes Band. 8/10: Guitarist Rick Derringer. 8/15: Harmonica heavy Mason Casey. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 7/25: Chapel Hill's indie-rock standard-bearers Superchunk. 8/11: The Bogmen. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 8/8: Bruce Hancock; Health and Happiness Show. 8/10: 5 Chinese Brothers. 8/12: Martin Zeller. 8/14: The Surfing Brides; the Daisies. 8/16: The New Bomb Turks. *217 E. Houston. (260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky and convincing honky-tonk on the Lower East Side—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, a recent visitor. Most Sundays it's the vaudevillian New Orleans combo the Flying Neutrinos. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 8/14: The Antihootenanny with Lach. 8 P.M. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—Helmed by Michael Franti, Spearhead mixes sultry Southern soul-funk with hip-hop theatrics and a healthy dose of Franti's socially minded speechifying. It's a more workable mode than the industrial-rap attack of Franti's former outfit, Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy, and more likely to fit the party-hearty tropical ambience of the room. They play with the Brooklyn Funk Essentials on 8/9. 8/11: Zaire stars Wenge Musica. 8/12: Katende. 8/14: Hilton Ruiz; Vocal Sampling. 8/15: Alton Ellis; Mad Professor. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 8/12: The elegant young chanteuse Polly Segal tackles Fats Waller, James Taylor, Irving Berlin, Johnny Mercer, and the like. *240 W. 47th St. (496-6583).*

Tramps—8/10–8/11: Shane MacGowan and the Popes. 8/15: When the sprightly guys behind Billy Pilgrim put out their first album, they were begging listeners, "Get me out of here." Now, as their major-label debut *Bloom* shuttles them out of the Atlanta folk-rock scene, Andrew Hyra and Kristian Bush are wondering "what the folks at home think about us now." Such are the vagaries of outgrowing a scene that birthed R.E.M. and Indigo Girls. Ignore the indie-rock neuroses and Elvis references and enjoy the canny blend of Hyra's rasp and Bush's wail. 8/16: The hot new diva of rage, Alanis Morrissette. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 8/14: Another benefit for Mumia Abu-Jamal, this time featuring Fishbone and Mephiskapheles. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. The fine jazz musicians that play nightly rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—The hard-swinging organ hero Jimmy Smith leads a quartet rounded out by hotshot guitarist Mark Whitfield. They play with the Jon Hendricks Explosion, led, of course, by the sultan of scat himself. They play 8/8–8/13. 8/15–8/20: McCoy Tyner Trio plus special guest vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 8/8–8/13: Charles Earland. 8/15–8/20: Claudio Roditi Quintet. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

The Five Spot—Highly rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. 8/10: The Gene Shimasato Group. *4 W. 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. Every Monday, it's Tess Marsalis and the Swing Daddy Big Band. 8/8–8/13: Young star bassist Christian McBride leads his quartet. 8/15–8/20: The Ravi Coltrane Group. Sets Tues.–Sat. at 9:30 and 11 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; Sun. at 8:30 and 10 P.M. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 8/15–8/19: Sir Roland Hanna. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. *11 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 8/8–8/13: Pianist Mulgrew Miller leads a trio. 8/15–8/20: Kevin Mahogany. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 8/8–8/20: The soulful, ethereal jazz treasure Jimmy Scott holds forth. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Monday, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 8/8–8/13: The Cyrus Chesnut Trio. 8/15–8/20: The Wallace

Roney Quintet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. 8/7–8/13: Jeff Ross; Howard Feller; Patrice O'Neal; Keith Robinson. 8/14–8/20: Mitch Fatel; Ian Edwards; Dave Attell; Dane Cook. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show, this posh 300-seat arena features mostly "headliners"—i.e., comedians you've seen on television. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. 8/8: All-Star Comedy showcase. 8/9: "William Kunstler featuring the O. J. Simpson sonnets." 8/10: All-Star Comedy showcase. 8/11–8/13: Richard Jeni with Hal Spear. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 8/7–8/13: Joe Bolster; Greer Barnes; Jim David; Larry Amoros. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 8/8–8/13: Mark Unger; Max Dolcelli; Ben Creed; Rick Scotti; John Rizzo; Quentin Higgs. 8/14–8/20: Mike Robles; Tony Powell; Billy Jaye. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club—A try-harder little club that occasionally lands the big names. 8/12: Andrea Abrams; Vanessa Brown; Patricia Roi. *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-5263).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics." 8/12: Mike King; Dave Attell; Amy Foster. Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. 8/8–8/12: Wanda Sykes-Hall; Mike King; Sam Greenfield; Richard Voss. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Rebar—The audience sits on well-worn couches, and the comedians try things they've never done before. It's hit-and-miss in terms of comedy, but always entertaining. Mondays at 8. *Eighth Ave. at 16th St. (627-1680).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 8/8–8/11: Judy Gold; Rich Ceisler; Gregg Rogell; Jeff Ross. 8/11–8/18: Sam Greenfield; Brian McFadden; Taylor Mason; Ray Romano. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—That fine singer Nancy LaMott opens this week in "Something Cool," a show whose appropriate-for-August theme (incorporating "Too Darn Hot," "We're Having a Heat Wave," etc.) you can probably guess. Through 9/2. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings through August, this East Side trattoria is offering a combination package of Italian food and opera standards performed by artists from Lincoln Center. Dinner at 7; show at 8. $35. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist/singer David Raleigh, Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Harry's Bar—Jazz vocalist Michelle Wiley, Tues.–Sat. from 8:30 to 12:30. No cover, no minimum. *New York Palace Hotel, 455 Madison Ave. (888-7000).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—The iron-throated Nell Carter, star of Broadway (*Ain't Misbehavin'*) and TV (*Hangin' With Mr. Cooper*) continues her cabaret act, with its distinctive performing style—best described, with its attendant decibels, as a flip nineties take on the venerable tradition of the Red-Hot Mama—at this intimate aerie through 8/12. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, vocalist David Jannone performs a salute to Dorothy Fields. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th St., Club Room, 2nd fl. (221-8444).*

Talent

Hot Keys

Pianist and singer David Raleigh, a hip crooner in the witty-sophisticate manner of Bobby Short, backs up his playful scat versions of pop standards and original material with a light, sure touch on the keyboard. He's at the upstairs lounge at F. illi Ponte, 39 Desbrosses Street (226-4621) Wednesdays through Saturdays from 8 to 1.

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. You may require a few martinis to shell out $18 for a burger deluxe. Luckily, this swank mausoleum has thirteen on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

Café at Grand Central—If the bartender hasn't seen you before, don't expect the familiar-face treatment. The real regulars at this way station start every day here with a cup of coffee and then end it with a few for the track. The view is spectacular, and tossing a few back below the terminal's arching heavens is as close as anyone gets to human flight. *Grand Central Terminal, E. 44th Street at Vanderbilt Ave. (883-0441).*

Cafe Centro Beer Bar—The marble floors lend the place all the charm of a Wall Street office lobby. And the professional crowd that gathers after work carries on as though it were at a corporate Christmas party. Young's Bitter is the highlight of the ten beers on tap. If you're tempted, make sure to call ahead for a pint; they serve it too cold. *200 Park Ave., at 46th St. (818-1222).*

Decibel—Descend the iron stairs and ring the bell to enter this speakeasy sake bar. There are dozens of varieties on the menu. The well-pierced wait staff seems knowledgeable enough, and the clientele is a pleasant mix of gawking interlopers, curious novices, downtown hipsters, and Japanese nightcrawlers. *240 E. 9th St. (979-2733).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

Ear Inn—A lived-in pub that always pulls a good pint of Guinness, where, time was, poets danced on the bar and howled. The likely originator of the much-copied policy of providing crayons and paper tablecloths for customers. And the pub food will surprise you, one way or another. *326 Spring St., nr. Hudson St. (226-9060).*

Grange Hall—Primarily a restaurant, but the bar scene has its own appeal. Because of an ideological commitment to American beer, possibly inspired by a swell portrait of FDR hanging above the bar, you will find no imports here. There is a respectable top-shelf selection, plus attentive but not in the least intrusive service. Also, try a Takhuna martini. (Relax: It's supposed to be that color.) Exotic-bar-food suggestion: the sausage-and-chutney appetizer. *50 Commerce St., nr. Barrow St. (924-5246).*

The Liquor Store—The low-key haunt you've been hoping for in TriBeCa. Not only do you not have to raise your voice above a mutter to be heard in this former liquor store, but you'd feel like a jerk if you did. Fashionable draft beer, a free bowl of pretzels from the bar, and a great view of the mounted unit from the 1st Precinct as it rounds the corner from Ericsson Place at the start of its evening tour. *235 W. Broadway (no phone).*

Mare Chiaro—The bartender is deaf, and the owner has been known to dance about in his underpants. The Little Italy that existed before tourists were invented. *176 Mulberry St., nr. Broome St. (226-9345).*

119—Wall Streeters who wouldn't be caught dead in a suit after hours and other Gramercy Park natives who get dressed down before going out. A pool table up front and a dartboard in back and a gaggle of "Make yourself comfortable" regulars in between. *119 E. 15th St. (777-6158).*

2A—Probably among the first generation of white-boy bars in what was once called Alphabet City. It survived, for the longest time, as a doff-your-baseball-cap-and-welcome-all-comers place. That's why the velvet rope between the first and second floors feels so out of place. *Ave. A. at E. 2nd St. (no phone).*

Photograph by Alex Hayden.

restaurants

Tea Bar...Garden Party...Ice Cream

Ask Gael

Midsummer Night's Dream

I'm in the mood for romance.

Even the coolest cynic will flip-flop into a romantic in the lantern-lit garden of Tavern on the Green, where Scissorhands have clipped a menagerie in plastic greenery and intimations of fireflies flit through the trees. I'd swear Sinatra is parked beyond the hedge singing it his way. And brace for a shock. New chef Patrick Clark has ignited a revolution in the kitchen. His potato-and-white-truffle ravioli, luscious risotto with lobster and red peppers, rich roasted duck, and savory grilled pork porterhouse are a chorus of flavor, though he's a bit heavyhanded with the salt. No one will ever accuse impresario Warner LeRoy of subtlety, but somewhat wimpy desserts here make me long for the excesses of earlier days. Expensive, but frequent diners get a small credit to use on their next outing.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Watch out—the big guy in the apron is an inspiring tenor disguised as a waiter, and he's been known to break into conversation-stopping song without warning. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. *281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef/owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming, narrow booths line the east wall and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to re-invent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of classy noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

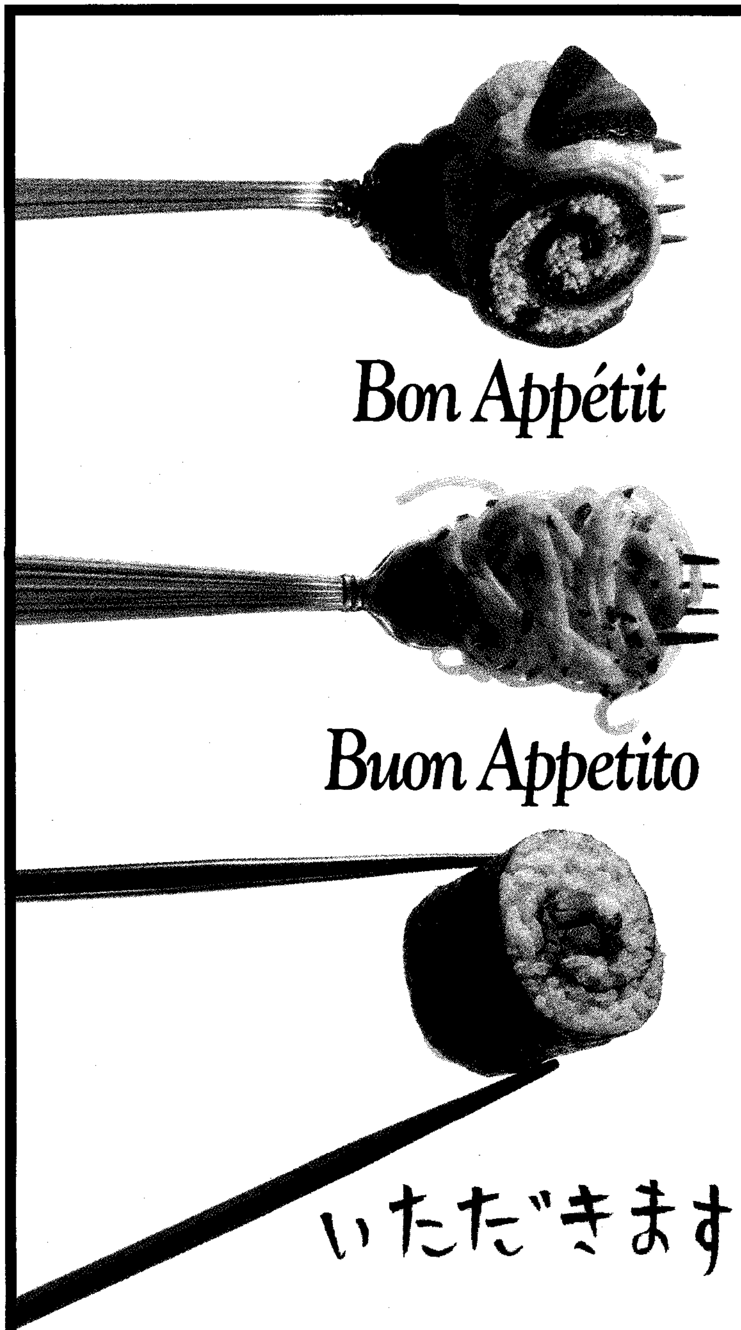
Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. Catch the jazz brunch in this cozy dining room

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.



Right now, they could all translate into a big serving of cash.

No matter what your choice of cuisine, choose your Discover® Card to pay for your meal and you could win the $20,000 Grand Prize in our Dine Out/Cash In℠ $150,000 Sweepstakes. And you could win $1,000 or more in our weekly first prize drawings. From August through October, the more you dine out with your Discover Card, the more chances you'll have to win.* And that sounds delicious in any language.

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Paolucci's Restaurant	212/925-2288
The Pen & Pencil	212/682-8660
Ronasi Restaurant	212/751-0360
Sgarlato's Cafe	212/619-5226
Vernon's Jerk Paradise	212/268-7020

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*No purchase or card acceptance necessary. Open to U.S. residents 18 or older who are Discover Card members as of 7/31/95 or who have been sent a pre-approved mailing in connection with this sweepstakes. Void where prohibited. For free entry details and rules, which bind entrants, send stamped, self-addressed envelope, to be received by 11/7/95, to: Dine Out/Cash In Rules, P.O. Box 4238, Blair, NE 68009. Deadlines vary by method of entry from 8/22/95 to 11/21/95.

every Sunday. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, TM.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Liberty Cafe—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking*, *Ambrose*, and *Wavertree* moored at the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

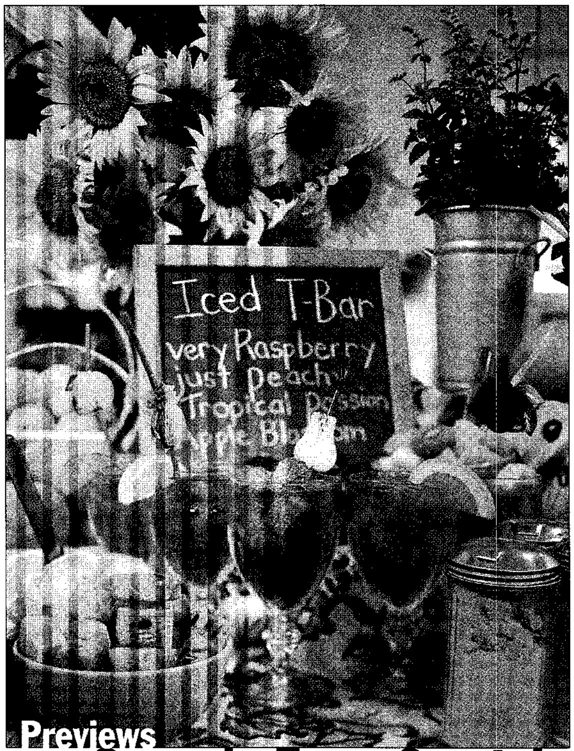
North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the namesake builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Previews

Snapple From Scratch

The Flavors gourmet takeout shop (8 West 18th Street), having already made a stir with its greens-and-grains-laden salad bar, now enters the iced-tea market with a daily selection of fruit-flavored teas, with do-it-yourself fixings including fresh mint, sliced orange, and sugars flavored with lemon, maple, and vanilla. Free refills.

Below 14th Street, East

Apple Restaurant—This Village restaurant features two kitchens: one for vegetarians, one for carnivores. And a Vietnamese menu. *17 Waverly Pl. (473-8888). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

L'Udo—This cool, countrified French and Italian restaurant has rough-hewn walls with fascinating frescoes and outdoor seating that welcomes warmer weather. A changing art exhibition is hung on the walls around the garden. *432 Lafayette St. (388-0978). (M) AE, TM.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning-oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

C3 Restaurant—Henry James's Village was never like this: crawfish-and-turkey-sausage paella, coconut-curry salmon and lobster-and-shrimp ravioli are some of the dishes on the eclectic menu. Traditionalists can stop in for tea after a stroll through Washington Square Park. *103 Waverly Place (254-1200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jane Street Seafood Cafe—Can you imagine a first-rate seafood grill in the middle of Ohio? That's the feel of this Greenwich Village favorite. Some of the best prepared but least imaginatively presented fish in town—try the pompano whenever it's available. *31 Eighth Ave., at Jane St. (242-0003). (M) ($).*

Mary Lou's—According to the "100 Coolest New Yorkers" ranking in the *Daily News*, hostess/chef/owner Mary Lou Baratta is the fifty-second-coolest person in the city. She runs a cozy romantic spot specializing in seafood. It's hard to be cool before 11 P.M., so Mary Lou's kitchen serves until one in the morning. *21 W. 9th St. (533-0012). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus and fish brochettes. *569 Hudson St., at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Beulah—Delightful southern specialties prepared by chef-owner and former baritone opera singer Alexander Smalls. Petal-yellow walls and high wainscoting soothe, and wonderfully private banquettes against one wall make dining on sophisticated southern fare a delight. *39 E. 19th St. (777-9700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with—surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. *10 E. 38th St. (447-1854). (M) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Live Bait—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and his mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. *14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink, which is made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) V, MC, AE, DC.*

Simply Pasta—A casual, Northern Italian spot that claims to have the best tiramisu in town, as well as a host of pasta specialties. Try the black fusilli with seafood in a marinara sauce. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

37th Street Hideaway—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance between courses from the Italian and Continental menu. *32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for the strictly business set. The dark-wood club ambience draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—Above all else, this countrified dance hall is a destination if you're in midtown and fancy a hoedown. The Texas-style barbecue is there if you work up an appetite. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: the Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reigns to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—A formal setting and fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of

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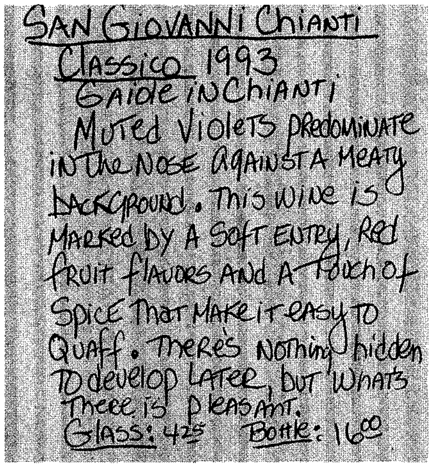
foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*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On View **Remember when waiters described wines one of two ways—dry or sweet? Nadine's in the West Village takes the guesswork out of beverage selection with its wine cards, an oenophile's version of the cheese tags Steve Jenkins did at Fairway. Described so sensually, a two-year-old Chianti becomes a much . . . *riper* vintage.**

Trump Tower Café—Light Italian cuisine to replenish energy expended shopping in this gilded emporium. Salads, pastas, sandwiches, and risotto served on two garden terraces five floors up. *725 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. (754-4450). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This casually elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/726). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Felissimo Tea Room—A new take on department-store dining, with a "haiku tea" and tarot-card readings on the top floor of a turn-of-the-century townhouse. *10 W. 56th St. (956-0082). (I) AE, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during precurtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theatre district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. *916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The county's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Russian Tea Room—Hollywood's commissary in Manhattan and a Carnegie Hall hangout, too. But does that make staff rudeness obligatory? Stick to the caviar and blinis with icy vodka. And come for tea. Cabaret upstairs. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Eurotourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . *mon cheri*. And, *sans blague*, they have cooing doves. *1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I)*

AE, MC, V.

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

540 Park—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare like jerked chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin, too. Leave with a suntan. *1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. *853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Trois Jean—A cozy French bistro, as every corner needs. *154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Popolo—Italian on the Upper West Side, with everything we've come to expect: gourmet pizzas, classic pastas, and homemade tiramisu. *351 Columbus Ave., nr. 76th St. (362-1777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provides a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dali Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

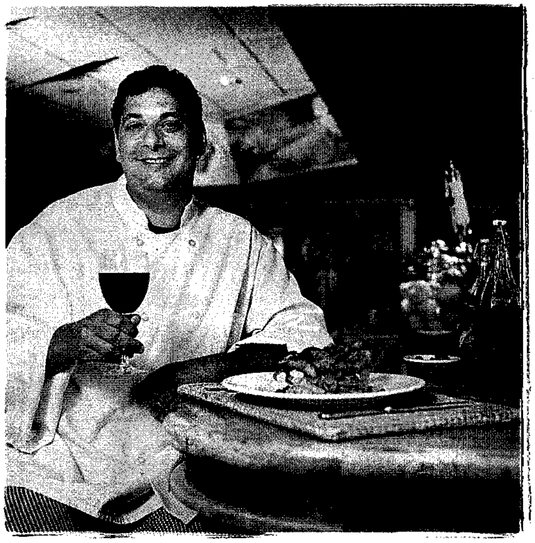
La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-

Opening
Italian-American



Eric Miller wants people to eat at his restaurant three times a week. That's the magic number, the one he's calculated along with the cuisine (Tuscan) and the atmosphere (decidedly low-key) as what's necessary to make his newest venture, Zona del Chianti (1043 Second Avenue, at 55th Street), a runaway success. Miller is chef and co-owner of Chianti, which metamorphosed from the dinerlike Second Avenue Brasserie into a "Tuscan-inspired" restaurant four months ago. After eight years as owner of Yorkville's City Cafe—which later morphed into the Italian Tavola—Miller understands his clientele: He knows that Skadden Arps lawyers and Sutton Place matrons crave the familiar as much as the sublime. That's why Chianti's specials blackboard features tuna melts alongside homemade ravioli. And why salmon BLTs appear at lunchtime alongside pan-seared veal chops with a ragout of wild mushrooms. Miller, an avowed Francophile who learned the basics of Tuscan cooking by watching Mark Strausman (now at Campagna) and Albert Celentano (now at Borsalino) work the range at Tavola, is so sure of his menu at Chianti that he's ended his self-imposed exile from the kitchen. "I'm not Italian," he says while he prepares an appetizer of fritto misto. "I'm just a kid from Long Island." A decade ago, Miller quit a lucrative job as chef and general manager at the short-order Broadway Diner (where he perfected his tuna melt) to become salad cook in Christian Delouvrier's kitchen at Maurice at Le Parker Meridien—for $275 a week, gross. "And he only hired me," says Miller, "because I ate there three times a week."

ROBIN RAISFELD

Photograph by Imke Lass.

Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Data

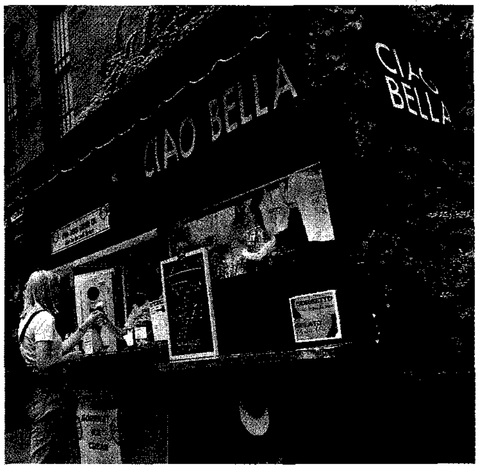
The Big Chill

Most of us may no longer be susceptible to the Pavlovian jingle of the Good Humor truck, but the hotter it gets, the more we crave something that will drip down our fingers and chins. Where to go to cool off:

Lutèce at Richart: What must André think? Eberhard Müller's mini-Chinese-takeout containers of intensely rich caramel and lemon-verbena ice creams and passion-fruit and chocolate sorbets, encased in chocolate shells, are being *retailed*. 7 East 55th Street. ($4.60 for 3.2 ounces.)

Out of a Flower: The Texas company that had the bright idea of combining sorbets and ice creams with herbs and alcohol (peach and champagne with mint, pink grapefruit and tarragon, cranberry and port with herbs) has just introduced Chiqui i. i., a new, cheaper line of creamy flavors without the booze, available soon at Grace's Marketplace. 1237 Third Avenue, at 71st Street. ($6.50 and $5 per pint.)

Duane Park Cafe: The annual berryfest at this TriBeCa dining room offers the best selection of tart, icy granitas and sorbets, in exotic flavors like huckleberry-Beaujolais, sour cherry, white currant, golden raspberry, and mulberry. The granitas, served with creamy zabaglione and crispy cookies, are the perfect dessert for this steamy weather, but don't try to come for that course alone, or you might, like us, be shunted to metal garden furniture in the front of the bar, even on a dead weeknight, because "the waiters don't like just serving desserts." 157 Duane Street. (Granitas, $6; sorbets, $5.)



Ciao Bella at Fanelli's: The Little Italy gelato-maker to the stars (Nobu, the '21' Club, Christ Cella, Blue Ribbon) has set up a sidewalk stand outside Fanelli's, at Prince and Mercer Streets, to serve scoops of hazelnut, malted-milk-ball, and blueberry gelato and blood-orange and coconut sorbet to SoHo strollers. ($1.95 for 5 ounces.)

Custard Beach: When this downtown storefront opened last year, New Yorkers rediscovered the simple joy of frozen custard: 10 percent butterfat in pure, boardwalk flavors like vanilla and chocolate (95 more-complicated flavors rotate monthly) with a predominantly eggy—in a good way—aftertaste. The real thing. 33 East 8th Street. ($1.95 for 6 ounces.)

Mr. Chips: A bubblegum-colored emporium in the style of Schrafft's, Chip Fisher's paean to parlors past serves old-fashioned flavors to a whole new generation of Upper East Side private-school kids, and in the summer, to all the rest of us. 27 East 92nd Street. ($1.95 for 4.5 ounces.)

Peter's: A de facto community center posing as an ice-cream parlor, Peter's serves more than 100 homemade flavors, sundaes, malteds, egg creams, and cakes to a loyal Brooklyn Heights/Cobble Hill contingent. Excels at birthday parties. 185 Atlantic Avenue. ($1.90 for 4 ounces.) ROBIN RAISFELD

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Roll N Roaster—A Sheepshead Bay landmark serving generous portions of inexpensive American fare. Try such homey favorites as roast beef with pan-drippings gravy and baked sweet potatoes with cinnamon and brown sugar. *2901 Emmons Ave. (718-769-5831). (I) MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Drive at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

in concert

African Queen...Rumba...Dueling Pianos

Performance
Njinga Rules

A feminist firebrand *avant le lettre*, Njinga ruled Angola from 1624 to 1664 as its first (and only) female king, simultaneously fending off the Portuguese and a string of jealous male rivals. *The Return of a Warrior* mixes dance, mock battles, and music from the Congo and Brazil in celebration of her life.

Classical Music

Monday, August 7

Mostly Mozart—Tonight's concert features the Canadian Brass and prize-winning drum-and-bugle corps the Star of Indiana. Works by Bach and Gabrieli. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15–$35.*

Tuesday, August 8

Mostly Mozart—Featuring pianists Eugene Istomin and Dubravka Tomsic; conducted by Gerard Schwarz. Works by Haydn and Mozart. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15–$28.*

"An American Requiem"—A new work for orchestra, chorus, and soloists by James DeMars, featuring bass-baritone Simon Estes and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. *Cathedral of St. John the Divine, 112th Street and Amsterdam Avenue (662-2133), at 8; $26.50, $50, $75 (this price includes a reception immediately following the performance).*

Modigliani String Quartet—Part of the Juilliard Artists in Concert series. Works by Mozart, Borodin, Gershwin, and Joplin. *Continental Insurance Atrium, 180 Maiden Lane, at 12:30; free.*

Wednesday, August 9

"An American Requiem"—See 8/8.

Mostly Mozart—See 8/8.

Thursday, August 10

Mostly Mozart—Featuring pianist Andre Watts and the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center; conducted by Carlos Kalmar. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15–$35.*

Bargemusic—Works by Ravel, Fauré, and Duruflé. *Fulton Ferry Landing, next to the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061 for reservations and complete directions), at 7:30; $23.*

Friday, August 11

Mostly Mozart—Carlos Kalmar conducts, with pianist Andre Watts and bassoonist Milan Turkovic. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15–$35.*

Piano to Piano—Randy Weston and Rodney Kendrick. *Prospect Park Bandshell, at 7; free.*

Summergarden—The Museum of Modern Art's series of free concerts performed on Fri. and Sat. by young artists and recent graduates of Juilliard. The garden is open for free admission at 6; concerts are at 8:30. This week's program, "The Piano in America," features works by nine American composers. Through 8/26. *Museum of Modern Art; use entrance at 14 W. 54th St. (708-9491); free.*

Saturday, August 12

Mostly Mozart—Debut of the Eroica Trio; conducted by Carlos Kalmar. Works by Beethoven and Mozart. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15-$28.*

Serenata Dominicana—An evening of classical and popular music from the Dominican Republic. *Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (889-2850), at 8; $15-25.*

Summergarden—See 8/11.

Sunday, August 13

"Dormant Craters"—A one-movement percussion piece conducted by composer Henry Brant and designed especially for Damrosch Park. *Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors, Damrosch Park, at 6 (875-5108); free.*

Serenata Dominicana—See 8/12, at 3.

Bargemusic—See 8/10.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Monday, August 14

Poetry and Percussion—The Pregones Theater of the Bronx and Los Munequitos de Matanzas present an evening of Afro-Caribbean stories, poems, dance (let's rumba!), and song. *Delacorte Theater, Central Park (enter at 81st Street and Central Park West or 79th Street and Fifth Avenue) at 8; free (Tickets distributed the day of the performance from 1 to 3 at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street).*

Mostly Mozart—Featuring the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; conducted by Sir Neville Marriner. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $20–$40.*

Dance

Isadora Duncan Dance Ensemble—This Miami-based troupe keeps Duncan's original works alive. *Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors, Fountain Plaza, at 5:30 on 8/8 (875-5108); free.*

Njinga the Queen King: The Return of a Warrior— *Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors, Damrosch Park, at 7:30 on 8/8 and 8/9 (875-5108); free.*

Limon Dance Company—This 49-year-old modern-dance company will perform works by founder Jose Limon and dance pioneer Doris Humphrey. *Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors, Damrosch Park Bandshell, at 8:15 on 8/11 (875-5108); free.*

Pilar Rioja—Engagement extended through 9/20: The renowned flamenco dancer presents the premiere of *Martinete* and other works. Friday at 8, Saturday at 3, Sunday at 7, Monday at 8. *Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (889-2850); $25.*

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

Window...Diane Itter Retrospective

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Chaim Gross—Fantasy drawings from the sculptor's private sketchbook diaries; through 9/1. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Ray Johnson—A memorial exhibition of collages and mail art, including works on loan from Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, Jasper Johns, and others; through 8/18. Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. (628-0700).

Batiste Madalena—These original movie posters, made to advertise such silent-screen classics as *Sally of the Sawdust* and *The Road to Mandalay*, were executed between 1924 and 1928 for the display cases of George Eastman's Eastman Theater in Rochester, New York; through 8/18. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Arnold Wechsler—Paintings and works on paper that are influenced by the decorative motifs of Moroccan tiles, Mayan friezes, Oriental calligraphy, and Native American art; through 9/12. Barnard-Biderman & Worth, 22 E. 72nd St. (772-2352).

57th Street Area

Tina Aufiero/Karen LaMonte—Recent glassworks by both. Through 8/19. YWCA, 610 Lexington Ave. (735-9781).

Santi Moix—Etchings, woodcuts, and monotypes by a young Spanish artist; through 8/31. Pace Prints, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3237).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Michel Alexis—Recent large-scale paintings from the series "Stolen Diaries" that depict enigmatic narratives based on text by Gertrude Stein and that draw on the Steinian ideas of "continuous present" and universal biography; through 8/12. Dahn, 39 Wooster St. (343-1420).

Kathy Butterly/Ron Nagle—Small-scale porcelain vessels whose forms suggest organisms in the process of metamorphosis./Selected ceramic works. Through 8/25. Franklin Parrasch, 588 Broadway (925-7090).

Glenn Ligon/Scott Burton—Created in collaboration with the Fabric Workshop in Philadelphia, this series of eight punching bags is the artist's examination of black male identity and the stereotyping of aggression./Sculptures that have not been previously exhibited. Through 8/31. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Jean Lowe and Kim MacConnel—A collaborative installation titled *Bull Story* that is an amalgamation of Lowe's concerns about the impact of civilization on nature and MacConnel's study of the dichotomy between Eastern religious beliefs and Western rituals and traditions; through 9/16. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Frank Stella—Prints from the sixties and seventies; through 9/7. Gemini G.E.L. at Joni Moisant Weyl, 375 W. Broadway (219-1446).

Xavier Veilhan—An installation on the theme of the medieval knight and his horse that suggests a similarity between the heraldic system of Europe in the Middle Ages and the contemporary use of signs; through 8/12. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Other

Mark Beard—A window installation of two old master–style allegorical paintings that contrast the prevalence of violence and the treasuring of high and low culture in America; through 8/31. Grey Art Gallery, 33 Washington Pl. (998-6780).

Jonathan Borofsky—Two twenty-foot-tall human figures, one painted black and the other white, each of which has a glowing red light in its chest that pulses with the sound of the artist's heartbeat; through 8/19. Grand Central Terminal Main Waiting Room, 42nd St. between Lexington and Vanderbilt Aves. (878-7262).

Hunt Slonem—Paintings of the artist's own exotic birds; through 9/10. Lannon, 530 W. 22nd St. (255-7115).

Richard Tsao—Abstract paintings that are built up with layers of poured paint; through 8/19. The Queens Museum of Art Bulova Corporate Center, 75–20 Astoria Blvd., Jackson Heights (718-899-0700).

Ground Rules:

During the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). Paintings and watercolors on the theme of summer pastimes, by Avery, Burchfield, Hassam, Prendergast, Sloan, Stella, others; through 9/16.

C & M Arts—45 E. 78th St. (861-0020). Selected works by Cornell, de Kooning, Diebenkorn, Guston, Kline, Rauschenberg, Rothko, Twombly; through 8/31.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). Summer show of works by Butterworth, Cotton, Duesberry, Hannock, Santlofer, Schley; through 9/1.

Great Modern Pictures—48 E. 82nd St. (242-2581). Paintings and caseins by David Newton and Barbizon School paintings by Corot, Daubigny, Millet, Rousseau, others; through 9/2.

Murakami—17 E. 71st St. (717-6085). Paintings by the Hungarian masters Istvan Csok, Sir Philip Laszlo, Mihaly Munkacsy, and Sugo Scheiber; through 9/9.

Werner—21 E. 67th (988-1623). Works by Baselitz, Byars, Kirkeby, Lüpertz, Polke, Van Vliet; through 8/31.

57th Street Area

Architectural League of New York—457 Madison Ave. (753-1722). "Kiasma: Working Process," an exhibition of drawings and models of the Helsinki Museum of Contemporary Art by Steven Holl; "Envisioning East New York"; through 9/16.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). "Making Waves," with paintings and works on paper by Blaine, Brandt, Dodd, Freilicher, Kraft, Rickert, Sullivan, Wexler, Wilson, others; through 8/25.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Paintings of landscapes, interiors, still life, and figures by Atkinson, Bogosian, Dodge, Monafo, Tanis, Zigmond, others; through 8/31.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Works by Artschwager, Broodthaers, Cragg, Horn, LeWitt, Munoz, Orozco, Richter, Schutte, Strüth, Weiner; through 8/31.

Long—24 W. 57th St. (397-2001). Prints by Boxer, Frankenthaler, Motherwell, Olitski, Pollock, others; through 9/1.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Collages by Bearden, Cornell, Greene, Ossorio, Rauschenberg, Ryan, Tanning, others; works on paper by Fairfield Porter; through 8/25.

Ryan—24 W. 57th St. (397-0669). Homoerotic American art made between 1900 and the present, by Allen, Cadmus, Demuth, Fischl, Hockney, Kent, Rivers, Warhol, others; through 9/16.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Paintings and drawings by Beckmann, Corinth, Grosz, Heckel, Klimt, Pippin, Schiele, others; through 9/8.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). Figurative paintings and sculpture by Buck, Neel, Minich, Treiman, Vermeersch; through 8/18.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). "Summer Days: American Views, 1850–1940," with paintings by Breck, Duveneck, Hassam, Henri, Prendergast, Ritman, Sargent, Twachtman, others; through 9/1.

Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). Paintings and drawings by Aponovich, Assael, Chapman, Hollowell, Ingle, Massad, Noel, Rand, others; through 8/15.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Franklin Furnace—112 Franklin St. (925-4671). "Dysfunctional Art," with works by Harmon, Kostelnik, Palmer, Pope; through 8/27.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings, photography, prints, and sculpture depicting New York City architecture, by Chavez, Haas, Lordi, McFarlane, Sokolov, Wilks, others; through 8/25.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Works by Baechler, McLelland, Nares, Puckette, Rubins, Rule, Schuyff, Sultan, Twombly, others; through 9/16.

Merians—76 Greene St. (334-9099). For the show "Smells Like Vinyl," 150 participating artists, writers, and musicians were asked to make compact disc–size watercolors of their favorite record album covers; through 8/19.

Rosen—130 Prince St. (941-0203). Works by Jarman, Kalpakjian, Scher; through 8/11.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Images of animals in paintings and sculpture by Arnold, Carlson, Dodd, Lieber, Pace, Rupp, Sullivan, Winter, others; through 9/23.

The Work Space—96 Spring St. (219-2790). Works that use books as art or as an integral part of the creation of art, by Carroll, Hill, Peterka, Reiner, Sosnowy, Traver; through 9/16.

Other

Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge (212-206-6674). "Art in the Anchorage 1995," features projects by Joan Bankemper, Karen Giusti, Tim Collins & Reiko Goto, Ilya Kabakov, Hope Sandrow, Maura Sheehan, and others; through 9/14.

Long Island University—Brooklyn Campus, Flatbush and DeKalb Aves., Brooklyn (728-488-1015). "Fourth Annual Sculpture Exhibition," with outdoor works by Bjerklie, Brandt, Masters, Neuhaus; through 10/31.

Sculpture Center at Roosevelt Island—Main St., Roosevelt Island (832-4540). Outdoor sculptures by Geller, Jensen, Lesnewski, Nicol, Sussman, Zemel; through 11/15.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $2 suggested donation. "In Three Dimensions: Women Sculptors of the 90s," features indoor and outdoor works by more than 125 women; through 1/14.

Photography

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Works by photographers who have little or no exposure in New York, among them, Arentz, Bamberger, Bitner, Courville, Beahan/McPhee, Wright; through 8/31.

E-13—47 E. 3rd St. (982-0882). "America: Points of View," with works by Ashley, Boebel, Brophy, Laughton, Maraia, Olsen; through 8/13.

Harold Feinstein—Photographs of New York City buildings taken between 1989 and 1994 whose abstract prisms of shadow and light bring to mind Georgia O'Keeffe's paintings of New York cityscapes; through 9/15. Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave. (935-3960).

Charles Harbutt—Pictures from the past 30 years by the former Magnum photographer; through 8/11. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Nagasaki Journey: The Photographs of Yosuke Yamahata"; through 10/1. . . . "LIFE: The Pacific War"; through 10/1.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "An American Century of Photography: From Dry-Plate to Digital, the Hallmark Photographic Collection"; through 9/10. "Eyes on an Era: Photographs by Irving Haberman"; through 9/10.

Pace/MacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Large-scale photographs by Cadieux, Close, Coplans, Cox, Hellebrand, Horsfield, Jacobson, Serrano, Sherman, Stivers; through 9/1.

Herbert Matter—Black-and-white photographs from the early thirties that were used for travel posters by the Swiss Tourist Office, and a group of portraits and fashion photographs from the late forties; through 9/2. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6666). Photographs on the theme of summertime by 32 artists; through 9/9.

Richardson—560 Broadway (343-1255). Contemporary and vintage photographs of water by Alper, Callahan, Cook, Cratsley, Jenshel, Meatyard, White, others; through 8/11.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). Works by Bieber, Bitner, Moore, Priola, Schlesinger; through 8/11.

Karl Struss—More than 100 photographs of New York City and Hollywood by the last and youngest member of Alfred Stieglitz's Photo-Secession and the first person to be honored with an Academy Award for cinematography; through 9/30. Equitable, 787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818).

JoAnn Verburg—Multi-panel portraits and still-life images that celebrate simple events of everyday life; through 8/18. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). Contemporary and vintage prints under eight by ten inches, by Bravo, Courtney-Clarke, Hofer, Starr, Tice, others; through 9/1.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Meighan Gale: Suitcases (Her Leaving Trunk)." A multimedia installation of dolls, televisions, bedsprings, leather, photographs, and other objects and materials. Through 8/12. . . . "IV Annual Showcase Exhibition." Through 8/11. 594 Broadway (966-4444).

American Craft Museum—"Marriage in Form: Kay Sekimachi and Bob Stocksdale." Through 10/1. . . . "Junichi Arai: Post-Industrial Craftsman." Through 10/1. . . . "Facets of the Same Nature: A Survey of Contemporary Dutch Ceramics." Through 10/1. . . . "Diane Itter: A Retrospective." Through 10/1. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Art in the Service of Science." An assemblage of works by renowned naturalists and artists (Mon.–Fri. 10–5). Through 12/30. . . . "Botanical Art From the Hunt Institute Collection." Through 1/15. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

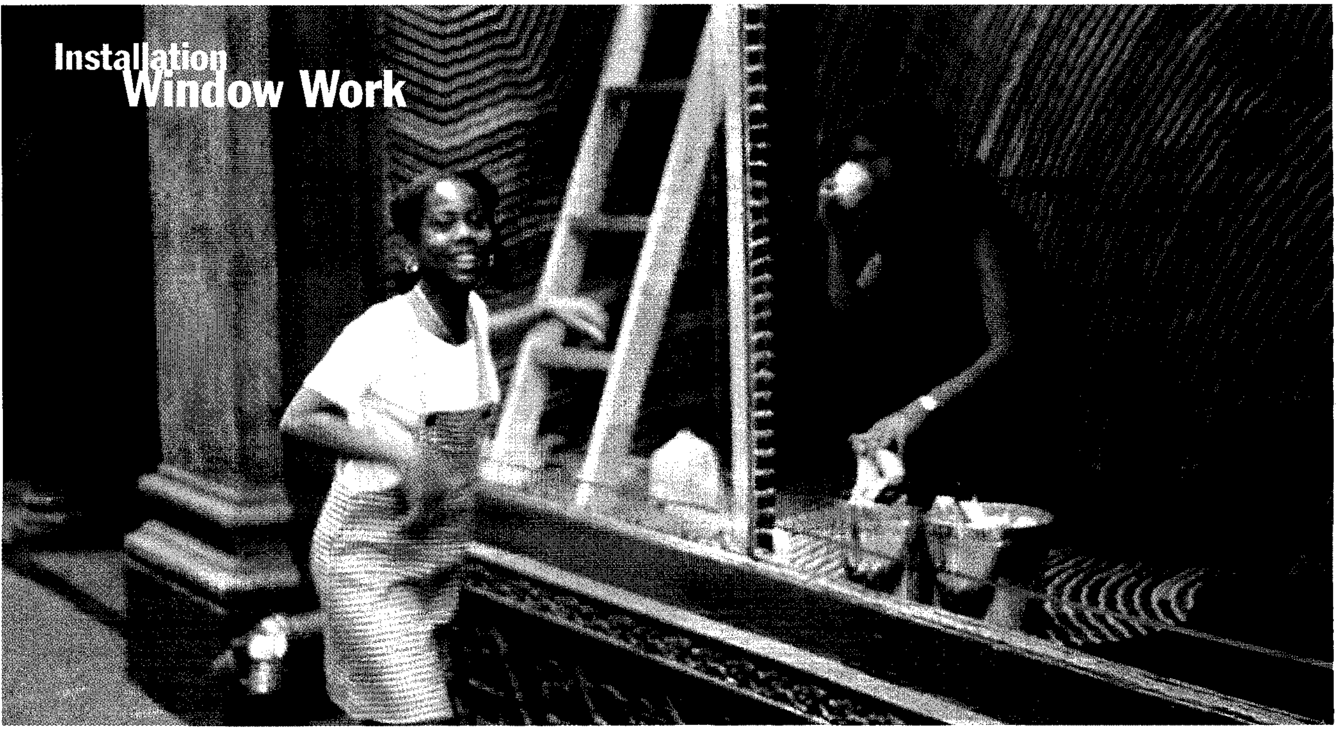
Asia Society—"Monkey." Works that depict monkeys, ranging from Indian temple sculptures to Japanese netsuke. Through 9/10. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Traces: The Body in Contemporary Photography." Through 9/10. . . . "Artists in the Marketplace: Fifteenth Annual; Exhibition." Through 9/10. . . . "David Padilla Cabrera y Linda Matalon." Through 9/10. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3-9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"More Room for a View: Large-Scale Works on Paper." Through 11/5. . . . "Nardo di Cione in Context: Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum." Through 1/30/96. . . . "The Pictographs of Adolph Gottlieb." The first in-depth examination of the artist's pictographs, a series of paintings dating from 1941 to 1951. Through 8/27. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Field for Dreams: An 18th-Century Bedcover." Through 8/20. . . . "Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper From the 1950s." Through 8/20. . . . "Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories From the National Design Museum." Through 8/20. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dahesh Museum—"Pleasures of Rural Life: Domestic Scenes and Animals in Academic Art." Paintings by Bouguereau, Hunt, Jacque, others. Through 9/23. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606); Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

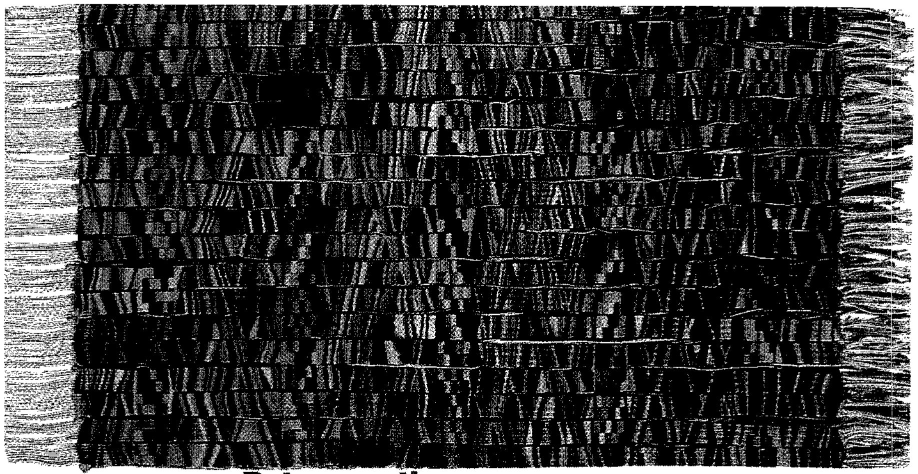


It's hard to tell whether Jimbo Blachly's evolving painting-and-performance piece in the New Museum's window is a send-up of or an homage to sixties and seventies performance art and minimalism, but whatever its intention, it sure beats the strappy-sandal installation at the Nine West shoe store down the street. The New Museum of Contemporary Art, 583 Broadway.

Photograph by Fernando Barenblit.

Frick Collection—"The Golden Age of Danish Art: Drawings From the Royal Museum of Fine Arts, Copenhagen." Through 8/13. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Georg Baselitz." A survey of the German artist's paintings and sculpture from the past three decades. Through 9/17. . . . "Josef Albers: Glass, Color, and Light." Through 9/17. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.



Retrospective

Fiber Optics

When does textile art transcend macramé, god's eyes, and other artsy-craftsy kitsch? More often than you'd think, but certainly in the elegantly knotted linen works of the late Diane Itter, currently on view at the American Craft Museum.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Dieter Appelt." 8/15–11/5. . . . "Gary Hill." Video installations by the Seattle-based artist. Through 8/20. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"A New England Wooden Synagogue: Building Temple Israel, Greenfield, MA." Photographs, drawings, and models illustrating the conceptualization and and design of Temple Israel by architect M. Louis Goodman. Through 1/14/96. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"The Painted Roundel in the Lowlands: 1480–1560." Through 8/20. . . . "Assyrian Origins: Discoveries at Ashur on the Tigris; Antiquities From the Vorderasiatisches Museum, Berlin." Through 8/13. . . . "Art and Empire: Treasures From Assyria in the British Museum." Through 8/13. . . . "An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art." Through 10/15. . . . "The Architecture of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1870–1995." Through 9/3. . . . "Bloom: Fashion's Spring Garden." Through 8/20. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Auld Acquaintances: Famous Music From the James Fuld Collection." Through 8/27. . . . "The Fox and the Grapes: Aesop Through the Ages." Important editions of Aesop's tales, ranging in date from the third century to the twentieth. Through 8/27. . . . "Animals as Symbol in Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts." Through 8/27. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Morris-Jumel Mansion—The oldest remaining house in Manhattan, built as a summer villa in 1765 by Roger Morris, a lieutenant colonel in the British army, and used by General Washington as his headquarters in 1776. 65 Jumel Terrace, between 160th and 162nd Sts., one block east of St. Nicholas Ave (923-8008); Wed.–Sun. 10–4; $3, $2 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous." Through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon–6. $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Victorian Vernacular: The American Quilt Show." Through 9/10. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Reaffirming Spirituality." Works by 34 Latino artists paired with works they selected from the museum's permanent collection. Through 8/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Museum of Modern Art—"Artist's Choice: Elizabeth Murray." For the fifth exhibit in this series, the artist Elizabeth Murray selected works from the museum's permanent collection by 70 female artists. Through 8/22. . . . "Selections from the Gordon and Nina Bunshaft Bequest." Through 10/10. . . . "The Human Figure: A Modern Vision." Through 9/26. . . . "Leon Levinstein." Works by this New York photographer known for his images of people and street life in New York, Haiti, Mexico, and India. Through 10/10. . . . "The United Nations in Perspective." Through 9/26. . . . "Video Spaces: Eight Installations." Through 9/12. . . . "Mutant Materials in Contemporary Design." Through 8/22. . . . "Masterworks from the Louise Reinhardt Smith Collection." Through 8/22. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Now: Contemporary Cityscape Paintings." Through 12/31. . . . "Union Settlement Association: 100 Years of Leadership in East Harlem." Through 11/5. . . . "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer." Through 9/8. . . . "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Contemporary British Architecture: Recent Projects from the Royal Academy of Arts Summer Exhibition." An overview of current trends in British architecture. Through 9/17. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. noon–5 (Fri. noon–8, free 5–8); $3.50; $2 seniors and students.

National Museum of the American Indian—Three exhibitions featuring approximately 500 Native American objects from the museum's collection. 1 Bowling Green (668-6624); daily 10–5; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Treasury of the Past." Paintings, sculptures, and historic objects and documents from the museum's collection. Through 9/17. . . . "On the Avenue, Fifth Avenue." Through 9/17. 2 W. 77th St (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Writers in Wartime: Looking at World War II from the Berg Collection." Through 10/7. . . . "What Price Freedom?" A selection of objects from the library's collections that exemplify moments in history when people took great risks to express themselves freely. Through 1/6/96. . . . "The Collecting Adventure, 1895–1995—Part I: Documenting Pop and Avant-Garde." Through 9/1. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.-Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Queens Museum of Art—"Parthenia." A video and sculpture installation by Margaret Lovejoy on the subject of domestic abuse. 8/9–9/10. . . . "Live/Work in Queens." Works by eight artists who live or have studios in Queens. 8/9–10/22. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows, Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3; $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1994–1995." An exhibition of recent works by Petrona Morrison, Rudzani Nemasetoni, and George R. Smith. Through 10/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed., Thurs., Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Florine Stettheimer: Manhattan Fantastica." A retrospective of paintings by this chronicler of thirties and forties New York intellectual and bohemian life. Through 11/5. . . . "Views From Abroad." The first of three exhibitions organized by directors of European museums that looks at the artistic relationship between America and Europe during the twentieth century. Through 10/1. . . . "Edward Hopper and the American Imagination." An exhibition that explores the artist's influence on American creativity in the twentieth century. Through 10/15. . . . "Edward Hopper and the American Cinema." Through 8/13. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Carmen Lomas Garza." Prints and paintings by the Mexican-American artist that celebrate the Chicano community and experience. Through 9/22. 120 Park Ave. (570-3633), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. 11–7:30); free.

Auctions

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 8/9 at 10:15: "Arcade Jewelry." On view from 8/1. 8/10 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Furniture & Decorations." On view from 8/3.

Photograph courtesy of the American Craft Museum.

Blondie Revisited…Sequel Cantwell

John Leonard's TV Notes

Inside the Dream Factory (8/8; 9 to 10 P.M.; TCM) is a scrapbook and a caution. See what happens when you let Ted Turner own all those old movies. Not only does he start another channel just to make us look at them all over again, but he also encourages their dismemberment and repackaging, like some sort of William Burroughs of pastiche. So, after *The Big Knife* and before *Inside Daisy Clover,* we get Faye Dunaway in a spiffy pantsuit wandering around the studio lots of MGM, Paramount, Warner Bros., Universal, and RKO, happening on famous snippets, pausing to chat up Angela Lansbury, Jack Lemmon, Jane Russell, and Jackie Cooper, squeezing the old nostalgia like a Lady of Spain accordion, and, if not exactly killing time, at least wounding it.

Letter to My Killer (8/9, 9 to 11 P.M. and 8/13, 7 to 9 P.M.; USA) lets Josef Sommer feel just awful and Rip Torn overact and Mare Winningham rouse herself from blue-collar self-pity and unbecoming avarice to turn into an avenging do-good angel. Mare and her ironworker husband, Nick Chinlund, happen on evidence of a 30-year-old murder. Hoping to score blackmail money, they find themselves instead in the middle of a corporate cover-up involving chemical fertilizer and birth defects. They also find themselves in the middle of an upstate twilight zone where all the children are zombies and all the men are deerslayers. Some good moody moments here, even if it gets too talky and pious toward its dying fall.

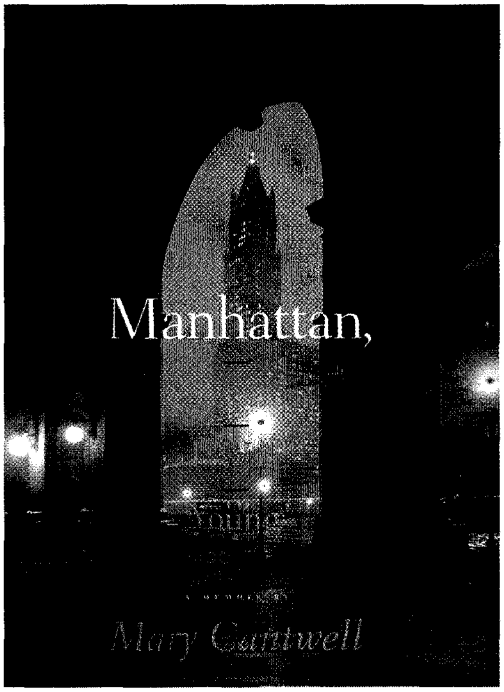
Izzy's Quest for Olympic Gold (8/12; 5:30 to 6 P.M.; TNT) seeks to teach our needy children all about the true meaning of the Olympic Games through animation, with Justin Shenkarow from *Picket Fences* as the voice of a cartoon character who lives inside the world of the Olympic torch, where, before he can compete in the games himself, he must first obtain the Five Rings (for Perseverance, Integrity, Sportsmanship, Excellence, and Brotherhood). This is a perfectly shameless production of Atlanta Centennial Olympic Properties, the marketing arm of the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games, in business to promote the 1996 five-ring circus and already bragging in a press release about its "exclusive licensing representation and trademark protection for the names, symbols, emblems, designs, colors, trademarks, and designation of the Centennial Olympic Games through a unified licensing program." Integrity! Brotherhood!

20 Years of Comedy on HBO (8/12 and other dates; 10:30 P.M. to midnight; HBO) is a celebration of itself by the premium-cable channel, and why not? They did give many of these comedians their prime-time starts and let all of them use dirty words for the first time on television. And suddenly, we heard jokes about politics and religion and same-sex mating behavior. George Carlin is the raffish host. Richard Pryor, Robin Williams, Whoopi Goldberg, Jerry Seinfeld, Billy Crystal, Bette Midler, Garry Shandling, Jackie Mason, and Roseanne show up, among many others, with

In Print
Wonderful Town

Mary Cantwell fell in love, she tells us in her memoir *Manhattan, When I Was Young,* with a man who resembled Montgomery Clift, counseled her to read Virginia Woolf, and wanted to be a writer. The writer he most wanted to be was F. Scott Fitzgerald. Then he wanted to be Maxwell Perkins, an editor. He eventually became a literary agent. Cantwell read Gerard Manley Hopkins and seventeenth-century polemicists and looked forward, after Connecticut College, to using a new set of verbs. "I thought of a world in which you 'raced' to the subway, 'hopped' the shuttle, 'grabbed' a cab. Infatuated with its pace, I thought of New York." She married the man, worked at *Mademoiselle* and *Vogue,* had two babies, divorced the man, and ended up on the editorial board of the New York *Times.* We learn that Cantwell's friends were pretty, that Cantwell was pretty, that "everyone was pretty in the Class of '53"; that burlap was fashionable in home décor; that for a while she was so shy she used the Bonwit Teller bathroom instead of the one in the office.

The story of golden postwar New York—intoxication, inexpensive apartments, safe streets, Djuna Barnes sightings—is deeply familiar, which does not seem to deter anyone from retelling it. (Lately, though, Carmel Snow and Diana Vreeland have come to supplant such authors as James Baldwin and William Styron as the era's stars.) It is also a story that anyone who signed a Manhattan lease between V-E Day and the 1960 election is presumably accredited to tell. But Cantwell, author of *American Girl,* reminds us that the teller matters more than the tale, and that good writing is the only accreditation that counts. This is not a book that has to be recommended for its "sociological" interest (in a novel or memoir, sociological interest tends to mean the author botched everything but the burlap craze). It is easy to think of Mary McCarthy's *The Group* when reading about Cantwell's floor plans, culinary upgrades, and encounters with gynecologists: She has McCarthy's gifts of observation, her eidetic memory, and her excessive attention to every domestic purchase. Yet ultimately *The Group* doesn't hold up, proving that candor isn't enough. McCarthy never let compassion interfere with her judgments; Cantwell's story is elevated by it.



She is especially compelling on the magazine people who would elsewhere be individuals but in New York are merely types: the girls with brooches valued at more than half their salaries, for instance, and the sad society editor Margaret Case. "There was something noble about her," Cantwell decides, "struggling into a girdle and an evening gown night after night and smearing orange lipstick across her thin, impatient mouth. . . . When she killed herself, jumping fourteen stories naked under the plaid raincoat that was her all-weather uniform, I was truly sorry, because she had been nice to me, knowing that I knew she was an outsider, never mind the rich friends, and liked her anyway." Cantwell's own editor, Allene Talmey, once told her, "You have more talent for the quick phrase than anyone I've ever hired, but you're not capable of a sustained piece of work." She tried to forget that assessment by quitting *Vogue.* With this carefully made memoir, she has dispelled it forever. (Houghton Mifflin; $21.95.)

LINDA HALL

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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clips as well from Comic Relief and even director Altman's *Tanner '88*. I'm of the personal opinion that you can't beat early Lily Tomlin: "I worry that drugs have forced us to be more creative than we really are."

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—8/7: Schubert's *Die Zauberharfe* and Litolff's Concerto Symphonique No. 4 in D for Piano and Orchestra. 8/8: Ippolitov-Ivanov's Symphonic Scherzo and Brahms's Symphony No. 2 in D. 8/9: Kabalevsky's *Colas Breugnon* and Beethoven's Violin Concerto in D. Every weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—8/7: writer Walter Mosley. 8/8: Elsa Walsh on the public and private struggles of three accomplished women; Lynn Sharon Schwartz on her novel *The Fatigue Artist;* Ed Burns on *The Brothers McMullen*. 8/9: Francis Fukuyama on social virtues and prosperity; Dr. Alan Cooper on grammar. Every weekday at noon; WNYC, 820 AM.

Sunday Night Opera House—8/13 at 8: Mondonville's *Titon et l'aurore*. With Jean-Paul Fouchécourt, Catherine Napoli, Philippe Huttenlocher, Jennifer Smith, and Anne Monoyios. Marc Minkowski conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

All About Sports—A thirteen-part series on changing demographics, a changing culture, and America's preoccupation with sports. 8/10 at 7: "Sharing the Beat." Women and minorities in the press box and their fight for equality in the industry are examined. 90.7, WFUV.

Saturday Afternoon at the Opera—8/12 at 1: Smetana's *The Bartered Bride*. With Jindrich Jindrák, Marie Veselá, Gabriela Benacková, Jaroslav Horácek, Marie Mrázová, Miroslav Kopp, Peter Dvorsky, and the Czech Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra. Zdenek Kosler conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Fairs and Festivals

South Street Seaport Arts and Crafts Summer Spectacular—8/12-13 and 8/19-20: More than 160 crafts artisons have been selected to exhibit their work on the Seaport's Pier 17. You'll find jewelry, clothing, leather, wood, glass, ceramics, candles, and toys, and there is no admission charge. Fulton and South Sts.; 11 A.M. to 7.

Recorded Music

Blondie Remix Project *Remixed, Remade, Remodeled* (Chrysalis)—In which today's techno artistes consider the late, great New Wave pop factory that was Blondie. All your favorites— "Heart of Glass," "Dreaming," "The Tide Is High," "Rapture"—are herein dissected, dismantled, and basically destroyed by such über-mixers as Utah Saints, K-Klass, E-Smoove, and Phillip Damien. Although the project is a worthy exercise in remix revisionism (the Sub-Urban "Dreaming" mix, for instance, actually changes that buoyant tune to a minor key) too often these clubby deconstructions leave only dislocated song snatches amidst the burbles, bleeps, and jack-hammer beats. Only the Utah Saints have the sense to preserve the original chord progression of "Dreaming," augmenting it with sequencer and synthesizer to make a looming symphonic reprise of the original. It ends with a fugue of Deborah Harry voice, cut up into discrete notes, each spiraling siren-like off the others, a rare union of melodic sense and studio craft. Otherwise you're better off sticking to *Parallel Lines*.

CHRIS NORRIS

The Written Word

Ed Dee—8/9 at 7, reading from and signing his new novel *Bronx Angel*. Partners & Crime, 44 Greenwich Ave. (243-0440); free.

Sports

Whither the Straw Man?—The last time the Yankees had a pitcher so potentially dominating as David Cone was the late seventies, when Ron Guidry was still Louisiana Lightning. But after trading whipping boy Danny Tartabull to Oakland for Ruben Sierra, Buck Showalter & Co. suddenly found themselves with one all-bat, no-glove outfielder too many. If George had known that he would be able to get a slugger who wasn't a recovering substance abuser *and* a wife batterer *and* a felon—and who, rather than being virtually out of the game the past three years, was one of the best run producers in that period—he never would have returned Bill Goodstein's phone calls in the first place. Nevertheless, while some former Darryl boosters called for the Yanks to dump their reclamation project, others, for the umpteenth time, predicted a Strawberry call-up for as soon as last Wednesday. Whatever. After inflating their record (and confidence) against middling middle-division clubs, the Yanks have to prove their mettle against all three AL division leaders for the next two weeks: Bobby Bonilla, who apparently is missing the New York boobirds, gets his sort of homecoming real early, as Baltimore, in a virtual tie with the Yanks for second place, visits the Stadium Mon.–Wed., 8/7 at 7:35, 8/8 at 7:35, and 8/9 at 1:05. AL powerhouse Cleveland(!), which acquired pitcher Ken Hill for its playoff run, is in town Thurs.–Sun., 8/10 at 7:35, 8/11 at 7:35, 8/12 at 8:05, 8/13 at 1:35. Up next week: Boston and California.

Wait Till Next Year . . . Better Make That the Year After That—While Mets fans and sportswriters will recite the names Alex Ochoa, Don Buford, Juan Acevedo, and Arnold Gooch when the Mets do their San Diego East impression (see "youth movement"), Joe McIlvaine and his bosses will see only dollar signs, reminders of the millions of bucks the Mets will save by having traded their big-salaried vets. At Philadelphia, where Sid Fernandez (2–1, with a 3.09 ERA in three starts so far) and Kevin Elster have joined the ex-Met parade, Tues.–Thurs., 8/8–10 at 7:35. Next up is Houston—which is still in contention for the NL Central title, although the loss of Jeff Bagwell may be too much to overcome—Fri.–Sun., 8/11–13 at 8:05.

Tours

The West Village—8/12 at 1: Visit the tree-lined streets, the shores of the Hudson, and the townhouses that make up the original Village. Meet on the northwest corner of Seventh Avenue South and Christopher Street, by the Nutrition Center. Reserve at 989-2456; $12.

Online

Ronald Takaki—Discussing the question "Why did America drop the bomb?" in *Time* magazine's area on America Online: 8/7 at 8 P.M.

Aubrey Hampton—Award-winning chairman and founder of America's largest 100 percent–natural cosmetics company, will be on America Online: 8/9 at 10 P.M.

The Rembrandts—A poppy little band best known for a tune that has become the theme for the NBC hit series *Friends*. America Online: 8/10 at 9 P.M.

In the midst of this oppressively hot summer, you might turn to the online world to pull you out of that funk. Try some of these:

alt.support.depression—They are expert in the symptoms of depression and very patient with newcomers, so it is a friendly place to lose it. Lots of comparison-shopping talk about the prescription drugs of choice: Prozac, Zoloft, and lithium.

alt.bitterness—Lots of miserable folks with hefty complaints. If only *Queen for a Day* were still on TV.

alt.whine—For those with that extra bit o' bile.

Help Me Mary—A crazed East Village advice columnist who's currently trying to find a market for her sex-mist/perfume called "Download This!" Tuesdays at 9 P.M on Prodigy (*jump* Pseudo).

Conferences last approximately one hour. Send comments to:runnette@emedia.net

Kids

Play It Again...

Children's Events

Cutting a Rug—Join in an intergenerational square dance in Damrosch Park, with Chip Hendrickson and Spring Fever, at 8.15; look for belly dancing at the South Plaza at 5 or for fancy spoon-playing with Joseph Jones, a.k.a. Mister Spoons, from 2 to 5. Giant puppets perform *Romeo and Juliet in New York City* at 6 at the Fountain Plaza. All events are part of **Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors's** annual "Playday" at Lincoln Center's fountain and plaza areas on Saturday, 8/12, from 2 P.M. on. Sunday, feast your ears and eyes on balloons being played like violins and the collective groan of tentacled bellows at Homemade Instrument Day, 8/13 from 2 to 5, also at Lincoln Center fountain and plaza. For information about these and other events, call the Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Hot Line at 875-5108.●◉

City Cool—Join in making life-size papier-mâché polar bears and penguins (using 2,500 pounds of Play-Doh donated for the purpose) at "Chillin' Out With the Polar Bears and Penguins." There are opportunities to make a penguin beak to wear home and to toss beanbag fish at *faux* penguins all weekend long; compete in the "Great Penguin Waddle-thon" at 3:30 each day. 8/12 and 8/13. Weekend hours are 10:30 to 5:30. **Central Park Zoo/Wildlife Center,** 64th St. and Fifth Ave. (861-6030). General admission is $2.50, $1.25 for seniors, 50 cents for children.◉

BUSYTOWN—Explore the richly hectic world of Richard Scarry—familiar from books and children's television shows—where kids learn how things work in BUSYTOWN, and our town too, by cooperating with one another and turning cranks, weighing merchandise, and operating cash registers. The exhibit is at the **New York Hall of Science** through 9/10. Museum hours are Wed. through Sun. 10 to 5. Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-699-0005). General admission is $4.50, $3 for children (ages 4–15) and seniors. Wed. and Thurs. 2–5 P.M., admission is free.

Celluloid Circus—Cecil B. DeMille's 1952 *The Greatest Show on Earth* won an Academy Award for best picture and best original story, with its winding spectacle, romance, intrigue, and clowning around. The movie stars Charlton Heston, Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Dorothy Lamour, and James Stewart. 8/12 and 8/13 at 2. **The Walter Reade Theater,** 165 West 65th St., plaza level (875-5610). $2.◉

Ground Rules:

● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

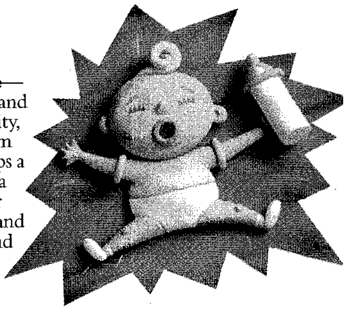
Joint Venture—What would happen if you teamed up a group of kids from Hell's Kitchen—ages 8 to 12—with a bunch of professional actors and writers and told them all to come up with a play with musical accompaniment? Come and see for yourself. The plays are collectively titled *Double or Nothing—The Risky Plays.* All involve some degree of danger, whether it be hang-gliding or taking the subway. For anyone 6 or older. **The 52nd Street Project** at the Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 West 52nd St., 8/10, 8/11, and 8/12 at 7:30, 8/13 at 3 and 7:30. Reservations required. For information, call 764-1379; to make a reservation, call 642-5052.●◉

Post-prehistoric—Now it's your plastic Tyrannosaurus rex toys that are outmoded—the dinosaur skeletons have been artfully cleaned, relit, and, in some cases, completely reconfigured since we last saw them in 1992. **American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100). Hours are Sun. to Thurs. 10 to 5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10 to 8:45. Suggested donation: $3 children, $4 students and seniors, $6 others.

Spin Doctors

A spatula through the head? Cindy Marvell (right) demonstrates that plate-spinning is a breeze nonetheless at her free juggling workshop—part of Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors's twenty-fifth-anniversary season. See Children's Events for further details on Playday (8/12 from 2 to 11) and Homemade Instrument Day (8/13 from 2 to 5), both at Lincoln Center Plaza.

Onscreen Idiocy—Laurel and Hardy and *The Three Stooges* can be seen Tues. through Fri. at 10:30 and 1 in a program called "Dumb and Dumbest" at the **American Museum of the Moving Image.** Through 9/29. 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520).



Gravitational Force—With paper, glue, and a dose of ingenuity, make a slalom course, with perhaps a jump or two, for a glass marble. For ages 6 to 10. 8/12 and 8/13 at noon, 1, and 2. **The Children's Museum of the Arts,** 72 Spring St. (274-0986). $5 admission and $1 materials fee.◉

Artistic Endeavors—**The Metropolitan Museum of Art** welcomes families with children ages 6 to 12 to "People, Places, Palaces and Possessions": drop-in gallery tours that include opportunities to talk and sketch on a different theme each day. Tues. through Fri. from 11 to noon. Afterward, at 12:30, family-friendly films are shown: This week's offerings include *Horseflickers, Monkeys Fishing the Moon,* and *Crac.* Through 8/11. Meet at Uris Tiered Seating, 100 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3932). Free with museum admission by suggested contribution of $7; $3.50 for children and seniors.

Fire!—"Reflecting Reality: Toys, Lamps, and Lanterns From the New York City Fire Museum" is on view to 9/15, Tues. through Sun. 10 to 4, and Thurs. evenings to 9 in July and August. **PaineWebber Art Gallery,** 1285 Ave. of the Americas, bet. 51st and 52nd Streets. ●

Time Again—A musical for children called *The History Mystery* and performed by a cast of children ages 8 to 17 takes the audience on a journey backward in time, where it meets the likes of Martin Luther King Jr., the Wright Brothers, and Benjamin Franklin. Suitable for ages 3 to adult. Performances through 8/13 are Mon., Wed., and Fri. at noon and 2 and Sat. at 1 and 3, with additional performances Sun. 7/16 and 8/13 at 1 and 3. **TADA!,** 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732). Tickets are $6 for children, $12 for adults.◉

The Baby-sitters Club—Be the first on your block to see the movie based on the immensely popular book series—to open 8/18 in cinemas across the country. The 8/14 screening benefits TADA!'s theater programs for inner-city children (see above); at 7 P.M. Cineplex Odeon, 62nd St. and First Ave. (627-1732). $10 for children 12 and under, $12 for adults. Reserve. ◉

Magic Lamp—**The Penny Bridge Players** perform an original musical version of *Aladdin* with Eastern mystery and some Western humor Tues. through Thur. at 10:30 and 1; 10:30 only on Fri. Through 8/17. Church of St. Luke and St. Matthew, 520 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn (718-846-2063). $6 for children, $7 for adults.

Bookish—Look at artists' books and at sketches and mock-ups that show the book-making process. Then make a book of your own with materials provided. The exhibit, "Children's Books by Artists," is at **Printed Matter** through 8/26. Hours are Tues. through Fri. 10 to 6, Sat. 11 to 7. 77 Wooster St. (925-0325).

Underground Railroad—*Ride With Me to Freedom,* a musical based on the story of Harriet Tubman, is performed by **Queens Children's Theater,** for ages 6 and up. Sat. and Sun. at 2, through 8/20. 256-21 Union Turnpike, Queens (718-343-1052). General admission is $6, children and seniors $5. Reserve.

Why Why Why?—**The National Theatre of the Deaf** performs *A World of Whys:* stories from around the world that ask the question "Why." The plays encourage audience participation and are performed in a combination of American Sign Language and spoken English at libraries throughout the five boroughs 8/7 through 8/11. Call Elaine Thomas at the New York Public Library Office of Children's Services at 340-0950 for a complete schedule of performances. ●◉

Cue

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Photograph courtesy of Lincoln Center; illustration by Richard McNeel.

Crime *continued from page 27*

sion that some people are leaving the guns at home. Because while they don't exactly attend the crime strategy meetings, they know something is going on in the streets; so maybe they better be more careful."

AS I WALKED THROUGH BED-STUY FROM MYRtle Avenue up to Nostrand, one of the area's main arteries, south past Fulton Street and across Atlantic Avenue, where the makeup of the population changes from American black to mostly Caribbean black, it was indeed clear that something is happening. Nearly everyone I talked to was aware of a greater police presence, quicker response times, and an all-out effort to enforce minimum standards of behavior. Even those with long-standing hostilities toward the mayor and the police force readily acknowledged the change.

On Vernon Avenue, a quiet, relatively well-kept street of three-story row houses and brownstones, the attitude of a 55-year-old contractor named Richie was typical. "I don't like the mayor, 'cause I don't think he's for all the people of this city. And half the time when I see the cops coming, I don't know whether to duck from them or the criminals." But Richie, who has fifteen children and has lived in Bed-Stuy for 36 years, grudgingly admitted that things are getting better. Sitting across the street from the Vernon Avenue Baptist Church in a Dodge van with a caked-on do-it-yourself paint job, he took a long drag on his cigarette and collected his thoughts.

"Used to be nothing to hear gunshots all night long," he said, as a little girl with pigtails rode by on a pink tricycle. "I'd be in bed some nights and all you'd hear would be *bam . . . bam . . . bam . . . bam . . . bam . . . bam.* Now," he said, "you don't hear nothing like that. I haven't heard any shooting in six or eight months." But Richie remains ambivalent. "I got a 13-year-old boy, and wherever he goes the police hassle him; they stop and search him. Is it worth my kid not getting shot? Absolutely. But the kids develop a hostile attitude."

On Nostrand Avenue and Prospect Place, past the Sugar Hill Supper Club and Disco, and blocks of boarded-up buildings, shattered glass, graffiti-covered store gates, and what seemed to an outsider like barely controlled chaos, was one of the reasons conditions are improving: In the middle of the block was a trailer. For the past three months, the police have used it as a temporary command post for what is loosely called Operation Take Back Nostrand Avenue. On the street, several patrolmen—who wear their bulletproof vests despite the heat—work around the clock to try to maintain order. They succeed in part just by virtue of their presence. The rest is due to their aggressive pursuit of quality-of-life offenses. They stop people from loitering and drinking beer on the corners; from playing loud music; and from urinating in public. They ticket unlicensed gypsy cabs and boom-box cars, and they even stop anyone but the kids from riding a bicycle on the sidewalk.

This is the grunt work of the broken-windows strategy. Summonses are issued for minor offenses. Everyone who is stopped for a violation must produce identification, or he is taken to the station. Everyone is questioned and checked for outstanding warrants. In some precincts, cops now have cell phones for immediate warrant checks. Not only does this assertive police activity set clear limits on behavior; it also yields information about other criminal activity and sometimes turns up guns or drugs.

As the evening wore on, though, the sense of menace increased. A light rain started to fall. The shower lasted only for about twenty minutes, and when it stopped, puffs of steam rose from the now shiny blacktop. Amid the eeriness, a woman, trailing her 14-year-old daughter, came out to get a carton of milk. When I asked her if she sensed that things had gotten better, the mother looked at me as if I had taken leave of my senses. "What you talking about, better?" she asked indignantly. "Better than what? Look around. How's it look to you? I've lived here for 23 years. Fifteen years ago Nostrand Avenue was beautiful. Now . . . now it's disgusting and it's not safe after seven o'clock. I won't let my daughter come down here alone. Look at this street. Go ahead, look," she said waving her arm out away from her body as if introducing an act onstage. "There's more drug spots here now than ever. I'm sure I don't have to tell you. You see them."

In fact, with many of the stores gated, the street did indeed look terrifying. Was this the face of a new, safer New York? The stores that were open, with one or two exceptions, were obvious drug locations. Their windows were fully covered by dusty, forlorn-looking boxes of soap powder and cornflakes blocking any view from the street of what was happening inside. Behind the covered windows, workers sat in bulletproof Plexiglas cages with only small rectangular pass-throughs for the exchange of money and merchandise. And all around were those now-totemic broken windows. The woman, who had started to walk away, looked back at me over her shoulder. "I don't care what the cops say—things in this neighborhood are always getting worse."

THOUGH CRIME IS DOWN 14 PERCENT SO FAR this year in Bed-Stuy's 77th Precinct, where this woman lives, her dissatisfaction is simple to understand. In those neighborhoods where crime was the highest, it will take a long time before many residents really see and feel a change. But what about less blighted neighborhoods? How much does crime have to go down and how long does it take to let go of years of accumulated fear? Is it even realistic to expect that kind of change when frightening crimes, which seem to increase in barbarity all the time, still plague the city? Just in the past few weeks, a bodega owner and his son were gunned down in Bed-Stuy; a 12-year-old in Queens Village was killed over a quarter; and a woman was killed in her apartment on the Upper East Side, the first murder of the year in that part of the city. And despite the precipitous drop in numbers, the average person actually may now have a marginally *greater* chance of becoming a random victim. Whereas more than 80 percent of murder victims once knew their killers, now more than half of all murders in America are committed by strangers.

The chaos factor makes it hard to accept that things have really changed. "From the beginning, this has been a two-part approach," explains Giuliani, "to actually bring down the numbers and to deal with the things people see so they can feel safer. I think both things are happening. And we have to do it against a backdrop of a city in which you're constantly producing countermessages. Even if crime were to drop by another 50 percent, there would still be a crime a day that could frighten people, because we're still a city of 7½ to 8 million people."

Giuliani may be right, though, that people are starting to perceive themselves as at least a bit safer, even if they're loath to admit it. "Two years ago," says Felice Kirby, who lives in Williamsburg and is the founder of the Neighborhood Anti-Crime Center for the Citizens Committee for New York, "we were holding huge meetings at local churches almost weekly to deal with the muggings. Now, I probably shouldn't say this, but we don't have enough citizens angry enough about crime to carry out a citizens patrol on the north side of Williamsburg. People don't feel as preyed upon now as they used to."

Bratton, who says he talks to people in church basements in Harlem and dinner parties in the Hamptons, believes the message is getting out. He knows, however, that it has been a strange year for the police force. They may be reenergized by their startling successes, but every corruption scandal, every charge of police brutality (complaints about all types of police misbehavior are up 30 percent this year), and every incident in which a cop screws up undercuts Bratton's efforts to establish a new respect for the force. And without that respect, not only will it remain difficult for people to believe the impact the police are having; it will also be difficult to continue reducing crime. And Bratton has next year's goal already in his head.

"If we can get the numbers down another 9 or 10 percent next year," he says, straightening his blue tie with its stars and crescent moons, "we will reach the magic 50. We will have cut crime in this city in half since 1990. And then the numbers will be so huge that nobody will be able to ignore them." ■

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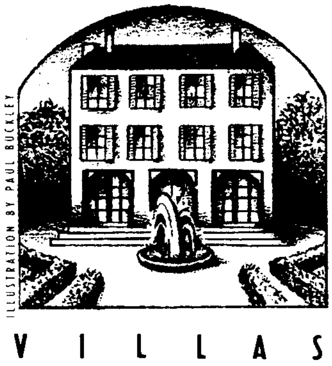

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Continued on next page.

Summer Entertaining

Continued from previous page.

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NEW YORK Magazine's

FABULOUS FALL

7 GREAT SPECIAL ISSUES

Issue Date		On Sale	Ad Close
8/28	FALL FASHION	8/21	8/15
9/11	FALL PREVIEW	9/4	8/29
10/9	HOME DESIGN	10/2	9/26
10/30	HOLIDAY FOOD & FUN	10/23	10/17
11/20	ISLAND TRAVEL	11/13	11/7
12/4	CHRISTMAS GIFTS	11/27	11/21
12/25	YEAR-END DOUBLE	12/18	12/12

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Continued on next page.

Services and Sales

Continued from previous page.

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Handsome Italian-American—Green eyes, athletic build, mid-30s, successful, software publisher who loves to laugh, seeks intelligent, attractive princess, 27-35, with a warm heart and great sense of humor. Note/phone/photo. 8956 ✉

Life In Depth—Jewish male, 41, 6'1" 170, NYC, seeks marriage. Photo. 8861 ✉

Gay White Male—25, with cerebral palsy, seeks someone to come home to, to share life's joys and sorrows. Dogs, skiing, theater, music, dancing, horses, travel are just a few of my pleasures. Life's a real adventure - let's make it a doozy... 8873 ✉

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Classy Asian Lady—39, 5'3", petite, beautiful, feminine, seeks a fit, tall, very successful, intelligent, ambitious, caring man, 35-45. Photo/note/phone. 8648 ✉

I'd Love To—Cook a great meal with you, or explore the Village by night. Let's see an offbeat play, have a pillow fight or stay home and read to each other. An educated professional man, I am 32, 5'7" and divorced. I am searching for a woman with a twinkle in her eye, 28-36, who is warm, smart and attractive. 8856 ✉ ☎

Middle-Aged Male—Said to be handsome, seeks to indulge personable, pretty young woman in the good life. Long-term relationship sought. You should have a taste for the exotic. Please send photo and phone to 8932 ✉

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Upbeat, Low Key, Downtown Girl—27. Likes... darts, reading, driving, cooking and dancing. Seeks like-minded man, under 37, for fun and adventures. Send note and photo. 8970 ✉ ☎

Successful, Good-Looking Man—Loves skiing, traveling, working out, dining. Has own business, 6', 40. Looking for a partner to fulfill last void, 29-36. Photo/note/phone. 8893 ✉

You're A Little Wacky—But I like that in a man - if the package is attractive. Very pretty, bright, long-legged, successful, divorced white female, early 40s (but look younger), with outgoing personality and poet's soul, seeking the guy who stands out from the crowd. Are you a good-looking, sexy, mid-40s-50s, intelligent, adventurous, genuine man? You could be it. 8924 ✉

Would You Like To Meet—A sincere, caring gentleman who would love to share everything in his life with one special woman? I am a secure, Jewish (nonreligious), open, honest, communicative, very early 50-year-old, handsome man who enjoys travel, sports, shows, NYC and life. If you are an attractive woman, young at heart, and are interested in the above, please send note and photo and I hope to be meeting you for dinner soon. 8959 ✉

Someone In My Dreams! Is It You?—Then meet a caring, true Renaissance man, a very successful leading CEO, nice-looking, with vitality and passion for life, working out, humor. Tall, trim, 38, idealistic. Seeks spirited, affectionate woman under 35, sincere, 5'7" plus, to share life with a smile and a song. Reply requires note/photo. 8946 ✉

Queens, Classy Widow—60s. Everyone needs someone, but you have to find the right person. Note. 8862 ✉

Oh My God! I Forgot To Get Married—Luckily, my Jewish mother just reminded me...for the thousandth time! Single, white Jewish male, 6'1", dark, 190 lbs, 32 - spent past five years devoted to building my now publicly-traded corporation. I'm set financially but, looking back, I almost have to agree with my mom. Am seeking a sincere, fun-loving, intelligent, attractive woman who likes travel adventures, sports (especially skiing), long walks, fine wines, cool clubs (not disco), loud rock, good books, scintillating conversations and wild sex (not that I've had much lately, but since I'm making a list...). I am sincerely ready to settle down with the right person - I just hope that you're reading this. Please send photo with something about you to: 8917 ✉

Enchantingly Affectionate Male—If you're sweet and petite and would love to settle down with a kind, youthful, well-built, witty author, 42, 5'6", who will dazzle you with gentle hugs and little presents, send letter and photo to: POB 856 NY, NY 10009.

Fetching, Down-To-Earth Redhead—Jewish female attorney, 40 (looks 30), solo practitioner by day, lonely soul by night. Seeks rugged, huggable best friend with integrity, intelligence, humor (and awareness of herpes), to rock my soul, share life's absurdities, and create our own adventure, hopefully to include marriage and children. Photo appreciated. 8901 ✉

One Of A Kind—Great Jewish woman, 33, slim, blond, attractive inside and out, fun and bright, whose interests range from ballet to baseball, seeks man, 30-42, spontaneous, dynamic, with a sense of humor, style and sophistication that matches my own. Note/photo/phone. 8885 ✉

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Lively, Professional White Woman—Late 30s, 5'1", dark hair and eyes, shapely and pretty, sports and academic oriented - seeks one well-adjusted, fun-loving male companion with solid values, to share my life with! 8875 ✉ ☎

Renaissance Man—39, respected artist and businessman. Down-to-earth. Seeks female, 26-39, for laughter, adventure and future commitment. Photo. 8950 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male—41, Latin looks, slim and HIV-negative. I'm affectionate, discreet and don't smoke, drink or do drugs. Seeking romance with a white, kind man of any age over 45. Bookworms, chubbies or homebodies are welcome. No Village types please. 8922 ✉

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Check out
New York Magazine's
Assortments section
on page 93.
It's where the action is!!

Romantic, Intelligent, Adventurous—Exec, 50, tall, slender, fit, self-aware, seeks attractive, athletic, feminine woman, 30-45, to share committed relationship, running, biking, the arts, travel and discovery. Note/photo. 8891 ✉

Entrepreneur—Looking for merger candidate. Well-educated, adventurous, *very affectionate and sincere.* I am 30, 5'9", attractive, in great shape. Absolutely dedicated to starting a family and having lots of children. Seeking an intelligent *Jewish woman with a sense of humor,* athletic, and who I can learn from... and with. Photo/note. 8896 ✉

Pretty, Blue-Eyed Brunette—38, 5'6", 130, speaks French and Spanish - seeks attractive, Catholic, bilingual, ambitious, kind, spontaneous white male. 8821 ✉☎

"It Is Evil And A Thing Of Terror—When a woman sits in the home forlorn with no man by." So said a Greek lady some 2,500 years ago. Ditto for this lovely and loving, slender widow, who's also a most literate and funny "broad" but "forlornly" awaits that one "man" - 60ish, caring, witty, emotionally expansive, to share an exciting rest of what's to come. 8618 ✉

Caramel Delight!—Seeks gent, 28-40, likes opera to jazz and old movies. Note/photo. 8270 ✉

NYC Gentleman—Handsome professional, 32, 6'0", 190 lbs, light brown hair, green eyes. Charming, successful man of substance and style - athletic, down-to-earth, adventurous and sensitive. Seeks female, 28-35, professional, personable and attractive - for loving, serious relationship. Photo/note. 8888 ✉

Marriage-Minded DDS—Seeks single, *Jewish professional* gal, 29-34, for love, marriage, family. Phone/photo. Queens/LI. 8968 ✉

Vivacious And Caring—I love the beach, good food, flowers and my cat. Interested in sharing? I'm a professional, warm, 47, Jewish, nonsmoking Westchester female. Seeking successful Jewish professional, 50ish, affectionate mensch. Photo. 8878 ✉

Whimsical, Brainy, Big Beauty—Tired of going solo in Manhattan, needs smart, tall and sexy gentleman, 38-55, for perfect match and life's mate. Recent photo and note, please. 8897 ✉

Male Teddy Bear—29, Jewish professional with soft heart, loves music, sports, dancing and romantic evenings at home. Seeks beautiful, successful, warm, independent female to create the memories that life is made of. Note/phone/photo. 8967 ✉

Pretty Professional Woman—42, 6', divorced, seeks a caring, classy gentleman who enjoys laughter, dining out, theater, sports, movies, travel... and wants a supportive, committed relationship. Photo/note. 8919 ✉

Cerebral Sailor(ess)—Seeks Jewish captain. Sexy, successful, infectiously energetic and creative, I know how to make life worth living. If I can fathom intelligence, integrity and complexity in your depths, I'm ready for the challenge. Note/phone. 8944 ✉

This Is My Birthday Gift—From "friends". I'm a stunning, Ivy-educated professional who's traveled around the world. I seek single Jewish male, 28-38, who can keep my pace and show me a thing or two. Photo/note. 8954 ✉

Tall, Handsome 50s—Successful professional desires best friend, lover for Chapter Two. I am a caring romantic - passionate about life, work and family. You are attractive, 45-50, nonsmoker, interested in intellectual pursuits, ready for a relationship based on mutual respect, sharing of interests and intimacies. Note/photo. 8918 ✉

Tall, Handsome Gentleman—43, very bright, witty, fit, bearded, pin-striped and Jewish, who loves ballet, jazz and yoga, seeks very bright, beautiful, leggy, very fit woman, 30-45. Photo. 8939 ✉☎

Wanted—Courtly, multidimensional, practicing MD, 45 plus, by lovely, tall, slim, educated Manhattanite. 8631 ✉

Beautiful Blond/Blue—27, 5'7", *slender, athletic, warm, funny, professional* Jewish woman seeks sincere, fit, humorous professional man, 27-36, for soul mate. Photo please. 8882 ✉

Millionaire Seeks Soul Mate—Tall, dark, handsome entrepreneur, having worked very hard to reach his goals, seeks bright, tall, sensuous beauty, 28-38, for loving relationship. Travel, great dancing, sparkling talk and great life style await the right woman - with sensitivity, caring and a playful spirit. Interests include art, holistic medicine, marketing, advertising... Sounds unusual, but diversity is better than monotony. Your possible life companion awaits. Photo/note/phone. 8863 ✉☎

Gay Female MD—45, very pretty, feminine, personable and focused. Seeking strong-minded, extremely attractive femme who enjoys and appreciates life. If you're adventurous, generous, caring, with a good heart, we'll make a good match. Photo optional. 8969 ✉

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Gay Male, 43—Sensitive, honest, handsome, intelligent, whose home and partner have always been the most important part of my life. I seek a handsome, intelligent, reasonably successful, somewhat quiet man, 30-45, who has a sparkle in his eye for me and life, and who has the capability to commit. Note/photo please. 8876 ✉

Be My Roseanne—Successful Jewish MD, 39, enjoys theater, movies and sports. Seeks very intelligent, sweet, medium-to-Rubenesque female for serious relationship. 8941 ✉

Jewish Wall Street Exec, 34—With strong values and integrity, seeks *voluptuous woman who is caring and* loyal, to share the best of life. Must be willing and able to travel. NY/NJ okay. Photo please. 8874 ✉

Remember When The Platters—And Coasters were singing groups, not houseware? ...Then we're from the same era! I'm a cute PhD scientist in Bergen County. My bio is conventional (divorced, Jewish, 13-year-old son) but my presentation is exceptional. I look forward to hearing about you. 8955 ✉

Wanted: Beautiful Woman, 25-40 Plus—Bring baggage, but must be willing to unpack. Emotionally secure, emotionally available, empathetic, spiritual, bright, humorous, adventuresome, witty, spontaneous. Loves good food, theater, art, antiques, poetry and all varieties of music and metaphysics. With a passion and zest for life and living. Open-minded, zany but sane, aware, financially independent, Believing that "on the road of life, if you're not on the information highway, you are on the road to nowhere". I am the same, with a zest and passion for life. Capabilities and qualities that are constantly evolving, with limitations unknown! Workable, flexible... Real! Human! On the road of life? Want to travel with me? My looks - "not to be disappointed"! Age 51 - told I look early 40s. Religion, believer. Race, human. Creed, love. Nationality, cosmic. Let's connect and share from the cornucopia of life. Photo/phone/note. 8963 ✉

Utopia—Nubian princess, 27, who likes to spoil and be spoiled, seeks successful Adonis for a perfect union. 8938 ✉☎

European Female MD—40. Enjoys good conversation, music, travel, sports, is family oriented. Seeks a like-minded male. POB 166, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC 10011

Manhattanophile—45, 5'10", 185. Likes *restaurants, movies, architecture, fashion,* autos. Seeks extremely pretty lady, nonsmoker. Character just as important as looks. Note/photo/phone. 8964 ✉

Fun In The Sun!—Jewish MBA seeks female, 28-35, attractive, petite, who likes the beach, kids, Fox TV. Photo. 8899 ✉☎

Female Golfing Buddy—30 plus, wanted by guy, 40 plus, video publisher. 8948 ✉

For A Truly Romantic—Transatlantic gay love affair, cosmopolitan, 41. German gent in Munich wants muti-faceted, masculine and active North American man to sweep him off his feet. 8973 ✉

I'm An Attractive Artist—With brains, heart and humor. You're an accomplished man, mid 40s-50s, with substance, spirit and kindness. Priorities: culture, nature, each other. 8906 ✉☎

Jewish Male, 31—Nonsmoker, nondrinker, professional, seeks Jewish female, 20s. Nassau/Queens. Note/photo. 8864 ✉

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Strictly Personals

Tall, Warm, Vibrant Wasp—Brunette, 45, business professional, early-evening athlete, hard-working, passionate, sometimes too serious, seeks companionship and much more with a bright, amusing, active gentleman, age 35 plus. Nonsmoker, please. 8867 ✉

Love, Companionship, Commitment—37, handsome MD, Jewish, slim, romantic, fun, many interests, new to NYC, seeks that one special, warm, giving, attractive woman. Bio/photo? 8903 ✉

Professional Black Male—Good-looking, intelligent, teddy-bear type, 36 years young, seeks single white female, 25-30, of enchanting nature, for fun and friendship - and maybe more. Send photo, please. 8953 ✉ ☎

A Truly Beautiful, Artistic Woman—With slight trouble walking, but none loving, seeks man over 47. 8945 ✉

Come Share Laughter And Life—With kind, considerate, dependable, professional Jewish male, with traditional values. Seeks female to 37, with inner beauty, to enjoy the gift of love in marriage and family. Photo appreciated. 8961 ✉

One-Of-A-Kind!—Multifaceted, Manhattan Jewish widow with buoyant, youthful style - attractive, delightfully warm, smart, and fit, whose unique occupation permits country weekends, travel, varied interests...seeks similar, secure, sensual 65ish, nonsmoking man of substance and soul, with eclectic to classic tastes, sincere, solid values, who is free to share love, laughter and much more... RSVP with bio. 8958 ✉

Female Attorney—Compassionate and hard-working. I enjoy reading, movies, exercising, quiet time. I am 48, 5'8", attractive. I seek an intelligent, kind, honest man. Humility a plus. LI preferred. 8907 ✉

Extremely Attractive Jewish Male—26, professional, 5'10", dark hair, green eyes, athletic, likes to have fun. Seeks attractive, slim female, 22-28. Photo a must. 8877 ✉

Let's Meet For A Cafe Latte—I'll even spring for biscotti. I'm an attractive, witty, down-to-earth Jewish male, 39, 5'8". I like independent and foreign films, theater, rock music and bookstores. I'm looking for a pretty, warm, unpretentious woman, 25-36, for fun, friendship and romance. Note/photo please. 8940 ✉

Wonderful, Warm Woman—Ultra pretty, 5'7", slender, 53, bright and spirited, financially secure in Westchester. Have class, style and substance. Seeking a man of integrity and sensitivity, 50-65, for a serious romance, holding hands and enjoying time together. POB 21, White Plains, NY 10605

Regular-Looking Lawyer—Reasonably tall, moderately successful, sort of athletic, with indomitable sense of humor, seeking a forever relationship with a slim, well-educated Jewish woman who was born when FDR was president. Westchester resident preferred. 8943 ✉ ☎

Nutty, Attractive Career Woman—36, slim, who's sassy, genuine, dilettante (not debutante) and world traveler with a hearth (heart), seeks company of youthful, healthy, stable guy who's aware, adventurous, likes arts, especially appreciating the warmth of good family and friends. Note/photo. 8910 ✉ ☎

Ready For Recycling—I am an attractive, successful businessman - 43, 5'11", 160 lbs. Love NYC, independent films, Off-Broadway, exotic travel. You are a creative, race-blind, beautiful woman under 40 - physically, emotionally and financially fit, sophisticated yet down-to-earth, even mischievous - in search of commitment, passion, laughs. Note/recent photo. 8915 ✉

Tall, Dark, Handsome—Jewish lawyer, 40, passion for Satchmo, the arts and slow kisses. Seeks pretty, smart female counterpart. Photo optional. 8942 ✉

Bright, Blond Beauty—Financially and emotionally secure widow, tall, slim, former model, healthy, athletic, late 40s, nonsmoker. No kids, no pets. Loves dancing, movies, off-Broadway, boating, beach, travel, Italian food. Looking for NJ man who likes to laugh and have fun. 8971 ✉

Very Attractive Latin Woman—Petite, slender, well-traveled and intelligent, 47 - looks much younger. Seeks successful, professionally intense, nonsmoking man. Note/photo/phone. 8866 ✉

Unpretentious—Attractive Jewish woman, 40, seeks caring man for love, laughter and commitment. 8898 ✉

Great-Looking, Evolved, Stylish Man—Artistic, witty, successful businessowner. Eclectic, bit of dreamer, romantic yet grounded. I love travel, fine dining, tennis, photography, antiquing, animals. Divorced 51, 5'9". You're truly beautiful, under 42, free of heart, slim, and desire passion, laughter and a best friend. Where are you? Photo/note. 8951 ✉ ☎

Classic Wasp - Auburn Beauty—Fit, 5'9", size 6, stylish, vulnerable, inner beauty/traditional values, young 40s, Manhattanite, affluent, enjoys travel, cultural/charity events, dynamic people, fine dining. Seeks selective Manhattan/CT gentleman who appreciates class and life's finer things. Be 55-70, successful, affluent, confident, honorable, marriageable, sophisticated and, like me, gets pleasure by giving/caring. Divorced or widowed. 8909 ✉ ☎

Dangerous Curves, Soft Shoulders—Pretty, slim, Jewish Westchester female, 40s, seeks intelligent, secure, handsome, fit professional male, young 43-50, to share the highway of life. Photo. 8916 ✉ ☎

Looking For A Man—With brains, good looks, and a great sense of humor, age 35-45. I am pretty, smart, and ready for romance. Photo please. 8921 ✉

Vivacious, Tall, Slender Blond—Successful, happy, passionate and loving personality. Loves world travel, arts, skiing/sailing. Seeks 48-60s, dynamic, savvy, "spirited" gentleman for love, romance and life. Photo. 8904 ✉ ☎

Pianist—30s, loves karate, writing and fitness. Seeks female. Photo. 8892 ✉ ☎

Not Your Soul Mate—Bright-eyed individual (female) seeks 30something individual (male) for parity relationship based on mutual respect and caring. I am unique (so are you). 8879 ✉

Brunettes Have More Fun—Lively, intelligent, sophisticated, pretty and successful woman, easygoing and playful, seeks man with kind heart and deep values. Seeks committed relationship with Prince Charming, over 45. 8960 ✉ ☎

Court Me—Appealing attorney, perky and pretty, seeks single, white professional male, 38 plus, average height and weight, for more than just a brief encounter. 8923 ✉ ☎

Sleepless In Suburbia—Petite, passionate, attractive, single Jewish female, 47, seeks soul mate. You are kind, affectionate, fit, optimistic, successful and sexy. We both love romance, nature, spoiling each other, adventure, books, BBQ's and laughter. Hurry... Let's swim under the stars before my pool closes! 8869 ✉

Successful, Smart, Jewish—North Jersey lawyer, 40-something, 5'8", 150 lbs, blue eyes, brown hair. Loves scuba diving, hiking, country inns and travel. Seeks intelligent, attractive, slender, 30-something professional woman with good sense of humor, who would be willing to lie about how we met. Note and photo appreciated. 8913 ✉

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A Fine Romance—Pretty, fit Christian female, 30, honest, intelligent - enjoys movies, theater, music, outdoors, travel. Seeks professional Christian male, 30-38, nonsmoker, healthy, humorous, similar interests, for lasting relationship. 8911 ✉ ☎

Me: English—42 on day this appears. 6', slim, sober, hardworking, caring, gentle, low-key. Seeks cheerful Asian woman, 30 plus, for romance, hopefully marriage, hopefully family. Reason: had it with single life, now convinced of multiple joys of marital state. Hook: all replies with photo win a free dinner. 8962 ✉

Finally Free—Totally bored, jobless, childless, not hopeless. Romantic, divorced Jewish male, handsome, emotionally, physically and financially healthy. Passion for travel, skiing, running and dancing. Seeking pretty, healthy, nonsmoking, intelligent, active, aware, socially conscious counterpart, 35-45, for fun, frolic, sharing and much more. 8972 ✉

Actress, Humanitarian, Broadcaster—Long-haired blond, model-thin, long-legged, seeks a professional man, people-oriented, late 40s-50s, who she can spoil and who will reciprocate. 8929 ✉ ☎

Successful, Handsome Entrepreneur—Jewish, 42, witty and charming, desires pretty, slim, bright, vivacious Jewish female, 32-39, for caring, long-term relationship. 8925 ✉ ☎

Hourglass-Figured Redhead—43, 5'7", wants to spend time with taller, single gentleman and share the myriad of life's offerings. 8905 ✉ ☎

Man With Heart Of Gold—Professional, Jewish, athletic, nonsmoker, sincere, great sense of humor, 38, 5'9", looking to share life with a shorter, single Jewish female, 26-36, nonsmoker, who enjoys movies, dining out and sports. Note/photo a plus. 8930 ✉

Gem Quality—Beautiful, slim Jewish MBA, 33 and nice too! With eclectic interests. Seeks handsome, successful, caring man, to 40. Note/photo. 8949 ✉

Let's Meet!—PR firm-owner, 39, humorous, good-looking, into films, cuisine, cars, cycling. Seeks slim, smart, sensuous woman, 20s-30s, to cruise life's roller-coaster. Photo. 8887 ✉ ☎

Tall, Attractive White Christian Male—33, blue collar, seeking monogamous white Christian female into nightlife, home life, travel and much more. 8966 ✉ ☎

Midlife, Yes - Crisis, No—Mid 50s, tall, attractive, warm Jewish male, avoids crisis by partaking of theater, music, the arts... and would love to share with kindred spirit. Be youthful, be trim, be affectionate (but don't be a smoker). 8908 ✉

Assortments

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ASSORTMENTS

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Weekly Bulletin Board

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MARY ANN MADDEN #828

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

See that building? I used to live in that building.

***Private electronic message via computer:* Yo, wassup. You male or female?**

This is all so good, I love the ginger and green sauce, although in *Allure* they had a piece about a man who got a nine-foot tapeworm from eating sushi.

Above, conversation stoppers. Competitors are invited to provide one sample of same: a remark destined to doom further colloquy.

Results of Competition 825, in which you were asked to create an extract from a familiar speech, ad, editorial, or what-have-you written entirely in words of one syllable.

Report: Hi there, shorts fans. Well. What was it we hoped for? A word-for-word near-miss? Naah. Nor a real speech, ad, or what-you-will wrought so as to form curt but cute plays on words. What, then? In short (*sic*), a sly thing that takes work yet does not feel worked on. Where the seams don't show. Hard to turn this trick, we grant, much less end up with a, uh, fun read. But, you know, not out of reach. Take, say, this.

Or C. Sontag, below. But soft. Possibly the word "create" in instructions fought the word "familiar" so you gave us monosyllabic transliteration. Often a speech or document, e.g., the Declaration of Independence. Other sources: Herman "Call Me Ish" Melville, Wm. "To be or not to be, that is the 'why' thing" Shakespeare, award-acceptance speeches, recipes, and Julius "I came, I saw, I kicked butt" Caesar. Sincere thanks for entering this one, I wouldn't have. You've been true pals. And see that you do.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Folks, some of you write to me and ask: Ross, why are you in the race? Is it pride? Fame? A new way to get rich? No, no, no. The fact is, this land of ours is in one heck of a mess, and I have the plan to get us out of it. George Bush and young Bill don't have clue one. If you want me to run, send a check to me here at this P.O. box and I can buy more spots. . . .

A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

"I, uh, have a, er, hmm, hard time, uh, speak, um, ing in front, er, of groups but, uh, thanks to Dale Car, uh Dale Car, uh Dale, um this class I take, I've made, uh, real prog, er prog, well so they, uh tell me."

Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Those of you who leave this high school leave a day and time that you will hold dear for the rest of your lives. But you stand on the edge of a bright new day as well. You may feel the winds of change, and storms may brew. Be strong in those times, and stay calm. Keep your head when some would lose theirs. Hold fast to that which you know in your heart is right and true. Do your best, and make us proud. This goes for the girls as well.

Larry Mitchell, Dahlonega, Ga.

And Honorable Mention to:

If you have watched my show you have seen these ties, and you love them as you love me. Made for Rush, worn by Rush. And now you can wear them, too. Now you can show off your flair for the rare. Send for one or more and be the talk of your town.

William I. Bennett, Muskegon, Mich.

It is said that we are what we eat. This may be true for some in this world, but these words hold no truth for me. Since the age of 4 or 5, I have wolfed down at least a ton or two of string beans, cut French style. Yet here am I at this point in time, blessed with a build that should have gone to a man who ate a hell of a lot of pears.

Walter F. Tanski, Troy, N.Y.

"I rue that I have but one life to give for the States. If I had two, I would not mind so much."

Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

Last night at the Town Hall, Pete Rose made a long speech in which he claimed that he should be in the Hall of Fame. Rose gave stats of hits and runs and great feats of his, both on the field and at bat. But the one score he failed to cite was his play off the field, in the real game of life. . . .

Mark Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

"Just keep in mind that time is bread."

Scott Porter, Madison, N.J.

Sure Sheath TV Spot: Zoom in on young pair in bed, sheets mussed; a fan on the floor is at full blast. HE: "Was it good for you?" (With a smile.) SHE: "Oh yes, I'm so glad we chose to wait till now." HE strokes her hair. "Me too," HE says, "and this Sure Sheath does the job." "I feel safe," SHE says, "not just from the Sheath but in your arms too." V.O.: "The Sure Sheath. For the best kind of safe there is."

Deborah Freedman, Albertson, N.Y.

Folks like good plain fare, and fish fills the bill. Cod baked with chives and topped with cheese is a real treat. —Jeff Smith.

Selma Ellis, Glenview, Ill.

West 4th Street. Change for B, F, A, C, and E trains. This is a D train to the Bronx. Step in and stand clear of the doors. That means you too, sir, in the green suit in the last car. Step in and stand clear of the doors. Have a nice day. *Ding, dong.*

R. Givner, Brooklyn, N.Y.

What a bash. My host said, "What would you like to drink? Scotch on the rocks with a twist? A shot of rye? Some gin, rum and coke, white wine, beer? What's your choice?" And I said with a broad grin, "I will have one of each." I drank them all one by one. And guess wh . . .

Evelyn L. Firestone, Atlanta, Ga.

At first there was a void—cold, dark, and wet. Day two gave us the sky. Next came the seas, plants, fruits, and their seeds. Then there was the sun to light up the day and the moon to do the same for the night. The fifth day brought fish and fowl. But day six was full of beasts, plus man and his mate. Now that was good. On the last day, well, you know, I took some time off.

Ivor Winiply, Glen Cove, N.Y.

Do not say a word on this case. You may eat, sleep, and dream this case, but do not judge it. Do not breathe a word of it. Do not talk of this case. Do not make up your mind till I say you can. Have a nice night. Thank you all.

Lawrence J. Pippick, Los Angeles, Calif.

Lands' End. Great Gear. True Tints. Straight Styles. Big Boot. Down Duds. Class Clothes. Prime Price. Phone Fast.

Dorothea Scher, N.Y.C.

Mets Fail to Score in a Score of Games. That means no runs *at all.* A score is twice ten. . . .

Joseph St. Brienne, M.D., Philadelphia, Pa.

As you know, our Yanks are in bad shape. Real bad shape. Why? Some guys have been hurt. And then we've had just plain bad luck. Now all of us with the Yanks need a boost, for sure. You, the fan, can help. Come to the ballpark. We may yet make it this year. And win it all, by George.

Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

Guns don't kill folks. Bad cops with big boots kill folks.

Bob Dean, Raleigh, N.C.

You are naught but a hound dog.

Betty Heinze, Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Guys don't want sex with gals who wear specs.

Kim Brigham, Lincoln, Mass.

Do you make these dumb gaffes when you speak or write? I mean, you know, like when you use two *nos* in the same phrase and it comes out wrong? Or like when you write "was" when you should of said "were." It shows you don't know how to use words right. Know what I mean? Don't let your lack of smarts hold you back or cost you that raise or your job. Let us like help you write and talk. Call now.
Al Hattal, Potomac, Md.

The new tax form will save you time. All you need to do is tell your tax man what you were paid last year and then send the Fed a check for at least that much.
Don Wigal, N.Y.C.

You'd love my car as much as I love my car. It drives like a dream. Swedes buy most of them. They love the seat belts, air bags on both sides, and fine brakes. You can take a long trip on one tank of gas, and a safe, smooth ride it is. Get a SAAB. And hey, don't drink when you drive, and have a nice day.
Joyce Kaplan, Merrick, N.Y.
sp. ment.: John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

Turn the key. Great speed. More front leg room. Less noise. Four wheels. New air vents. It's the New Grass Kart.
John O'Byrne, Dublin, Ireland

I think *The Bell Curve* is a good book. It says folks with dark skin are not as smart as us whites. We whites have big brains. We know it all. We can do great things. You don't think so? You don't like this line of thought? You must not be white.
Martha Herzog, Pacific Grove, Calif.

Are you in pain? Hurt by a hot drink that spilled in your lap as you drove your car? Think back. No charge if we lose the case. Call: Trials, Inc., 666-6688.
H. Bartow Farr Jr., Winston-Salem, N.C.

A fool and his gold are soon rolled.
Jan Leighton, N.Y.C.

She sells sea shells by the sea shore. Well, where else would she sell 'em? On the main floor of Saks? If you want 'em, she's got 'em, all laid out on shelves in her neat stall on the sand. Go down there now and tell her Sal sent you. Hey, have a good day.
L. Klein, N.Y.C.

The task was a snap; the rules clear. Yet most of you got it wrong. A few did great, as you can see. Some of you are such wits. And some of you, not to put too fine a point on it, not. At times you break my heart. Next week we will get it right. And have a nice day.
Carol Sontag, Detroit, Mich.
sp. ment.: Marion R. Hays, Milwaukee, Wis.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS ONLY, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 828, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 71154.3014@compuserve.com. It must be received by August 18. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the September 11 issue. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace.

Chopra *continued from page 31*

but without providing housing; it was simply too exclusive and too expensive, he says. The center has been raising money from private donors, and, says Simon, Chopra himself has bankrolled some of the operation. The Sharp Institute is still in business, funded in part by the NIH's Office of Alternative Medicine, although there are some problems there too. An OAM spokesperson says the office "is not working with Deepak Chopra." The OAM acknowledges that a grant was made to study Ayurveda, but it was given to Dr. David Simon. "Chopra's been riding on the OAM involvement since day one," an OAM source says. "He's taken advantage of the NIH. He has no friends in our shop."

Chopra currently has a plan in the works to open a new "lifestyle center" in conjunction with the premier hotel chain in India, and he is discussing similar centers in New York and London. "I don't think we would be looking for people who are ill," says Richard Perl, a business associate of Chopra's, "but for people who need a period of deep inner work."

Whatever the fate of his clinics, Chopra probably won't have many financial worries. He makes the bulk of his money from his books, audiotapes, and videotapes. His share of the profits on the hard- and softcover editions of *Ageless Body, Timeless Mind* is upwards of $4 million, not including the audio edition or any of the other spin-offs published by his own company, Quantum Publications.

JONIE FLINT, THE CALIFORNIA woman who filed the complaint against Chopra, says she and her husband, in search of an answer to the leukemia that was killing him, came to Chopra through his books, impressed by his medical credentials. "Chopra was everything," Flint says about her faith in him. The Flints made several visits to the Maharishi Ayur-Veda Health Center in Palo Alto, California, where they saw Brihaspati Dev Triguna, an Ayurvedic practitioner. In his bestselling book *Perfect Health*, Chopra devotes many pages to Triguna's skill at pulse diagnosis, redundantly calling him "perhaps the greatest living Vaidya, or Ayurvedic physician, alive today." "He [Triguna] can sense undiagnosed tumors, which he describes by location and size," writes Chopra, "His prognosis includes how serious an illness will be and whether curing it will be easy, difficult, or impossible." According to the complaint, the Flints visited Chopra in October 1993 and paid for primordial sound treatment. When they visited Triguna two months later, he allegedly pronounced David Flint healed. Jonie Flint says she was amazed and somewhat disbelieving. Could leukemia really be cured? " 'Sure,' " Jonie Flint says Triguna told her. " 'I cure that all the time at home in my country.' "

She was surprised, she says, but didn't want to sound negative to her hopeful husband, so she followed Triguna's directions to continue taking the Maharishi Ayur-Vedic treatments, which she says had already cost more than $10,000 over nine months. Nevertheless, her husband died of the disease in April 1994. Later, the National Council Against Health Fraud helped her find a lawyer, and she filed her suit on April 14, three days before the statute of limitations was to expire.

"We don't feel the suit has any merit," says Michael Tabb, an attorney for Chopra. "It will be dismissed long before trial, at least for Dr. Chopra. As for the other defendants, I have no idea."

Another of Chopra's lawyers, Michael Flynn, portrays David Flint as desperate. Chopra, he says, saw him for only 45 minutes of spiritual counsel, during which time he gave him a mantra. And Flint signed a form saying he understood that the sound therapy wasn't a substitute for conventional cancer therapies and absolving Chopra and his organization of responsibility should their treatments be unsuccessful.

As if the suit weren't enough, the Washington *Post* recently reported that a journalist named Dan Georgakas has contacted Chopra's publisher about a nine-page passage in Chopra's book *Ageless Body, Timeless Mind* that was apparently lifted from Georgakas's book *The Methuselah Factors* and never credited. "There was certainly an error made here," said Peter Guzzardi, Chopra's editor at Harmony Books, "for which I take responsibility." Guzzardi says that in editing the manuscript, he inadvertently separated the quoted material from its attribution. At any rate, says the editor, "it was a modest mistake, quickly rectified."

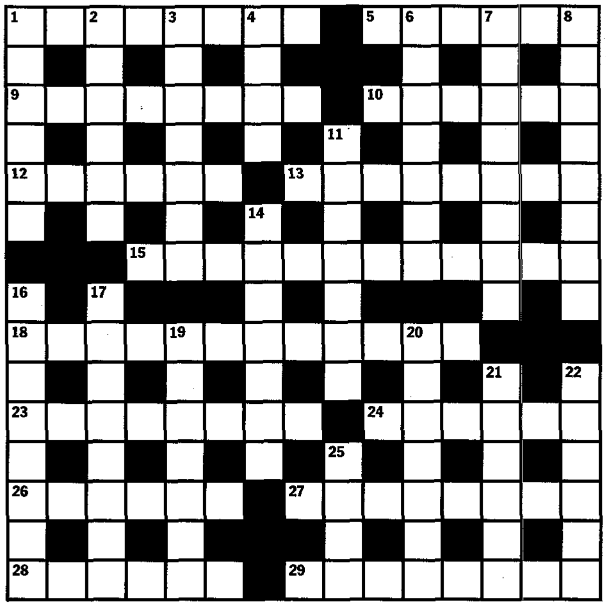
CHOPRA LIKES TO SAY THAT he would prefer not to be identified as an M.D., and that he keeps asking his publisher to take the M.D. off the cover of his books. But his medical credentials are the buttresses of the bridge he's built between Western patients and Eastern spiritual healing traditions. Asked why she first picked up one of Chopra's books, a woman at Barnes & Noble replies, "He's an M.D. That makes him about as legitimate as it gets."

Not quite as legitimate as it gets, actually. Chopra isn't licensed to practice medicine in California, where his clinic was. When asked how Chopra sees patients without a California license, Sharp publicist Stephanie Casenza replies quickly, "He sees patients, but not as a doctor."

'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 Revolver with eccentrics on it. (8)
5 Point distant from earth where an airman needs navigational aid. (6)
9 Illnesses of graduate women. (8)
10 Something to be worn which is written in blank letters. (6)
12 Without any snags since I went into the city. (6)
13 Carriage gives one painful expression when in the nude. (8)
15 People do not heal without latitude for terms. (12)
18 The rave lasts surprisingly in untimely gatherings. (4, 8)
23 Marching with a politician into town. (8)
24 Vocation of one who is concerned about the East. (6)
26 Quote me in return for a kind of medicine. (6)
27 A lot of strange women score for City. (8)
28 Supporters go south into Arab country. (6)
29 Made a sound when introduced to the game. (8)



DOWN

1 More effeminate outdoor person. (6)
2 Interfere with a road where animals live? (6)
3 The gentleman makes Hilda change and leave. (7)
4 Pattern of worry? (4)
6 Ancient Greek steamship line artist. (7)
7 Beat backwards and forwards as a means of playing. (4-4)
8 Furthest parts of the Exeter manuscript confused. (8)
11 Farms where parts of trees have head cut off. (7)
14 Fish for a woman's evidence of matrimony. (7)
16 The disorderly treat in the coach gets too much praise. (8)
17 Animal holds the old lady up in these boats. (8)
19 Soldier who is made bright in expectation. (7)
20 The magazine is about to get enthusiastic for holiday topics. (7)
21 Sound of the Warden talking. (6)
22 Cried out for some sunshine in the place where the flowers are. (6)
25 Nonsense which sounds German. (4)

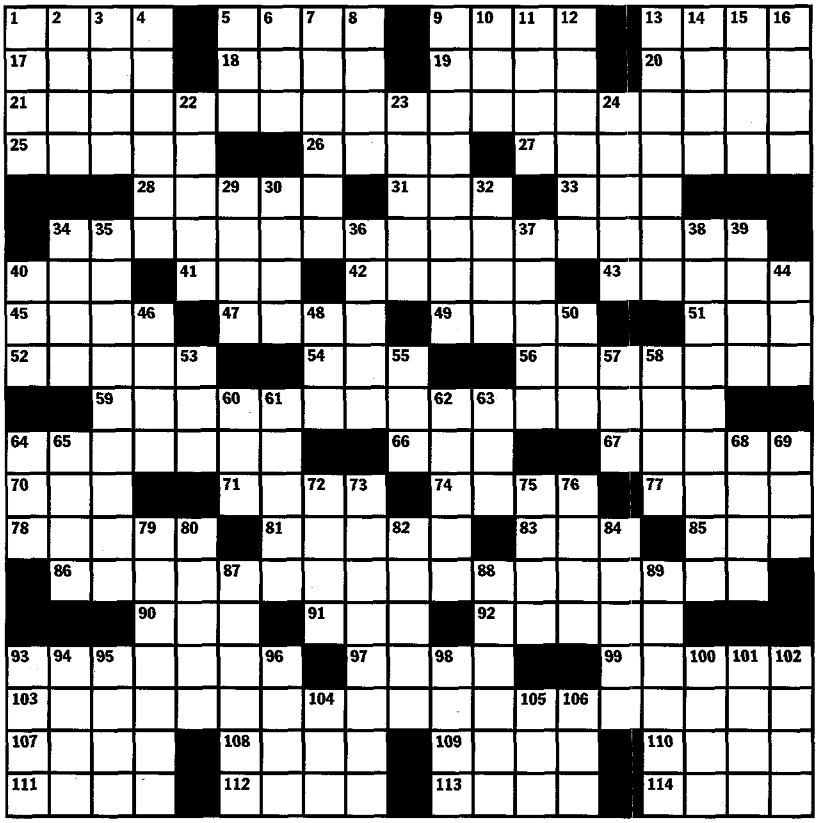
'Noah's Troubles: I': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Foundation
5 Nickname for hoopster O'Neal
9 Top Norse god
13 Tear down
17 N.Y.S.E. rival
18 No-no
19 Window division
20 Melville adventure
21 What the kangaroos did
25 Running rife
26 Affectations
27 Agrees (to)
28 Not as forward
31 Exhaust the supply, with "up"
33 Unconscious
34 What happened when the two silkworms had a race
40 Go blond
41 Fond du ——, Wisconsin
42 Red Sea republic
43 Holy Tibetans
45 Part of U.A.R.
47 Between do and fa
49 Movie locations
51 Last Greek consonant
52 Fable message
54 "Put —— Happy Face"
56 Answered an S.O.S.
59 Tragedy on the ark
64 Serial segment
66 Wages
67 Perfect model
70 Direction suffix
71 Stumbling block
74 Pauline of '40s tennis
77 Means justifiers
78 Water lily's kin
81 Chisholm, for one
83 "—— not much for looks . . ."
85 No gentleman
86 What the two lions did that caused a panic
90 Dakota Indian
91 Chou En-——
92 Houston baseballer
93 Nazareth's region
97 Silo's neighbor
99 Old Icelandic literary works
103 Why Noah couldn't play cards
107 Prop for Salome's dance
108 Rights org.
109 Melanie's son, in "GWTW"
110 Peace Nobelist Wiesel
111 Exxon, formerly
112 Hone
113 Slight advantage
114 Comedian Foxx

DOWN

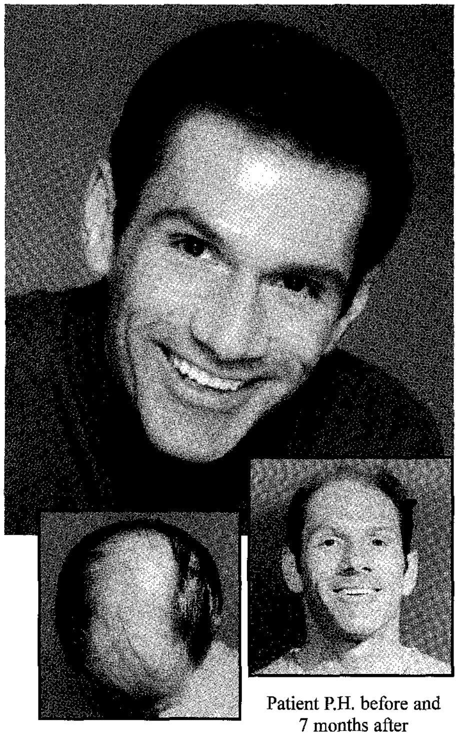
1 —— California
2 Manchurian border river
3 Round before the final
4 Uncover
5 Criterion: abbr.
6 One of Bartholomew Cubbins's 500
7 On ship
8 Wharf on the Seine
9 Pogo's relatives
10 George's veep
11 Peruvian of yore
12 Mandela or Algren
13 Hieroglyphics stone
14 Ousted Ugandan
15 Suit with a reet pleat
16 Ages and ages
22 Alcohol base
23 Unrefined
24 Occuring in the ordinary way
29 Annals unit
30 Ending for depend or refer
32 Swordplay item
34 Novice
35 "I Poured My —— a Song"
36 Ogling
37 Emcee's spiel
38 Brat's trait
39 Loosen
40 Aswan structure
44 Punk star Vicious
46 Put-downs from Scrooge
48 Bossy's remark
50 Last word of "America the Beautiful"
53 M-G-M's lion
55 Cleo's undoing
57 Glide the slopes
58 Yield, as by treaty
60 Blaze-fighting gps.
61 Oscar de la ——
62 TV by subscription
63 Liquor buy
64 It's a moray
65 Perplexing matter: abbr.
68 Forever and ——
69 Psychedelic compound
72 Seed covering
73 Table-hopper
75 Like so
76 Gusto
79 Parisian painter
80 Beach find
82 Trojan War epic
84 Binge
87 Playground apparatus
88 Sun-bronzed
89 Hot-—— (drag racer)
93 Donated
94 Beame and Burrows
95 Director Buñuel
96 Create art with 101-Down
98 Toga
100 Opposite of stet
101 Alkali neutralizer
102 Timetable, familiarly
104 Spanish rah
105 "Catch me" game
106 Shade of color



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 80.

“If You Want A Great Hair Transplant In New York, You Have To Pay A Fortune, Right?”

WRONG!



Patient P.H. before and 7 months after 1 session of 1745 grafts

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Hair transplantation is the only natural, practical solution to male pattern baldness. At **New Hair Institute**, a medical group, we pioneered the Fast-Track^{sm} method where we can transplant thousands of one, two, and three hair grafts in a single session. You won’t have to pay $25-$50 per graft. With our standby program, you’ll pay as little as $5 per graft (call for our fee schedule). Throw away your old ideas about what a hair transplant looks like. You don’t have to settle for the “pluggy” look. But don’t take our word for it. Call us about our free seminars where you can meet patients to judge the quality or our work for yourself. We also encourage you to schedule a consultation in one of our offices with an NHI physician and see other patients and a surgery in progress. All callers will receive our video and three informative books free of charge.

Call 1-800-NEW-HAIR.

Frequently Asked Questions:

Q. Why will the transplanted hair grow where my old hair fell out?

There is nothing wrong with the scalp in the balding areas. It’s the actual hair follicles which were genetically programmed to die. The hairs on the back & sides of your head are permanent and will grow for the rest of your life.

Q. If I have already had a hair transplant that gave me a “pluggy” look can I still be helped?

Yes, at NHI we have extensive experience in correcting these problems.

Q. I’ve seen several hair transplant physicians, and their techniques all vary. How do I choose a doctor?

You should select a physician:

1. Who specializes in hair transplant procedures full time.
2. Who uses the smallest grafts possible.
3. Who can complete the restoration in the fewest number of procedures, by placing large numbers of grafts in each procedure.
4. Who is willing and proud to introduce you to his patients, who are, in turn, proud to be seen.

Q. Can hair loss from a face lift be restored?

Yes, with delicate single hair grafts.

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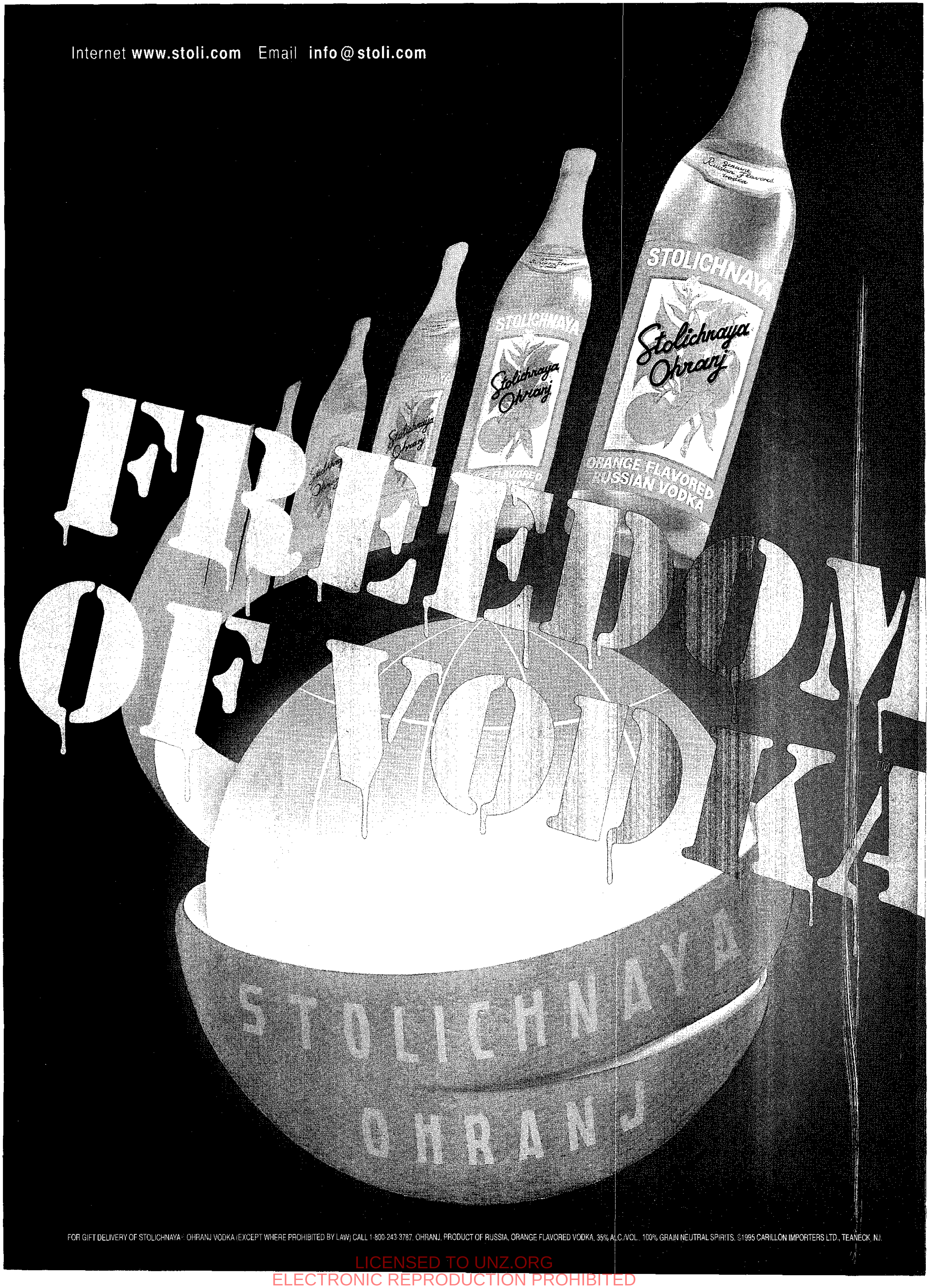
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